THE

# PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH THE

CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

VARIOUS COMMENTATORS:

COMPREHENDING

**A Life of the Poet,**

AND

AN ENLARGED HISTORY OF THE STAGE

BY

THE LATE EDMOND MALONE.

*WITH A NEW GLOSSARIAL INDEX.*

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ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΥΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ. *Vet, Auct. apud Suidam.*

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## VOL. I.—COMEDIES.

REPUBLISHED

WITH A LIFE OF MALONE,

BY

BA'NYMA'DHABA GHOSH.


CALCUTTA:

BERIGNY & Co., 12, LA'L BA'ZA'R.

WYMAN & Co., 10, HARE STREET.

TRÜBNER & Co., 57 & 59, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

MAISONEUVE ET CIE, 15, QUAI VOLTAIRE, LONDON.

1873.

*CALCUTTA*:
M. GHOSH, BENTINCK PRESS,
19, MANGOE LANE.

# TEMPEST.

# 'RELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE Tempest and The Midsummer-Night's Dream are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination peculiar to Shakspeare, which soars above the bounds of nature, without forsaking sense; or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her established limits. Fletcher seems particularly to have admired these two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, The Sea Voyage and The Faithful Shepherdess. But when he presumes to break a lance with Shakspeare, and write in emulation of him, as he does in The False One, which is the rival of Antony and Cleopatra, he is not so successful. After him, Sir John Suckling and Milton catched the brightest fire of their imagination from these two plays; which shines fantastically indeed in The Goblins, but much more nobly and serenely in The Mask at Ludlow Castle. WARBURTON.

No one has hitherto been lucky enough to discover the romance on which Shakspeare may be supposed to have founded this play, the beauties of which could not secure it from the criticism of Ben Jonson, whose malignity appears to have been more than equal to his wit. In the introduction to Bartholomew Fair, he says: "If there be never a *servant monster* in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of *antiques?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *Tales, Tempests,* and such like drolleries." STEEVENS.

I was informed by the late Mr. Collins of Chichester, that Shakspeare's Tempest, for which no origin is yet assigned, was formed on a romance called Aurelio and Isabella, printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, in 1588. But though this information has not proved true on examination, an useful conclusion may be drawn from it, that Shakspeare's story is somewhere to be found in an Italian novel, at least that the story preceded Shakspeare. Mr. Collins had searched this subject with no less fidelity than judgment and industry; but his memory failing in his last calamitous indisposition, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another. I remember he added a circumstance, which may lead to a discovery,—that the principal character of the romance, answering to Shakspear's Prospero, was a chemical necromancer, who had bound a spirit like Ariel to obey his call, and perform his services. It was a common pretence of dealers in the occult sciences to have a demon at command. At least Aurelio, or Orelio, was probably one of the

names of this romance, the production and multiplicity of gold being the grand object of alchemy. Taken at large, the magical part of the Tempest is founded on that sort of philosophy which was practised by John Dee and his associates, and has been called the Rosicrucian. The name Ariel came from the Talmudistic mysteries with which the learned Jews had infected this science.

T. WARTON.

Mr. Theobald tells us that The Tempest must have been written after 1609, because the Bermuda Islands, which are mentioned in it, were unknown to the English until that year; but this is a mistake. He might have seen in Hackluyt, 1600, folio, a description of Bermuda, by Henry May, who was shipwrecked there in 1593.

It was however one of our author's last works. In 1598, he played a part in the original Every Man in his Humour. Two of the characters are *Prospero* and *Stephano*. Here Ben Jonson taught him the pronunciation of the latter word, which is always *right* in The Tempest:

"Is not this *Stephăno* my drunken butler?"

And always *wrong* in his earlier play, The Merchant of Venice, which had been on the stage at least two or three years before its publication in 1600:

"My friend *Stephāno*, signify, I pray you," &c.

—So little did Mr. Capell know of his author, when he idly supposed his *school literature* might perhaps have been lost by the *dissipation of youth*, or the *busy scene* of public life! FARMER.

This play must have been written before 1614, when Jonson sneers at it in his Bartholomew Fair. In the latter plays of Shakspeare, he has less of pun and quibble than in his early ones. In The Merchant of Venice, he expressly declares against them. This perhaps might be one criterion to discover the dates of his plays. BLACKSTONE.

See Mr. Malone's Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays, and a Note on "The cloud-capp'd towers," &c. Act IV. STEEVENS.

A hope has long been entertained, that at some time or other the romance or tale might be found, that furnished Shakspeare with the materials on which he formed this beautiful comedy. But after having ascertained the precise fact that unquestionably gave rise to it, and after the perusal of some rare and curious pieces of his age, of which a more particular account will presently be given, I am firmly persuaded that no such tale or romance will ever be found, or indeed ever existed.

In constructing many other plays, our poet frequently formed his drama on some story that he met with, either adopting it as he found it, or making some alterations; and in both cases, generally adding some new and original characters of his own invention. Such we know was the process in the formation of Twelfth-

Night, All's Well That Ends Well, Measure for Measure, The Winter's Tale, and some others. But here, as we have already seen, the title and part of the story were suggested to him by the tremendous tempest, which, in July, 1609, dispersed the fleet carrying supplies from England to the infant colony in Virginia, and wrecked the vessel in which Sir George Somers and the other principal commanders had sailed, on one of the Bermuda islands. In strict propriety, the circumstances attending that disaster, having furnished an important part of the story of the piece before us, ought now to be recited in the first place; but as it was necessary to state them minutely in a former volume for the purpose of ascertaining its date, I shall here only refer the reader to the Essay, in which a very ample detail of them may be found.* The occurrence of the tempest, from the extraordinary circumstances which attended it, and the interest that it excited in a numerous body of his contemporaries, [forced] itself upon his notice; and yet supplied him with but a single, though important event. Hence, before it could be used for a dramatic purpose, it became necessary to *form* a fable that would accord with this incident; for surely it must be allowed to be in the highest degree improbable, that, just when the occasion demanded it, he should have *found* a tale corresponding in its principal parts with the story of The Tempest, as we now have it; in which an usurper was represented as having been assailed at sea by a furious storm, similar in its effects to that in his contemplation, and wrecked on an enchanted and almost desert island, inhabited only by a savage, an aërial spirit, a young lady, and her father, the rightful prince, whom that usurper had despoiled of his dukedom. It follows, therefore, that our poet, on this occasion, must have taken a course somewhat different from what he usually pursued; and that, in order to avail himself of the popular topic thus presented to him, he was under the necessity of adopting such incidents as he could either invent or quickly find, taking care that they should sufficiently harmonize with the particular fact on which *he had already determined* to write a play.

Of that part of the story which was suggested by the disastrous storm above mentioned, enough has already been said; and with respect to all the rest of the fable, it was, I am persuaded, in a great measure, of his own invention; set on work and aided in a slight degree, partly by a play written about twenty years before by one of his dramatic predecessors, whose reputation then stood extremely high, and to whom he has other similar obligations; partly, by the sixth metrical tale of George Turberville, one of the most distinguished poets of his time; and partly by the popular histories of voyages of discovery with which Shakspeare doubtless was perfectly conversant.

* See An Attempt to ascertain the Chronology of Shakspeare's Plays, Vol. II. Art. Tempest.

That it may be seen whether what I have now suggested be well founded, it will be necessary to review the principal circumstances that occur in The Tempest, of which the story is shortly this:—

Prospero, Duke of Milan, being fond of study and retirement, delegates his power in a great measure to his younger brother, Antonio, who confederates with Alonso, King of Naples, in order to deprive his elder brother of his dukedom, and to obtain it absolutely for himself; and to induce that King to assist him in effectuating this unjust and wicked scheme, he promises to pay tribute, and to do homage, to Naples, or, in other words, to make Milan a fief to that crown. Alonso having agreed to assist him on that condition, by their joint efforts: Prospero, who was extremely popular, and whom therefore they could not venture to kill, was hurried away with his daughter Miranda, the heir of his dukedom, and at three years old first put on board a bark, and finally into an old and rotten boat without sail or hulling, with only some fresh water, and a scanty supply of provisions, together with a few books and some of his more costly and splendid garments, with which he was furnished by the humanity of Gonzalo, an old courtier. By the Divine mercy they arrived safely on a desert island, about twelve years before the commencement of the play. Miranda being at that time an infant, had no recollection of ever having seen a man. On this island, on which they found no human creature but a savage named Caliban, their mansion was only a poor *cell*, where Prospero amused his solitary hours with educating and instructing his daughter.

Alonso, who had been his inveterate enemy, having agreed to marry his daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis, for that purpose goes hither by sea, accompanied by his brother Sebastian, his son Ferdinand, his daughter already mentioned, and some of his courtiers; together with Antonio, the usurping Duke of Milan. Having left the lady with her husband at Tunis, they embarked again in several ships, intending to return to Naples; and after sailing for some time, they came near the island on which the banished Duke of Milan and his daughter lived. Prospero, who had studied the necromantic art, and therefore could at his pleasure command the elements, finding his enemies now in his power, raises a great tempest, that wrecks the King's ship only, which is safely lodged in a deep nook of the isle, so that none of the passengers are lost. The rest of the fleet, after having been dispersed by the storm, meet in consort, and return in great grief to Naples, supposing that the vessel which carried the King was lost, and, consequently, that he had perished.

Ferdinand, the King's son, by the management of Prospero, being separated from his father, and landed on a different part of the island, Alonso, supposing him drowned, is plunged in extreme grief for his loss. Ferdinand, however, being preserved, is by

Prospero's art brought to the same part of the island where he and Miranda reside; and on seeing the lady falls at once in love with her. She is no less struck with him; and after some little difficulty, Prospero consents to their marriage.

In the mean while he confines Alonso, and those who had landed with him, in a lime-grove near his cell, under the charge of one of his spirits named Ariel. After having for some time, punished his brother Antonio, and his confederate the King of Naples, together with their followers, who, being terrified by demons, become distracted, his generous nature inclines him to pardon them all; which he accordingly does, extending the same mercy to Caliban and his accomplices, who had conspired to murder him; and after having shown them his power by "an airy charm," he resolves to break his staff, to drown his book, and to abjure the necromantic art for ever. He then gives Alonso the pleasing intelligence of the safety of his son, and his marriage to Miranda, and introduces them to their father; and having informed the King that he would accompany him to Naples, to be present at the solemnization of the marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda, and afterwards resume his dukedom at Milan, he concludes the play by an Epilogue soliciting the favour of the audience.

Independent of the magic of this comedy, and all that concerns Miranda, Ariel, and Caliban, the plot, as appears from this slight sketch of it, is very simple; and, as far as relates to the marriage of Clanvil, at Tunis, was, I imagine, suggested by one of Turberville's tales; the rest, independent of the tempest (the origin of which has been given elsewhere) was, I conceive, suggested by a play written by Robert Green, and entitled "The comical history of Alphonsus, King of Arragon," which was printed in 1599, but must have been written several years before, the author having died in the year 1592.

In the first scene of Greene's play, which, though denominated a comedy, has no claim whatsoever to that title, being in truth a most *sad* dramatic *history*, Carinus, the father of Alphonsus, informs him, that he (Carinus) is the rightful heir to the crown of Arragon; but that his father, Ferdinandus, was several years ago put to death by his (Ferdinandus') younger brother, in consequence of which cruel act Flaminius, the son of that brother, at that moment possessed the crown of Arragon. On this information, Alphonsus, in spite of his father's entreaties, vows he will endeavour to recover the crown; and for that purpose, having left his father, he tenders his services to Belinus, King of Naples, then at war with the usurping King of Arragon, on condition that, if he should be victorious, he shall have whatsoever he demands, even the crown of Arragon itself. Belinus agrees to this condition, and Alphonsus engages in the battle, which had at this time commenced: and having killed his kinsman, Flaminus, the

usurper of Arragon, he claims the crown, and obtains it; but on his insisting that the King of Naples should do him homage, they quarrel, and Alphonsus turns his arms against Belinus; who, in spite of the support which he derived from his allay the Duke of Milan, and a considerable body of forces which that Prince had brought with him to the combat, is completely routed, and obliged to fly for succour to Amurach, Emperor of the Turks.

The Duke of Milan having been a principal agent in assisting the younger brother of Ferdinandus, the grandfather of Alphonsus, to deprive Ferdinandus of his life, to banish Carinus and himself, the rightful heirs of Arragon, and to transmit the crown wrongfully to Flaminius. Alphonsus now invested with regal power, had particular pleasure in depriving him of his dukedom: a feeling which he indulges immediately after the battle, by creating Miles, one of his followers, Duke of Milan, in his room: Lelius, another follower, he makes King of Naples, in the room of the fugitive Belinus; and to Albinius, one of the generals of the routed king, he gives the crown of Arragon; intending himself to persue Belinus, even to the foot of Amurach's throne.

The deposed Duke of Milan, having escaped from the battle with life, flies, we are not told whither, and is afterwards introduced in great distress, having wandered about without food for three days. In this unhappy state (like Antonio in The Tempest) he meets Carinus, the man whom he had so grievously wronged, near the cell in which that unfortunate prince had lived for twenty years. Carinus soon recognizes his old enemy, and after some conversation, stabs him; and having previously learned from him that Alphonsus had overcome the King of Naples and recovered the crown of Arragon, he determines to go immediately to Naples, to witness his son's elevation to his new dignity. With the remainder of this play—the war of Alphonsus against Belinus and Amurach, and his final marriage with Iphigena, Amurach's daughter, we have no concern.

Undoubtedly Shakspeare was induced to place a magician in his desert island, by the accounts of the Bermudas, recently published before he wrote this play. This magician he has named Prospero; and it seems to me in the highest degree probable that the thought of making Prospero Duke of Milan—of deposing him by the artifice of a younger brother, in confederacy with the King of Naples,—and of banishing the Duke, together with his daughter, the rightful and sole heir of the dukedom,—was suggested by the circumstance of the King of Arragon's being deprived of his crown and life by his younger brother, with the aid of the Duke of Milan, an active agent in effectuating that measure, and in banishing Carinus and his son, Alphonsus, the rightful heirs of the crown of Arragon, who fly to a remote country, and fix their residence in the woods, in a miserable cell. Shakspeare, according

to his usual course, twisted the story to his own purpose. In Greene's play, the Duke of Milan, instead of being the principal personage, being a subordinate coadjutor with the younger brother of Ferdinandus, in depriving his elder brother of a crown; in Shakspeare's comedy, the King of Naples being confederate with the younger brother of the Duke of Milan in depriving his elder brother of his dukedom. The circumstances,—the Shakspeare's King is King of Naples; and that a king of Naples is also introduced in Green's play; that a requisition of homage, though not in the same form, nor for the same end, occurs in each of these pieces—that the name of Ferdinand is found in both, though in the Tempest he is the son, and in the history of Alphonsus the father:—and that Greene's Duke is Duke of Milan, and in the hour of distress is brought to the cell of the man whom he had highly injured and contributed to banish; all these circumstances, I say appear to me to add great probability to what has been now suggested. The hints, however, furnished by Green, are so slight, that their adoption detracts no more from the merit of Shakspeare than his having formed The Winter's Tale on the same writer's Dorastus and Faunia.

And still slighter is that supplied by the sixth tragical tale of Turberville, which merely, I imagine, induced our author to marry the daughter of Alonso to a king of Tunis. The argument of that tale is as follows:—

William, King of Sicily, had a grandson named Gerbino, a very accomplished knight, the fame of whose deserts had reached the daughter of the King of Tunis, who at that time paid tribute to the King of Sicily. The beauty and accomplishments of this lady had also reached Gerbino, and so strongly excited his curiosity, that he sent some merchants under the pretence of selling his jewels, &c. to present his respects to her, and to bring him a more particular description of her person. In consequence of their report a correspondence took place between them, and they plighted their troth to each other.

In the mean while the King of Granate (Granada) had heard of the great beauty of the daughter of the King of Tunis, and made proposals of marriage to her in due form, and her father consented to the match, to the great distress of the lady.

The King of Tunis having had some intimation that his daughter (whose name is not given) was attached to Gerbino, was apprehensive that he might molest her in her passage by sea to the King of Granada, to whom she was to be espoused; and therefore sent an embassy to the King of Sicily, the grandfather of Gerbino to secure his friendship, and to obtain his promise that none of his subjects should attack the vessel which was to carry his daughter to Granada: which the Sicilian King knowing nothing of his grandson's passion, faithfully promises, and sends his gauntlet as a pledge of his good faith, to be carried with the lady

in a new ship which her father ordered to be built at Carthage for her conveyance.

The lady having heard how she was to be disposed of, immediately sent a messenger to Gerbino at Palermo, to inform him of this event, and that now was his time to give a proof of his courage, and to save her from being made the wife of another. On this intelligence, having provided two gallies well furnished with rowers, he remained in Sardinia till his beloved mistress should pass by. On observing her vessel approach, he embarked. The Saracens on board her ship, showed him the gauntlet; which was to be their passport ; but to little purpose. Gerbino having seen the lady on the poop of the ship *for the first time*, became still more enamoured of her beauty ; and tauntingly observed on the production of the gauntlet, that having not brought his falcon with him, he had no need of a glove, and that unless they resigned the lady to him, he would destroy their ship and them. As this requisition could not be complied with, the fight commences, and after some time, the Saracens bring the lady on deck, and having killed her, throw her limbs into the sea, telling Gerbino he might thus possess her. In revenge for this insult, Gerbino destroyed their ship; and having collected the fragments of the body of his mistress, returns to Sicily, where his grandfather, for his not having paid due respect to his gauntlet, orders him to be executed. Such is Turberville's tale,* formed on the fourth novel of the fourth day of Boccace.

Here too, I conceive Shakspeare twisted the story to his own purpose ; for in this tale we find the daughter of the King of Tunis carried by sea to be married to the heir of Granada, and before she arrives at her husband's court, destroyed and thrown into the deep. In The Tempest, the King of Naples proceeds with his daughter to Tunis, where she arrives in safety, and is married to the King; and her father and brother are afterwards shipwrecked in their return to Naples. There is, it must be acknowledged, nothing uncommon between the two stories, except a passage by sea for the purpose of marriage at Tunis, and a disaster attending that event; in the one case preceding the marriage, in the other following it; in one the bride sets out from Naples, arrives safe at Tunis, and is married their; but her friends who accompany her are afterwards plunged in the sea by a storm, from which, however, they suffer but little : in the other the lady sets out from Tunis, but does not arrive at the place of her destination, her own friends choosing to throw her into the sea, rather than suffer her to be taken forcibly out of their hands by a lover who they conceived had no title to her.—Turberville's tale therefore is not produced as bearing any

* "Tragical tales, translated by Turberville in time of his troubles, out of sundry, Italians, with the argument and l'envoyé of each tale." 8vo. 1587. There was a former edition in 1576. On one of this author's comic tales, a work mentioned by Sir John Harrington, there is reason to believe Shakspeare founded his Much Ado About Nothing.

striking resemblance to that part of The Tempest, with which it is here placed in juxtaposition; but merely as it might have led our poet,—when for the purpose of giving dignity to his storm he found it expedient to introduce a royal party on the sea,—to make the business that should place them on that element, the *celebration of a marriage at Tunis.**

With respect to the magic of this piece, it was unquestionably Shakspeare's own. The popular notions that the Bermuda Islands were an enchanted region possessed by devils, naturally suggested the necromancy of Prospero and the agency of Ariel and the other ministering spirits introduced in The Tempest; yet necromancy had been employed on the stage before our author's time. In an old play, of which but one copy is known to exist, entitled "The rare Triumphes of Love and Fortune, Plaide before the Queene's most excellent majestie, wherein are manie fine conceites with great delight," 4to. 1589.† Romelio, on a false charge having been *banished* by Duke Phyzantius, assumes the disguise of a hermit, takes refuge in a *cave*, and studies the black art, which he practises with such success that he strikes Armenio, the Duke's son, dumb; and then assuming the character of an *uplandish* Physician, he by his art cures him again and restores him to his speech. Hermione, his son, who is in love with Fidelia, the Duke's daughter, is so disgusted with necromancy, that in his father's absence he resolves to burn his books, which being done the father loses his power, and goes mad. Previously to this act, Hermione enters with some of his father's books under his arm, and recites the following lines:

* * * * * * * * *

"And therefore I perceive he strangely useth it,
Inchaunting and transforming that his fancy doth not fit:
As I may see by these his vile blasphemous books
My soule abhorres, as often as mine eye upon them lookes.
What gaine can countervaile the danger that they bring?
For man to sell his soule to sinne, is't not a greevous
thing?
To captivate his minde and all the giftes therein
To that which is of others all the most ungratious sinne.

* * * * * * * * *

Such is this art: such is the studie of this skill,
This supernaturall devise, this magicke, such it will.
In ransacking his cave, these bookes I lighted on,
And with his leave I'll be so bolde, whilste he abroad is
gone,

* Even the slight circumstance of the place where the ship that carried Gerbino's mistress was built, appears to have dwelled on the poet's mind; and hence perhaps the mention of Carthage and Dido in the second Act of his comedy.

† In the library of the Marquis of Stafford. This piece, I think was written by the author of Solyman and Perseda; and I suspect that Thomas Kyd was the writer of both.

To burne them all, for best that serveth for this stuffe,
I doubt not but at his returne to please him well enough;
And, gentlemen, I pray, and so desire I shall,
You would abhor this study, for it will confound you all."

Here clearly is no other archetype than what many of the romances of the time would have furnished. It is one of the first principles of necromancy, that when the books of the magician are destroyed, his power is at an end; and accordingly Prospero when he abjures magic, says, he will bury his staff or rod, and "deeper than ever plummet sounded drown his book."

We have now considered the several parts of the story of this piece. It remains only to investigate and trace the character of Caliban, which, though in some respects invented by our author, was yet not entirely without an archetype. This archetype, as my very learned friend Dr. Vincent, Dean of Westminster, suggests to me, may be found in Pigafetta's Account of Magliani's, or, as we call him, Magellan's Voyage to the Southern Pole; and I entirely agree with him in thinking that the Savage, who came aboard his ship, by that voyager called a Patagonian, was the remote progenator of the servant-monster in The Tempest. Of this savage our poet found a particular account in Robert Eden's History of Travaile, 4to. 1577, which contains an abbreviated translation of Pigafetta's work. Eden's book being far from common, it will be proper here to extract from it what relates to our present subject:—

"Departyng from hence (says the translator) they sayled to the 49 degree and a halfe under the pole antartike; where being wyntered, they were inforced to remayne there for the space of two monethes; all which tyme they saw no man: except that one day by chaunce they espyed a man of the stature of a giant, who came to the haven *dounsing and singyng*, and shortly after seemed to cast dust over his head. The captayne sent one of his men to the shore, with the shippe boate, who made the lyke signe of peace. The which thyng the giant seeing, was out of feare, and came with the captayne's servant, to his presence, into a little ilande. When he sawe the captayne with certayne of his company about him, he was greatly amased, and made signes *holding up his hande to heaven, signifying thereby, that our men came from thence.* This giant was so byg, that the head of one of our men of a meane stature came but to his waste. He was of good corporation, and well made in all partes of his bodie, with a large visage painted with divers colours, but for the most parte, yelow. Uppon his cheekes were paynted two hartes, and red circles about his eyes. The heare of his head was coloured whyte, and his apparell was the skynne of a beast sowde togeather. This beast (as seemed unto us,) had a large head, and great eares lyke unto a mule, with the body of a camell and tayle of a horse. The feete of the giant were

foulded in the sayde skynne, after the manner of shooes. He had in his hande a bygge and shorte bowe, the sleyng whereof was made of a sinewe of that beaste. He had also a bundle of long arrowes made of reedes, feathered after the manner of ours, typte with sharpe stones, in the stead of iron heades. The captayne caused him to eate and drinke, and gave him many thinges and among other a great looking glasse, in the which as soon as he sawe his own lykeness, was sodaynly afrayde, and started backe with suche violence, that hee overthrewe two that stood nearest about him. When the captayne had thus gyven him certayne haukes belles, and other great belles, with also a lookyng glasse, a combe, and a payre of beades of glasse, he sent him to lande with foure of his own men well armed. Shortly after, they sawe an other giant of somewhat greater stature with his bowe and arrowes in his hande. As hee drew nearer unto our men, hee layde his hande on his head, and poynted up towards heaven, and our men dyd the lyke. The captayne sent his shippe boate to bring him to a litle ilande, beyng in the haven. This giant was very tractable and pleasaunt. He *soong* and *daunsed*, a d in his daunsing lefte the print of his feetē on the ground.—After other xv dayes were past, there came foure other giantes, without any weapons but had hid their bowes and arrowes in certaine bushes. The captayne retayned two of these, which were youngest and best made. He tooke them by a deceite, in this maner;—that giving them knyves, sheares, looking glasses, belles, beades of chrystal and such other trifles, he so fylled their handes, that they coulde holde no more; then caused two payre of shackels of iron to be put on their legges, making signes that he would also give them those chaynes, which they lyked very well, because they were made of bright and shining metall. And whereas they coulde not carry them bycause theyr handes were full, the other giantes would have caryed them, but the captayne would not suffer them. When they felt the shackels fast about theyr legges, they began to doubt; but the captayne dyd put them in comfort, and bade them stande still. In fine, when they sawe how they were deceived, they roared lyke bulles, and cryed uppon their *great devill, Setebos,* to help them.—They say, that when any of them dye, there appeare x or xii devils, *leaping and daunsing* about the bodie of the dead, and seeme to have their bodies paynted with divers colors, and that among other there is one seene bigger than the residue, who maketh great mirth and rejoysing. This great Devyll they call *Setebos*, and call the lesse Cheleule. One of these giantes which they tooke, declared by signes that he had seene devylles with two hornes above their heades, with *long heare downe to theyr feete*, and that they caste foorth fyre at theyr throates, both *before* and *behind*. The captayne named these people *Patagoni*. The most parte of them

weare the *skynnes* of such beastes whereof I have spoken before. They lyve of *raw fleshe*, and a certayne sweete roote which they call capar."

When various passages in this comedy, and the language, dress, and general demeanour of Caliban* are considered; there can, I think, be little doubt that in the formation of that character Shakspeare had the foregoing passages in his thoughts. Holland's translation of Pliny also, I think, furnished him with some traits of his monster. In the first chapter of the seventh book of the Natural History, which treats of the "strange and wondrous shapes of sundrie nations," we find the following passage: "Tanson writeth that the Choromandæ are a savage and wild people: *distinct voice, and speech they have none*,† but instead thereof they keep an horrible nashing and *hideous noise; rough* they are, and *hairy* all over their bodies; eyes they have red like the howlets, and brothed they bee like dogges.‡ See also Spenser, in the dedication of his Wild Man, Fairy Queen, book vi. c. iv. st. 11: [for a special purpose, however, the great poet has given some other tints to his portrait.]

* * * * * * * *

"For other language had he none nor speech,
But a soft murmur and *confused sound*
*Of senselesse words* (which Nature did him teach
To expresse his passions) which his reason did empeach."

I may add, that having formed the character of his savage by blending together these several descriptions, and made him the offspring of a devil and Sycorax; he also in its composition availed himself of the current notions prevalent in his own time respecting the Devil and the Powke or Rob in Goodfellow, as appears from various passages in this comedy.§

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* The dress worn by this character, which doubtless was originally prescribed by the poet himself, and has been continued, I believe, since his time, is a large bear-skin, or the skin of some other animal; and he is usually represented with long shaggy hair, as in the foregoing description. In the play we find Stephano speaking of Caliban's two mouths and a forward and backward voice, which may have been suggested by the words above quoted. In the same scene Caliban asks, "Hast thou dropp'd from heaven?" and in other places twice mentions his dam's god, Setebos. The *singing* and *dauncing* of our savage, Act II. Sc. II. (for such is usually the stage representation,) seem to be derived from the same source.

† So, in The Tempest, Act I. Sc. II.:

"———Abhorred slave,
Which any point of goodness will not take;
Being capable of all ill, I pitied thee,
Took pains *to make thee speak*, taught thee each hour
One thing or other; *when thou did'st not*, savage,
*Know thine own meaning*, and would'st *gabble like*
*A thing most brutish*, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known."

‡ Natural History, translated by Philemon Holland, folio 1601, p. 136.

§ Thus Caliban, Act II. Sc. II.:

"I pr'y thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my *long nails* will dig thee pig nuts; &c."

The Devil was usually represented with long *unpared nails*. See a note on the words —"Pare thy nails, dad." Twelfth-Night, Act V. Sc. ult. So also, Caliban, when Prospero reproaches him with having attempted to violate the honour of his daughter, replies, "*Oh ho, oh ho*, would it had been done!" where we have the ordinary exclamation both of the devil when introduced speaking exultingly, and of the Powke or Robin

The names of the principal characters in this play are, Alonso, Sebastain, Prospero, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, Caliban, Miranda, and Ariel. I had long entertained a notion that several of these names were suggested to Shakspeare by some book of voyages, which he had recently read before he sat down to write it. And the perusal of Eden's History of Travaile, 1577, already mentioned, abundantly confirms that opinion; for there are found the names of Alonso, Ferdinand, (which was likewise presented to him by Green's play,) Sebastain, Gonzales (which he had changed to Gonzalo,) and Antonio;* a circumstance that adds some support to what has been already suggested concerning the character of Caliban, being partly formed on some passages in that book.

The name of Adrian, which does not, I think, occur in that work, was probably borrowed from Adrian Gilbert, a great voyager, the brother of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and the half-brother of Sir Walter Ralegh. That of Ariel was taken from the sacred writings: "Woe to Ariel, to Ariel, the city where David dwelt!" Isaiah, xxix. 1. See also the fourth and sixth verses, which may have particularly struck our author, and induced him thus to denominate Prospero's principal ministering spirit: "And thou [Ariel] shalt be brought down, and shalt *speak out of the ground*, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, and thy voice shall be as of *one that hath a familiar spirit*, *out of the ground*, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust."—"Thou shalt be visited of the Lord of Hosts with *thunder*, and with earthquake, and gr. at *noise*, with *storm* and *tempest*, and the *flame of devouring fire*."

Caliban, as was long since observed by Dr. Farmer, is merely the metathesis of Canibal. Of the Canibals a long account is given by Eden, ubi supra.

The name of Claribell introduced in this play, though not one of the persons represented, is found in the old History of George Lord Faulconbridge, which was printed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. She there appears as the concubine of Richard the First, and mother of the Lord Faulconbridge. But in the present instance, the name most probably was taken from Spenser's Faery Queene, book ii. c. iv. where Claribell, the betrothed mistress of Phaon is introduced:—

Goodfellow. So, in the well known epitaph: "*Oh, ho*, quoth the devil, 'tis my John a Combe." See also the Midsummer-Night's dream, vol. v. p. 284, n. 7.

* But neyther here beyng able to brygn his sute to passe, hee caused the matter to bee moved to the Kyng of Portugule, Don Alonzo, the fyfth of that name." Hist. of Travayle, 4to. 1577. p. 2, *(b.)*

It should be remembered that Alphonsus, Alphonse, Alphonzo, and Alonzo, are used indiscriminately for the same Christian name.

"And thus shortly after, by means of Alonzo of Quintanilia, Colon [Columbus was brought to the presence and audience of the cardinall Don Pero Gonzales of Mehooza." Ibid. p. 3.

" ———— a lady fayre, *of great degree,*
The which was born of noble parentage,
And sat in *highest seat of dignitie.*" *

The origin of Setebos, who, like Claribell, is only spoken of, has been already pointed out; and an ingenious critic has with great probability shown that the name of Sycorax may have been ormed from a passage in Batman's revised translation of Bartholome de Proprietatibus, edit. 1582. lib. xiii. c. 10.†

Though Greene's play presented the name of Alphonsus (which is the same as Alphonzo or Alonzo,) and Ferdinand, I think it not improbable that our poet may have also had in his thoughts Dent's translation of the History of Philip de Comines, folio, 1596, p. 293; where an account is given of the conduct of Alphonso or Alonzo, the second king of Naples, and his son Ferdinand, (a prince of twenty-four years of age,) when their capital was assailed by Charles the Eighth of France, instigated by Lewis Sforza, who wished to wrest the duchy of Milan from his nephew, the reigning Duke. In the opposite page we find these words: "Notwithstanding he [Pope Alexander the Sixth,] held still in prison the Cardinal Ascoigne [Asconius] his Vice-Chancellor, and brother to the duke of Milan, and Prospero Calonne, some said by their own accord:" and a little lower we have—" under the leading of the Lord Rodolph of Mantua, and the Lord Galeot of Mirandala." Did not these personages suggest the names of Prospero and (by contraction,) Miranda? Prospero, however, had before been introduced in the scene in the original representation of Every Man in his Humour, and was indeed the name of a riding master in London in Shakspeare's time, who probably was a Neapolitan.

From these statements it should seem that the sources from which the names of the several characters in this comedy were drawn, were as various as those from which the story of the piece itself was derived.

The three principal incidents of The Tempest, independent of the magic, we have seen, are, the storm, and consequent shipwreck on a desert island; the previous deposition of the Duke of Milan, and the banishment of him and his daughter; and the marriage of the daughter of the King of Naples to the King of Tunis. Having found *disjecti membra poetæ,* the ground and

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"The same Franciscus, being partner of the travayles and daungers of Gonzales." Ibid. p. 153.

"Gonzales Ferdinandus Oeviedus of the West Indies." Ibid. p. 185.

"When I had said these words, the tears fell from the eyes of Peter Antonia," Ibid. p. 410.

In p. 354, we have—"Of the north-east frostic sea, and lykewise of the viages of that worthie oldman Sebastien Cabot, sometymes governour of the companie of the merchauntes of Cathye in the citie of London;" and his name occurs frequently afterwards.

* The story of Claribell in Spenser's poem is nearly the same as that of Hero in Shakspeare's Much Ado About Nothing, and hence might have particularly attracted our poet's notice, though probably he formed that comedy on Turberville's Tale on the same subject.

† See Mr. Douce's Observations on Shakspeare, vol. i. p. 8.

seed-plot of the first of these incidents, in a real fact of the time; of the second, in a dramatic fiction of a writer with whom Shakspeare was well acquainted, and to whom in another instance in the year immediately preceding he was indebted; and the hint, at least, which might have given rise to the third; it is, I conceive, unnecessary, and would be in vain, to seek for any tale or novel comprising a connected series of circumstances and adventures, similar to those which form the subject of this comedy. In uniting two very different events in this play, and connecting that of the storm with the fabricated story of the Duke of Milan, (formed probably, in a certain degree, on some of the circumstances in Greene's Alphonsus,) he has only followed the course which he appears to have pursued in The Merchant of Venice; for the story of the *bond*, and that of the *caskets*, are two distinct tales, wholly independent of each other; and no narrative has yet been found in which they were united previously to the appearance of that play. The hints which gave rise to the beautiful comedy before us, are so slight that they leave our author in full possession of the highest praise that the most original and transcendent genius can claim. The character of Prospero considered, not as Duke of Milan, but as the father of Miranda, and a magician; those of Miranda herself, of Ariel, and of Caliban (in a great measure,) and all the comic characters, in which our poet took great delight, and of which he had an inexhaustible fund in his mind, are unquestionably all the creatures of his own boundless imagination. MALONE.

However well founded Mr. Malone may be in supposing that many suggestions as to the conduct of the fable in this play were derived from the sources he has pointed out, yet I cannot but still be of opinion that there was some novel which Mr. Collins had seen, such as he described. "His disorder (as Johnson has described it in his Lives of the Poets) was not alienation of mind, but general laxity and feebleness, a deficiency rather of his vital than intellectual power." Such a person was much more likely to have confounded in his memory two books which he had met with nearly at the same time, than to have fancied that he had read what existed only in his own imagination. Nor does it follow, as Mr. Malone objects, that he must have happen to meet with this story just at the very time he wanted it. We may suppose that he had stored up in his memory a variety of such materials, quæ mox depromere possit. Besides, it is not said that the storm made any part of the novel, but that it principally appeared to have suggested the magical part of The Tempest. I have indeed been told by a friend that he had some years ago actually perused an Italian novel which answered to Mr. Collins's description, but as it cannot be now recovered, I shall not venture to say any thing more upon that point. BOSWELL.

# PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his Brother.
PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor of Naples.
ADRIAN, } Lords.
FRANCISCO, }
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, and airy Spirit.
IRIS, }
CERES, }
JUNO, } Spirits.
NYMPHS, }
REAPERS. }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

*SCENE*, the Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an uninhabited Island.

* This enumeration of persons is taken from the folio 1623.
STEEVENS.




# TEMPEST.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea.

A Storm with Thunder and Lightning.

*Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.*

*Master.* Boatswain,[1]—

*Boats.* Here, master: What cheer?

*Master.* Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,[2] or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit*

*Enter Mariners.*

*Boats.* Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to

[1] Boatswain,] In this naval dialogue, perhaps the first example of sailor's language exhibited on the stage, there are, as I have been told by a skilful navigator, some inaccuracies and contradictory orders. JOHNSON.

The foregoing observation is founded on a mistake. These orders should be considered as given, not at once, but successively, as the emergency required. One attempt to save the ship failing, another is tried. MALONE.

See the note at the end of the play. BOSWELL.

[2] —fall to't YARELY.] i. e. Readily, nimbly. Our author is frequent in his use of this word. So, in Decker's Satiromastix: "They'll make his muse as *yare* as a tumbler." STEEVENS.

Here it is applied as a sea-term, and in other parts of the scene. So he uses the adjective, Act V. Sc. V.: "Our ship is tight and *yare*." And in one of the Henries: "*yare* are our ships." To this day the sailors say, "sit *yare* to the helm." Again, in Antony and Cleopatra, Act II. Sc. III.: "The tackles *yarely* frame the office." T. WARTON.

the master's whistle. Blow till thou burst thy wind,[3] if room enough!

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

*Alon.* Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.[4]

*Boats.* I pray now, keep below.

*Ant.* Where is the master, Boatswain?

*Boats.* Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.[5]

[3] Blow, till though burst THY wind, &c.] Perhaps it might be read: "Blow, till thou burst, wind, if room enough." JOHNSON.

Perhaps rather—"Blow, till though burst *thee*, wind! if room enough." Beaumont and Fletcher have copied this passage in The Pilgrim:

"Blow, blow west wind,
Blow till thou rive!"

Again, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1609:

"1st *Sailor*. Blow, and *split thyself!*"

Again, in K. Lear:

"Blow, winds, and *crack your* cheeks!"

Again, in Chapman's version of the fifth book of Homer's Odyssey:

"Such as might shield them from the winter's worst,
Though steel it breath'd and *blew as it would burst.*"

Again in Fletcher's Double Marriage:

"———— Rise, winds,
*Blow till you burst the air.*—"

The allusion in these passages, as Mr. M. Mason observes, is to the manner in which the winds were represented in ancient prints and pictures. STEEVENS.

[4] Play the men.] i. e. act with spirit, behave like men. So, in Chapman's translation of the second Iliad:

"Which doing, thou shalt know what souldiers *play the men*,
And what the cowards."

Again, in Marlowe's Tamburlaine, 1590, p. 2:

"Viceroys and Peers of Turkey, *play the men.*"

"Ω φίλοι, ἀνέρες ἐςέ, Iliad V. v. 529. STEEVENS.

Again, in Scripture, 2 Sam. x. 12: "Be of good courage, and let us *play the men* for our people.—" MALONE.

[5] —assist the storm.] So, in Pericles:

"Patience, good sir; do not *assist the storm.*" STEEVENS.

*Gon.* Nay, good, be patient.

*Boats.* When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence, trouble us not.

*Gon.* Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boats.* None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,[6] we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

*Gon.*[7] I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! Make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Boatswain.*

*Boats.* Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course.[8] [*A cry*

[6] —of the present,] i. e. of the present *instant.* So, in the 15th chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians: "——of whom the greater part remain unto this *present.*" STEEVENS.

[7] Gonzalo.] It may be observed of Gonzalo, that, being the only good man that appears with the king, he is the only man that preserves his cheerfulness in the wreck, and his hope on the island. JOHNSON.

[8] —bring her to TRY WITH MAIN-COURSE.] Probably from Hackluyt's Voyages, 1598: "And when the barke had way, we cut the hauser, and so gate the sea to our friend, and *tried out* all that day *with our maine course.*" MALONE.

This phrase occurs also in Smith's Sea Grammar, 1627, 4to.

*within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

*Re-enter* SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again? what do you hear? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

*Seb.* A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

*Boats.* Work you, then.

*Ant.* Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

*Gon.* I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench[9].

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold;[1] set her two courses; off to sea again,[2] lay her off.

under the article How to handle a Ship in a Storme: "Let us lie as *Trie with our maine course;* that is, to hale the tacke aboord, the sheat close aft, the boling set up, and the helme tied close aboord." p. 40. STEEVENS.

[9] —an UNSTANCHED wench,] *Unstanched,* I am willing to believe, means *incontinent.* STEEVENS.

The meaning is clear from a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's Mad Lover, Act V. Sc. I. where Chilas says to the frightened priestess:

"——— Down you dog, then,
Be quiet and be *staunch* too: *no inundations.*"

BOSWELL.

[1] Lay her a-hold, a-hold;] *To lay a ship a-hold,* is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea. STEEVENS.

[2] —set her to COURSES; off to sea again,] The courses are the main sail and fore sail. This term is used by Raleigh, in his Discourse on Shipping. JOHNSON.

The passage, as Mr. Holt has observed, should be pointed, "Set her two courses; off," &c.

Such another expression occurs in Decker's. If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it, 1612: "—— off with your Drablers and your Banners; *out with your course.*" STEEVENS.

*Enter Mariners wet.*

*Mar.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*
*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?
*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.
*Seb.* I am out of patience.
*Ant.* We are merely[3] cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chapped rascal;—'Would, thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!
*Gon.* He'll be hanged yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.[4]
[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!—We split,

[3] merely—] In this place, signifies *absolutely;* in which sense it is used in Hamlet, Act I. Sc. III.:

"——— Things rank and gross in nature
Possess it *merely.*"

Again, in Ben Jonson's Poetaster:

"——— at request
Of some *mere* friends, some honourable Romans."

STEEVENS.

[4] — to glut him.] Shakspeare probably wrote, *t' englut him, to swallow him;* for which I know not that *glut* is ever used by him. In this signification, *englut*, from *engloutir*, Fr. occurs frequently, as in Henry VI.:

"Thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be *englutted.*"

And again, in Timon and Othello. Yet Milton writes *glutted offal* for *swallowed*, and therefore, perhaps, the present text may stand.

JOHNSON.

Thus, in Sir A. Gorges's translation of Lucan, b. vi.:

"——— oylie fragments scarcely burn'd,
Together she doth scrape and *glut.*"

i. e. swallow. STEEVENS.

we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother![4]—We split, we split, we split!—

*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

*Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze,[5] any thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

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## SCENE II.

The Island: before the cell of PROSPERO.

*Enter* PROSPERO, *and* MIRANDA.

*Mira.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:

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[4] Mercy on us! &c.———Farewell, brother! &c.] All these lines have been hitherto given to Gonzalo, who has no brother in the ship. It is probable that the lines succeeding the *confused noise within* should be considered as spoken by no determinate characters.
JOHNSON.

The hint for this stage direction, &c. might have been received from a passage in the second book of Sidney's Arcadia, where the shipwreck of Pyrocles is described, with this concluding circumstance: "But a monstrous cry, begotten of many roaring voyces, was able to infect with feare, &c." STEEVENS.

[5] —an acre of barren ground; LONG heath, BROWN furze, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*ling*, heath, *broom*, furze. Perhaps rightly, though he has been charged with tautology. I find in Harrison's description of Britain, prefixed to our author's good friend Holinshed, p. 91: "*Brome, heth, firze*, brakes, whinnes, *ling*, &c."
FARMER.

Mr. Tollet has sufficiently vindicated Sir Thomas Hanmer from the charge of tautology, by favouring me with specimens of three different kinds of heath which grow in his own neighbourhood. I would glady have inserted his observations at length; but, to say the truth, our author, like one of Cato's soldiers who was bit by a serpent.

Ipse latet penitus congesto corpore mersus. STEEVENS.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea,[6] mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,[7]
Dash'd all to pieces. Oh, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er[8]

6 But that the sea, &c.] So in King Lear:
" The sea in such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires." MALONE.
Thus, in Chapman's version of the 21st Iliad:
"——as if his waves would drowne the skie,
And put out all the sphere of fire." STEEVENS.

7 — CREATURES in her,] The old copy reads—*creature*; but the preceding as well as subsequent words of Miranda seem to demand the emendation which I have received from Theobald.

STEEVENS.

8 — or e'er —] i. e. *before*. So, in Ecclesiastes, xii. 6: " Or *ever* the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken——." Again, in our author's Cymbeline:
"—— *or e'er* I could
Give him that parting kiss——." STEEVENS.

Mr. Douce, in his Illustrations of Shakspeare, says, that 'the word *e'er* should be written *ere*, and not *ever*, nor contractedly *e'er*, with which it has no connection. It is pure Saxon æꞃ. The corruption in Ecclesiastes cited in the note [by Mr. Steevens] is as old as the time of Henry the Eighth.'

Mr. Douce's opinions leave room for controversy on very few occasions indeed; on this, however, it may be observed:

1st. That the use of *or* for *ere* is, at least, as old as Chaucer's time. See Canterbury Tales:
" Yet would he have a ferthing *or* he went." V. 257.
Therefore I rede you this conseil take,
Forsaketh sinne. *or* sinne you forsake." V. 12220.
" Long erst *or* prime rong of any bell." V. 12596.
For paramour I loved him first *or* thou." V. 1157.

And 2d. That the Saxon æꞃ and æꝼꞃe—[æꞃ—prius, antequam, priusquam,—ere, or,—sooner than, before;—æꝼꞃe—aliquando, unquam,—ever, e'er,—at any time;] are two distinct words. *Ere ever*, *or ever*, *or ere*, is, in more modern English, *sooner than*

It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.
*Pro.* Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.
*Mira.* O, woe the day!
*Pro.* No harm.[9]
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one ! thee, my daughter !) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better[1]
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,[2]
And thy no greater father.

---

c First folio, *fraughting.*

*at any time;* and this is the sense in which Shakspeare and the elder authors constantly use the phrase.

The other meanings of these two Saxon words, being inapplicable to the present question, are purposely passed by.

KEMBLE.

[9] *Pro.* No harm.] I know not whether Shakspeare did not make Miranda speak thus :

" O, woe the day! no harm?"

To which Prospero properly answers :

" I have done nothing but in care of thee."

Miranda, when she speaks the words, " O, woe the day !" supposes, not that the crew had escaped, but that her father thought differently from her and counted their destuction " no harm."

JOHNSON.

[1] —more better—] This ungramitical expression is very frequent among our oldest writers. So, in The History of Helyas Knight of the Swan, bl. l. no date, imprinted by Wm. Copland : " And also the *more sooner* to come, without prolixity, to the true Chronicles," &c. Again, in the True Tragedies of Marius and Scilla, 1594 :

" To wait a message of *more better* worth."

Again, ibid. :

" That hale *more greater* than Cassandra now."

STEEVENS.

[2] —full poor cell,] i. e. a cell in a great degree of poverty. So, in Antony and Cleopatra : " I am *full sorry.*"

STEEVENS.

*Mira.* More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.[3]
*Pro.* 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art.[4]—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion[5] in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul,[6]—

[3] Did never MEDDLE with my thoughts.] i. e. *mix* with them. To *meddle* is often used with this sense, by Chaucer. Hence the substantive *medley*. The modern and familiar phrase by which that of Miranda may be explained, is—"never entered my thoughts —never came into my head." STEEVENS.

See Howell's Dict. 1660, in v. *to meddle*; "se *mesler* de."
MALONE.

It should rather mean—'to interfere, to trouble, to busy itself,' as still used in the North, e. g. Don't *meddle* with me; i. e. Let me alone; Don't molest me. RITSON.

[4] Lie there my art.] Sir Will. Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer, &c. in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when he put off his gown at night, used to say, *Lie there, Lord Treasurer.* Fuller's Holy State, p. 257. STEEVENS.

[5] —VIRTUE of compassion—] Virtue; the most efficacious part, the energetic quality; in a like sense we say, "The *virtue* of a plant is in the extract." JOHNSON.

[6] —that there is no SOUL—] Thus the old editions read; but this is apparently defective. Mr. Rowe, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—'that there is no soul lost,' without any notice of the variation. Mr. Theobald substitutes *no foil*, and Mr. Pope follows him. To come so near the right, and yet to miss it, is unlucky: the author probably wrote *no soil*, no stain, no spot; for so Ariel tells:

"Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before."

And Gonzalo, "The rarity of it is, that our garments being drenched in the sea, keep notwithstanding their freshness and glosses." Of this emendation I find that the author of notes on The Tempest had a glimpse, but could not keep it. JOHNSON.

"—no soul." Such interruptions are not uncommon to Shakspeare. He sometimes begins a sentence, and, before he con-

No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel[7]
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down;
For thou must now know further.
*Mira.* You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—
*Pro.* The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Can'st thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou can'st; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.[8]
*Mira.* Certainly, sir, I can.
*Pro.* By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
*Mira.* 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?
*Pro.* Thou had'st, and more, Miranda: But how is it,

cludes it, entirely changes its construction, because another, more forcible, occurs. As this change frequently happens in conversation, it may be suffered to pass uncensured in the language of the stage. STEEVENS.

— not so much perdition as an HAIR.

[7] Betid to any creature in the vessel —] Had Shakspeare in his mind St. Paul's hortatory speech to the ship's company, where he assures them that, though they were to suffer shipwreck, "not an *hair* should fall from the head of any of them?" Acts, xxvii. 34. Ariel afterwards says, "Not a *hair* perish'd."

HOLT WHITE.

[8] OUT three years old.] i. e. Quite three years old, three years old full-out, complete.

So, in the 4th Act: "And be a boy right *out*." STEEVENS.

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?[9]
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

*Mira.* But that I do not.

*Pro.* Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,[1]
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

*Mira.* Sir, are not you my father?

*Pro.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess;—no worse issued.[2]

*Mira.* O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

*Pro.* Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

[9] —ABYSM of time?] i. e. Abyss. This method of spelling the word is common to other ancient writers. They took it from the French *abysme*, now written *abime*. So, in Heywood's Brazen Age, 1613:

> "And chase him from the deep *abysms* below."

STEEVENS.

[1] Twelve YEARS since, Miranda, twelve YEARS since,] *Years*, in the first instance, is used as a dissyllable, in the second as a monosyllable. But this is not a license peculiar to the prosody of Shakspeare. In the second book of Sidney's Arcadia are the following lines, exhibiting the same word with a similar prosodiacal variation:

> "And shall she die? shall cruel *fier* spill
> Those beames that set so many hearts on *fire*?"

STEEVENS.

[2] A princess;—no worse ISSUED.] The old copy reads—"*And* princess." For the trivial change in the text I am answerable. *Issued* is *descended*. So, in Greene's Card of Fancy, 1608:

> "For I am by birth a gentleman, and *issued* of such parents, &c." STEEVENS.

*Mira.* O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[3] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you further.
*Pro.* My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
*Mira.* Sir, most heedfully.
*Pro.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom[4]
To trash for over-topping;[5] new created

[3] — teen —] Is sorrow, grief, trouble. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"——— to my *teen* be it spoken." STEEVENS.

[4] — WHOM to advance, and WHOM—] The old copy has *who* in both places. Corrected by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

[5] To trash for over-topping;] *To trash*, as Dr. Warburton observes, is to cut away the superfluities. This word I have met with in books containing directions for gardeners, published in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

The present explanation may be countenanced by the following passage in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, b. x. ch. 57:

"Who suffereth none by might, by wealth or blood to *overtopp*,
Himself gives all preferment, and whom listeth him doth *lop*."

Again, in our author's K. Richard II.:

The creatures that were mine ; I say, or chang'd
them,
Or else new form'd them: having both the key[6]
Of officer and office, set all hearts[7] i' th' state,

" Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays
That look to lofty in our commonwealth."

Mr. Warton's note, however, on "*trash* for his quick hunting," in the second act of Othello, leaves my interpretation of this passage somewhat disputable.

Mr. M. Mason observes, "that 'to trash for overtopping,' may mean to lop them, because they did overtop, or in order to prevent them from overtopping." So Lucetta, in the second scene of the Two Gentlemen of Verona, says :

" I was taken up for laying them down,
Yet here they shall not lie, *for* catching cold."

That is, lest they should catch cold. See the notes on this passage.

In another place (a note on Othello) Mr. M. Mason observes, that Shakspeare had probably in view, when he wrote the passage before us, " the manner in which Tarquin conveyed to Sextus his advice to destroy the principal citizens of Gabii, by striking off, in the presence of his messengers, the heads of all the tallest poppies as he walked with them in his garden. STEEVENS.

I think this phrase means "too correct for too much haughtiness or overbearing." It is used by sportsmen in the North when they correct a dog for misbehaviour in pursuing the game. This explanation is warranted by the following passage in Othello, Act II. Sc. I. :

" If this poor trash of Venice, whom I *trash*
For his quick hunting."

It was not till after I had made this remark, that I saw Mr. Warton's note on the above lines in Othello, which corroborates it.

DOUCE.

A *trash* is a term still in use among hunters, to denote a piece of leather, couples, or any other weight fastened round the neck of a dog, when his speed is superior to the rest of the pack; i. e. when he *over-tops* them, when he *hunts too quick*. C.

See Othello, vol. ix. p. 315, n. 9. STEEVENS.

[6] —both the KEY—] This is meant of a key for tuning the harpsichord, spinnet, or virginal ; we call it now a tuning hammer.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

[7] Of officer and office, set all hearts—] The old copy reads— " all hearts *i' th' state*," but redundantly in regard to metre, and unnecessarily respecting sense ; for what hearts, except such as were *i' th' state*, could Alonso incline to his purposes ?

To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.[8]—Thou attend'st
not.
*Mira.* O good sir, I do.
*Pro.* I pray thee, mark me.[9]
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated[1]
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent,[2] did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,[3]—he did believe

I have followed the advice of Mr. Ritson, who judiciously proposes to omit the words now ejected from the text. STEEVENS.

[8] And suck'd my VERDURE out on't.] So, in Arthur Hall's translation of the first book of Homer, 1581, where Achilles swears by his sceptre:

"Who having lost the sapp of wood, eft *greenenesse* cannot drawe." STEEVENS.

[9] I pray thee, mark me.] In the old copy, these words are the beginning of Prospero's next speech; but for the restoration of metre, I have changed their place. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens placed these words at the close of Prospero's preceding speech. BOSWELL.

[1] I thus neglecting worldly ends, all DEDICATE—] The old copy has—*dedicated;* but we should read, as in Mr. Steevens's text, *dedicate.* Thus, in Measure for Measure:

"Prayers from fasting maids, whose minds are *dedicate*
To nothing temporal." RITSON.

[2] Like a good PARENT, &c.] Alluding to the observation, that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it. *Heroum filii noxæ.* JOHNSON.

He was indeed the duke; out of the substitution,[4]
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition
Growing,—Dost hear?

*Mira.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

*Pro.* To have no screen between this part he play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough;[5] of temporal royalties

like one,

Who having, UNTO truth, by telling of IT,

Made such a sinner of his memory,

To credit his own lie,] There is, perhaps, no correlative to which the word *it* can with grammatical propriety belong. *Lie*, however, seems to have been the correlative to which the poet meant to refer, however ungrammatically.

The old copy reads—"*into* truth." The necessary correction was made by Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens justly observes that there is no correlative, &c. This observation has induced me to mend the passage, and to read:

"Who having unto truth, by telling *oft*"—instead of, *of it.*

And I am confirmed in this conjecture, by the following passage quoted by Mr. Malone, &c. M. MASON.

There is a very singular coincidence between this passage and one in Bacon's History of King Henry VII. [Perkin Warbeck] "did in all things notably acquit himself; insomuch as it was generally believed, that he was indeed *Duke Richard*. Nay, *himself, with long and continual counterfeiting, and with* OFT *telling a lye, was turned by habit almost into the thing he seemed to be; and from a liar to be a believer.*" MALONE.

Mr. Mason's emendation would not much help the passage. What would he be said to be telling? The sentence is involved, but not, I think, ungrammatical. "Who having made his memory such a sinner to truth as to credit his own lie by telling of it?"

BOSWELL.

[4] He was the duke; out of the substitution,] The old copy reads—"He was *indeed* the duke." I have omitted the word *indeed*, for the sake of metre. The reader should place his emphasis on—was. STEEVENS.

[5] — Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough;] i. e. large enough *for*. Of

He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway[6]) with the King of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.
*Mira.* O the heavens!
*Pro.* Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.
*Mira.* I should sin
To think but nobly[7] of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
*Pro.* Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises,[8]—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,

this kind of ellipsis see various examples in a note on Cymbeline, vol. xiii. p. 228, n. 2. MALONE.

[6] (So DRY he was for sway)] i. e. So *thirsty*. The expression, I am told, is not uncommon in the midland counties. Thus, in Leicester's Commonwealth: "against the designments of the hasty Erle who *thirsteth a kingdome* with great intemperance." Again, in Troilus and Cressida: "His ambition is *dry*."

STEEVENS.

Our author has a similar expression in Love's Labour's Lost:

"My true love's *fasting* pain."

So also, in King Henry IV. Part I. Act V. Sc. I.:

"—— Moody beggars *starving* for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confusion." TALBOT.

[7] To think BUT NOBLY—] *But*, in this place, signifies *otherwise than*. STEEVENS.

[8] —— IN LIEU o' the premises, &c.] In *lieu of*, means here, in *consideration of*; an unusual acceptation of the word. So, in Fletcher's Prophetess, the chorus, speaking of Drusilla, says:

"But takes their oaths, *in lieu* of her assistance,
That they shall not presume to touch their lives."

M. MASON.

With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

*Mira.* Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,[9]
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,[1]
That wrings mine eyes to't.[2]

*Pro.* Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

*Mira.* Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

*Pro.* Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;

[9] —cried OUT—] Perhaps we should read—cried *on't*. STEEVENS.

[1] —a HINT,] *Hint* is *suggestion*. So, in the beginning speech of the second act:

" ——our *hint* of woe
Is common——."

A similar thought occurs in Antony and Cleopatra, Act V. Sc. I.:

" —— it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings." STEEVENS.

[2] That WRINGS mine eyes.] i. e. squeezes the water out of them. The old copy reads—

" That wrings mine eyes *to't*."

*To what?* every reader will ask. I have, therefore, by the advice of Dr. Farmer, omitted these words, which are unnecessary to the metre; *hear*, at the beginning of the next speech, being used as a dissyllable.

To *wring*, in the sense I contend for, occurs in the Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I. Sc. II.: " his cook, or his laundry, or his washer, and his *wringer*." STEEVENS.

(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat,[2] not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it:[3] there they hoist us,

[2] —of a BOAT.] The old copy reads—of a *butt*. HENLEY.

It was corrected by Mr. Rowe.

"In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A *rotten* carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor *tackle*, sail, nor mast; the very rats

"Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us, &c." When Shakspeare attributed to the usurper of Prospero's dukedom this cruel treatment of his brother, had he not in his thoughts the atrocious conduct of Athelstane, the natural son of Edward the elder, and the twenty-fifth King of the West-Saxons, who on the death of his father was wrongfully seated on the throne; and a few years afterwards (anno 934) on the pretended ground of a conspiracy against him by his brother Edwin, according to Bromton the eldest legitimate son of Edward, consigned him to destruction in the manner here described? The fact was originally told by William of Malmesbury, and is thus related by Holinshed in his Chronicle, in 1586, vol. i. p. 155:

"After this was Edwin, the king's brother, accused of some conspiracie by him begun against the king: whereupon he was banished the land; and sent out in an old *rotten* vessel, *without rowers or mariners;* one lie accompanied with one esquier: so that being lanched foorth from the shore, through despaire Edwin leapt into the sea, and drowned him selfe."

Speed, in his Chronicle, which was published in 1611, and might have appeared early enough in that year to have fallen into our author's hands while he was writing this play, relates the same fact thus: "A deepe jealousie possessing the king that his [Edwin's] title was too neere the crowne, he caused him to be put into a little pinnace, without either *tackle* or oars, one only page accompanying him, that his death might be imputed to the waves, &c." MALONE.

[3] —HAD quit it:] Old copy—*have* quit it. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

To cary to the sea that roar'd to us;[4] to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
*Mira.* Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
*Pro.* O! a cherubim,
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea[5] with drops full salt;

*Quit* was used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries for *quitted.* So, in King Lear:

"———'Twas he inform'd against him,
And *quit* the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the free course."

So, in King Henry VI. Part I. *lift* for *lifted:*

"He ne'er *lift* up his hand, but conquered." MALONE.

[4] To CRY to the sea that ROAR'D to us;] This conceit occurs again in The Winter's Tale:—"How the poor souls *roar'd*, and the sea *mock'd* them, &c." STEEVENS.

[5] —DECK'D the sea—] "To deck the sea," if explained, 'to honour, adorn, or dignify,' is indeed ridiculous, but the original import of the verb *deck*, is to *cover;* so in some parts they yet say *deck the table.* This sense may be borne, but perhaps the poet wrote *fleck'd* which I think is still used in rustic language of drops falling upon water. Dr. Warburton reads *mock'd*, the Oxford edition *brack'd.* JOHNSON.

Vestegan, p. 61, speaking of beer, says "So the *overdecking* or *covering* of beer came to be called *berham*, and afterwards *barme.*" This very well supports Dr. Johnson's explanation. The following passage in Antony and Cleopatra may countenance the verb *deck* in its common acceptation:

"———do not please sharp fate
To *grace* it with your sorrows."

What is this but *decking* it with tears?

Again, our author's Caliban says, Act III. Sc. II.:

"———He has brave utensils,
Which, when he has a house, he'll *deck* withal."

STEEVENS.

To *deck*, I am told, signifies in the North, to *sprinkle.* See Ray's Dict. of North Country Words, in *verb.* to *deg*, and to *deck;* and his Dict. of South Country Words, in *verb. dag.* The latter

Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach,[6] to bear up
Against what should ensue.

*Mira.* How came we ashore?

*Pro.* By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us;[7] with

signifies *dew* upon the grass;—hence *daggle-tailed.* In Cole's Latin Dictionary, 1679, we find,—"To *dag*, collutulo, irroro."

MALONE.

A correspondent, who signs himself *Eboracensis*, proposes that this contested word should be printed *degg'd*, which, says he, signifies *sprinkled*, and is in daily use in the North of England. When clothes that have been washed are too much dried, it is necessary to moisten them before they can be ironed, which is always done by *sprinkling*; this operation the maidens universally call *degging*. REED.

[6] An undergoing STOMACH.] *Stomach* is *stubborn resolution.* So, Horace: "— gravem Pelidæ *stomachum*." STEEVENS.

[7] Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (WHO being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us;] Mr. Steevens has suggested, that we might better read—*he* being then appointed; and so we should certainly now write: but the reading of the old copy is the true one, that mode of phraseology being the idiom of Shakspeare's time. So, in the Winter's Tale:

"——— This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter."

Again, in Coriolanus:

"——— waving thy hand,
*Which*, often, thus, *correcting thy stout heart*,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling; or, say to them, &c."

MALONE.

I have left the passage in question as I found it, though with slender reliance on its integrity.

What Mr. Malone has styled "the idiom of Shakspeare's time," can scarce deserve so creditable a distinction. It should be re-

Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

*Mira.* 'Would I might
But ever see that man!

*Pro.* Now I arise[8]:—

membered that the instances adduced by him in support of his position are not from the early quartos, which he prefers on the score of accuracy, but from the folio 1623, the inaccuracy of which, with equal judgement, he has censured.

The genuine idiom of our language, at its different periods, can, only be ascertained by reference to contemporary writers whose works were skilfully revised as they passed through the press, and are therefore unsuspected of corruption. A sufficient number of such books are before us. If they supply examples of phraseology resembling that which Mr. Malone would establish, there is an end of controversy between us: Let, however, the disputed phrases be brought to their test before they are admitted; for I utterly refuse to accept the jargon of theatres and the mistakes of printers, as the idiom or grammar of the age in which Shakspeare wrote. Every gross departure from literary rules may be countenanced, if we are permitted to draw examples from vitiated pages; and our readers, as often as they meet with restorations founded on such authorities, may justly exclaim, with Othello,—"Chaos is come again." STEEVENS.

8 Now I arise:] Why does Prospero *arise*? Or, if he does it to ease himself by change of posture, why need he interrupt his narrative to tell his daughter of it? Perhaps these words belong to Miranda, and we should read:

"*Mir.* 'Would I might
But ever see that man!—Now I arise.
*Pro.* Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow."

Prospero, in p. 26, had directed his daughter to *sit down*, and learn the whole of this history; having previously by some magical charm disposed her to fall asleep. He is watching the progress of this charm; and in the mean time tells her a long story, often asking her whether her attention be still awake. The story being ended (as Miranda supposes) with their coming on shore, and partaking of the conveniences provided for them by the loyal humanity of Gonzalo, she therefore first expresses a wish to see the good old man, and then observes that she may *now arise*, as

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes[9] can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
*Mira.* Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
*Pro.* Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady,[1] hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit,[2] my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more question;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,[3]

the story is done. Prospero, surprized that his charm does not yet work, bids her *sit still;* and then enters on fresh matter to amuse the time, telling her (what she knew before) that he had been her tutor, &c. But soon perceiving her drowsiness coming on, he breaks off abruptly, and leaves her *still sitting* to her slumbers.

BLACKSTONE.

As the words—"now I arise"—may signify, "now I *rise* in my narration."—"now my story *heightens* in its consequence." I have left the passage in question undisturbed. We still say, that the interest of a drama *rises* or declines. STEEVENS.

9 —princes—] The first folio reads—princesse. HENLEY. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

1 Now my dear lady,] i. e. now my auspicious mistress.

STEEVENS.

2 I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but OMIT, &c.] So, in Julius Cæsar:
"There is a tide in the affairs of man,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to *fortune;*
*Omitted*, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries." MALONE.

3 'tis a good dulness,] Dr. Warburton rightly observes, that this sleepiness, which Prospero by his art had brought upon

And give it way;—I know thou can'st not choose.—
[MIRANDA *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,[4]
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds;[5] to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.[6]

*Pro.* Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point[7] the tempest that I bade thee?

Miranda, and of which he knew not how soon the effect would begin, makes him question her so often whether she is attentive to his story. JOHNSON.

[4] All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, &c.] Imitated by Fletcher, in The Faithful Shepherdess:

"——tell me sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the satyre; shall I stray
In the middle ayre, and stay
The sailing racke, or nimbly take
Hold by the moone, and gently make
Suit to the pale queene of night,
For a beame to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves," &c. HENLEY.

[5] On the curl'd clouds;] So, in Timon—*Crisp* heaven.

STEEVENS.

[6] —and all his QUALITY.] i. e. all his confederates, all who are of the same profession. So, in Hamlet:

"Come give us a taste of your *quality.*" See vol. vii. p. 293, n. 3. STEEVENS.

[7] Perform'd to point—] i. e. to the minutest article; a literal translation of the French phrase—*a point.* So, in The Chances, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"————are you all fit?
To *point*, sir."

*Ari.* To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,[8]
Now in the waist,[9] the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places;[1] on the top-mast,

Thus, in Chapman's version of the second book of Homer's Odyssey, we have

"——every due
*Perform'd to full:*"—— STEEVENS.

[8] —now on the BEAK,] The beak was a strong pointed body at the head of the ancient gallies; it is used here for the forecastle, or the boltsprit. JOHNSON.

So in Philemon Holland's translation of the 2nd chapter of the 32d book of Pliny's Natural History:—"our goodly tall and proud ships, so well armed in the *beake-head* with yron pikes, &c."

STEEVENS.

[9] Now in the WAIST,] The part between the quarter-deck and the forecastle. JOHNSON.

[1] —Sometimes, I'd divide,

And burn in many places;] Perhaps our author, when he wrote these lines, remembered the following passage in Hackluyt's Voyages, 1598: "I do remember that in the great and boysterous storme of this foule weather, in the night there came upon the toppe of our maine yard and maine-mast a certaine little light much like unto the light of a little candle, which the spaniards call the *Cuerpo Santo.* This *light* continued aboord our ship about three houres, *flying from maste to maste, and from top to top; and sometimes it would be in two or three places at once.*"

So also De Loier, speaking of "strange sights happening in the seas," Treatise of Spectres, 4to. 1605, p. 67, b: "Sometimes they shall see the fire which the saylors call *Saint Hermes*, to fly uppon their shippe, and *to alight upon the toppe of the mast;* and sometimes they shall perceive a wind that stirreth such stormes as will run round about their shippe, and play about it in such sort, as by the hurling and beating of the clowdes will rayse uppe *a fire that will burne uppe the yardes, the sayles, and the tacklings of the shippe.*

While the English lay at the Bermudas, in their way to Virginia, [that is, in the year 1609 and part of 1610, when they were shipwrecked there] says Harris from the memoirs of Smith, Norwood and Strachie, "there was an extraordinary halo seen, and the thunder and lightening that followed upon it, was such as almost frighted them out of their wits." MALONE.

Burton says, that the Spirits of *fire* in form of fire-drakes and

The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps,[2] more momentary
And sight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.[3]

*Pro.* My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

*Ari.* Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad,[4] and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,[5]

---

blazing stars, "oftentimes sit on ship-masts, &c." *Melanch.* Part I. § 2, P. 30, edit. 1632. T. WARTON.

[2] — precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps.] So in King Lear:
" 'Vant couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts."
STEEVENS.

[3] Yea, his dread trident shake.] Lest the metre should appear defective, it is necessary to apprize the reader, that in Warwickshire and other midland counties, *shake* is still pronounced by the common people as if it was written *shaake*, a dissyllable.
FARMER.

The word *shake* is so printed in Golding's version of the 9th book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, edit. 1575:
" Hee quaak't and *shaak't* and looked pale, &c."
STEEVENS.

[4] But felt a fever of the mad,] If it be at all necessary to explain the meaning, it is this: 'Not a soul but felt such a fever as madmen feel, when the frantic fit is upon them.' STEEVENS.

[5] — and QUIT the vessel,] *Quit* is, I think, here used for *quitted*. See before, P. 36:
" ——— they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd
Nor trackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had *quit* it:—" MALONE.

Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
*And all the devils are here.*
*Pro.* Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
*Ari.* Close by, my master.
*Pro.* But are they, Ariel, safe?
*Ari.* Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining[6] garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
*Pro.* Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?
*Ari.* Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,[7] there she's hid:

[6] — sustaining —] i. e. their garments that bore them up and supported them. Thus, in Chapman's translation of the eleventh Iliad:

"Who fell, and crawled upon the earth with his *sustaining* palmes."

Again, in King Lear, Act IV. Sc. IV.:
"In our *sustaining* corn."

Again, in Hamlet:
"———Her *clothes* spread wide
And, mermaid-like, a while they *bore her up.*"

Mr. M. Mason, however, observes that "the word *sustaining* in this place does not mean *supporting*, but *enduring*; and by their *sustaining* garments, Ariel means their garments which *bore*, without being injured, the drenching of the sea." STEEVENS.

[7] From the still-vex'd BERMOOTHES,] Fletcher, in his Women pleased, says, "The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell to victual out a witch for the Bermoothes." Smith, in his

The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,[8]
Bound sadly home for Naples;

account of these islands, p. 172, says, "that the Bermudas were so fearful to the world, that many called them The Isle of Devils."—p. 174: "to all seamen no less terrible than an inchanted den of furies." And no wonder, for the clime was extremely subject to storms and hurricanes; and the islands were surrounded with scattered rocks lying shallowly hid under the surface of the water.

WARBURTON.

The epithet here applied to the Bermudas, will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous. It was in our poet's time the current opinion, that Bermudas was inhabited by *monsters* and *devils*.—Setebos, the god of Caliban's dam, was an American devil, worshipped by the giants of Patagonia. HENLEY.

Again, in Decker's If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it, 1612: "Sir, if you have made me tell a lye, they'll send me on a voyage to the island of Hogs and *Devils*, the *Bermudas*."

STEEVENS.

The opinion that Bermudas was haunted with evil spirits continued so late as the civil wars. In a little piece of Sir John Berkinghead's intitled, Two Centuries of Paul's Church-yard, unacum indice expurgatorio, &c. 12mo in page 62, under the title Cases of Conscience, is this:

"34. Whether *Bermudas* and the Parliament-house lie under one planet, seeing both are *haunted with devils*." PERCY.

*Bermudas* was on this account the cant name for some privileged place, in which the cheats and riotous bullies of Shakspeare's time assembled. So, in The Devil is an Ass, by Ben Jonson:

"——— keeps he still your quarter
In the *Bermudas*?"

Again, in one of his Epistles:

"Have their *Bermudas*, and their straights i' th' Strand.

Again, in The Devil is an Ass:

"——— I gave my word
For one that's run away to the *Bermudas*." STEEVENS.

[8] —the Mediterranean FLOTE,] *Flote* is *wave*. Flot, Fr.

STEEVENS.

Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

*Pro.* Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?[9]

*Ari.* Past the mid season.

*Pro.* At least two glasses: The time 'twixt six and now,
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

*Ari.* Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pro.* How now? moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pro.* Before the time be out? no more.

*Ari.* I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service:
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd[1]
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

*Pro.* Dost thou forget[2]

[9] What is the time o' the day?] This passage needs not be disturbed, it being common to ask a question, which the next moment enables us to answer: he that thinks it faulty, may easily adjust it thus:

"*Pro.* What is the time o' the day? Past the mid season?
*Ari.* At least two glasses.
*Pro.* The time 'twixt six and now—." JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton proposes to regulate this passage differently:
"*Ariel.* Past the mid season, at least two glasses.
*Pro.* The time, &c." MALONE.

[1] Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd.—] The old copy has—

"Told thee no lies, made *thee* no mistakings, serv'd—."

The repetition of a word will be found a frequent mistake in the ancient editions. RITSON.

[2] Dost thou forget—] That the character and conduct of

From what a torment I did free the?

*Ari.* No.

*Pro.* Thou dost: and thank'st it much, to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Prospero may be understood, something must be known of the system of enchantment, which supplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the middle ages. This system seems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen spirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulsion, some being confined in hell, "some (as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expresses it,) dispersed in air, some on earth, some in water, others in caves, dens or minerals under the earth." Of these some were more malignant and mischievous than others. The earthy spirits seem to have been thought the most depraved, and the aerial the less vitiated. Thus Prospero observes of Ariel:

-Thou wast a spirit too delicate

To act her *earthy* and abhorr'd commands."

Over these spirits a power might be obtained by certain rites performed or charms learned. This power was called The black Art, or Knowledge of Enchantment. The enchanter being (as King James observes in his Demonology) "one who commands the devil, whereas the witch serves him." Those who thought best of this art, the existence of which was, I am afraid, believed very seriously, held that certain sounds and characters had a physical power over spirits, and compelled their agency; others who condemned the practice, which in reality was surely never practised, were of opinion with more reason, that the power of charms arose *only* from compact, and was no more than the spirits voluntarily allowed them for the seduction of man. The art was held by all, though not equally criminal, yet unlawful, and therefore Casaubon, speaking of one who had commerce with spirits, blames him, though he imagines him one of the best kind, who dealt with them by way of command. Thus Prospero repents of his art in the last scene. The spirits were always considered as in some measure enslaved to the enchanter, at least for a time, and as serving with unwillingness; therefore Ariel so often begs for liberty; and Caliban observes, that the spirits serve Prospero with no good will, but hate him rootedly.—Of these trifles enough.

JOHNSON.

*Ari.* I do not, sir.
*Pro.* Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax,[3] who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
*Ari.* No, sir.
*Pro.* Thou hast: Where was she born? speak; tell me.
*Ari.* Sir, in Argier.[4]
*Pro.* O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life:[5] Is not this true?
*Ari.* Ay, sir.
*Pro.* This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,

[3] The foul WITCH Sycorax,] This idea might have been caught from Dionyse Settle's Reporte of the Last Voyage of Capteine Frobisher, 12m. bl. l. 1577. He is speaking of a woman found on one of the islands described. "The old wretch, whome diuers of over Saylers supposed to be a Diuell, or a *Witche*, plucked off her buskins, to see if she were clouen footed, and for her ougly hewe and deformitie we let her goe." STEEVENS.

[4] — in ARGIER.] *Argier* is the ancient English name for *Algiers*. See a pamphlet entitled, A true Relation of the Travailes, &c. of William Davies, Barber-surgeon, &c. 1614. In this is a chapter "on the description, &c. of *Argier*." STEEVENS.

[5] — for one thing she did,
They would not take her life:] What that one thing was which saved the life of Sycorax, the poet has nowhere informed us. I cannot but think that this adds support to the opinion that there was some novel upon which the fable of The Tempest was founded, in which this circumstance was mentioned, to which Shakspeare thought it sufficient to refer. BOSWELL.

Refusing her grand heats, she *did* confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, though did'st painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou did'st vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels stike: Then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born,) not honour'd with
A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes; Caliban her son.

*Pro.* Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arrived, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

*Pro.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ari.* Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sprighting gently.

*Pro.* Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

*Ari.* That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

*Pro.* Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea;[5] be subject

---

[5] —to a nymph o' the sea;] There does not appear to be

To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else.[6] Go take this shape,
And hither come in't: go, hence, with dilligence.[7]
[*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awke! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

*Mira.* The strangeness[8] of your story put
Heaviness in me.

sufficient cause why Ariel should assume this new shape, as he was to be invisible to all eyes but those of Prospero. STEEVENS.

[6] Be subject to no sight but MINE; invisible
To every eye-ball else.] The old copy reads—
"Be subject to no sight but *thine and* mine; invisible, &c."

But redundancy in the first line, and the ridiculous precaution that Ariel should not be *invisible to himself*, plainly prove that the words—*and thine*, were the interpolations of ignorance.

STEEVENS.

"Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible, &c." The words—"be subject"—having been transferred in the first copy of this play to the latter of these lines, by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer, the editor of the second folio, to supply the metre of the former line, introduced the word *to*;—reading, "like *to* a nymph o' the sea." The regulation that I have made, shows that the addition, like many others made by that editor, was unnecessary.

If Ariel looked in that glass which made Narcissus enamoured of himself, his own image would be reflected, unless we were to read with Steevens and the second folio; for then he would be visible only to Prospero, and invisible to himself. MALONE.

My arrangement of this passage admits the word *to*, which, I think, was judiciously restored by the editor of the second folio.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steeven's arrangement is as follows:

"Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea;
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible, &c."

BOSWELL.

[7] And hither come in't: hence, with diligence.] The old copy reads—

"And hither come in't: *go*, hence, with diligence."

The transcriber or compositor had caught the word *go* from the preceding line. RITSON.

[8] The strangeness—] Why should a wonderful story produce sleep? I believe experience will prove, that any violent agitation

*Pro.* Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
*Mira.* 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
*Pro.* But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him:[9] he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
*Cal.* [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.
*Pro.* Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?[1]

of the mind easily subsides in slumber, especially when, as in Prospero's relation, the last images are pleasing. JOHNSON.

The poet seems to have been apprehensive that the audience, as well as Miranda, would sleep over this long but necessary tale, and therefore strives to break it. First, by making Prospero divest himself of his magic robe and wand: then by waking her attention no less than six times by verbal interruption: then by varying the action when he rises and bids her continue sitting: and lastly, by carring on the business of the fable while Miranda sleeps, by which she is continued on the stage till the poet has occasion for her again. WARNER.

[9] We cannot miss him:] That is, we cannot do without him. M. MASON.

This provincial expression is still used in the midland counties. MALONE.

[1] Come, thou tortoise! WHEN?] This expression of impatience occurs often in our old dramas. So, in Julius Cæsar, vol. xii. p. 34:

"When, Lucius, when?" MALONE.

It is found also in the extracts from Middleton's Witch, vol. xi. p. 293:

"Give me marmaratin; some beare-breech: when?" BOSWELL.

This interrogation, indicative of impatience in the highest degree, occurs also in King Richard II. Act I. Sc. I: "*When*, Harry?" See note on this passage.

In Prospero's summons to Caliban, however, as it stands in the old copy, the word *forth* (which I have repeated for the sake of metre) [come forth] is wanting. STEEVENS.

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

*Pro.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

*Enter* CALIBAN.

*Cal.* As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both?[2] a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

[2] *Cal*, As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both!] It was a tradition, it seems, that Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden, concurred in observing, that Shakspeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a *new manner of language* for that character. What they meant by it, without doubt, was, that Shakspeare gave his language a certain grotesque air of the savage and antique; which it certainly has. But Dr. Bentley took this, *of a new language*, literally; for, speaking of a phrase in Milton, which he supposed altogether absurd and unmeaning, he says, "Satan had not the privilege, as Caliban in Shakspeare, to use new phrase and diction unknown to all others"——and again—" to practise distances is stlll a Caliban style." Note on Milton's Paradise Lost, I. iv. v. 945. But I know of no such *Caliban style* in Shakspeare, that hath new phrase and diction unknown to all others. WARBURTON.

Whence these critics derived the notion of a new language appropriated to Caliban, I cannot find: they certainly mistook brutality of sentiment for uncouthness of words. Caliban had learned to speak of Prospero and his daughter; he had no names for the sun and moon before their arrival; and could not have invented a language of his own, without more understanding than Shakspeare has thought it proper to best w upon him. His diction is indeed somewhat clouded by the gloominess of his temper, and the malignity of his purposes; but let any other being entertain the same thoughts, and he will find them easily issue in the same expressions. JOHNSON.

*Pro.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins[3]
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,[4]

---

"As *wicked* dew—" *Wicked;* having baneful qualities. So Spenser says, *wicked weed;* so, in opposition, we say herbs or medicines have *virtues.* Bacon mentions *virtuous bezoar,* and Dryden *virtuous-herbs.* JOHNSON.

So, in the Book of Haukyng, &c. bl. l. no date: "If a *wycked* fellon be swollen in such a manner that a man may hele it, the hauke shall not dye." Under King Henry VI, the parliament petitioned against hops, as a *wicked* weed. See Fuller's Worthies, Essex. STEEVENS.

[3] —urchins—] i. e. hedgehogs.

*Urchins* are enumerated by Reginald Scott among other terrific beings. So, in Chapman's May Day, 1611:

"———to fold thyself up like an *urchin.*"

Again, in Selimus Emperor of the Turks, 1584:

"What, are the *urchins* crept out of their dens,
Under the conduct of this porcupine!"

*Urchins* are perhaps here put for *fairies.* Milton in his Masque speaks of "*urchin* blasts," and we still call any little dwarfish child, an *urchin.* The word occurs again in the next act. The *echinus,* or *sea hedge-hog,* is still denominated the *urchin.* STEEVENS.

In The Merry Wives of Windsor, we have "*urchins,* ouphes, and fairies;" and a passage to which Mr. Steevens alludes, inclines me to think, that *urchins* here signifies beings of the fairy kind:

"His *spirits* hear me,
And yet I needs must curse; but they'll nor *pinch,*
Fright me with *urchin-shews,* pitch me i' the mire, &c."

MALONE.

In support of Mr. Steevens's note, which does not appear satisfactory to Mr. Malone, take the following proofs from Hormanni Vulgaria, 4to. 1515, p. 109:—"*Urchyns* or *Hedgehoggis,* full of sharpe pryckillys, whan they know that they be hunted, make them rounde lyke a balle." Again, "*Porpyns* have longer prykels than *urchyns.*" DOUCE.

[4] —for that VAST OF NIGHT that they may work,] The *vast of night* means the night which is naturally empty and deserted, without action; or when all things lying in sleep and silence, makes the world appear one great uninhabited *waste.* So, in Hamlet:

"In the dead *waste* and middle of the night."

It has a meaning like that of *nox vasta.*

All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.
*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest* first,[5]
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed† be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

* First folio, *cam'st.* † First folio, *curst.*

Perhaps, however, it may be used with a signification somewhat different, in Pericles Prince of Tyre, 1609:

"Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the surges."

*Vastum* is likewise the ancient law term for waste, uncultivated land; and, with this meaning, *vast* is used by Chapman in his Shadow of Night, 1594:

"———When unlightsome, *vast*, and indigest,
The formeless matter of this world did lye."

It should be remembered, that, in the pneumatology of former ages, these particulars were settled with the most minute exactness, and the different kinds of visionary beings had different allotments of time suitable to the variety or consequence of their employments. During these spaces, they were at liberty to act, but were always obliged to leave off at a certain hour, that they might not interfere in that portion of night which belonged to others. Among these, we may suppose *urchins* to have had a part subjected to their dominion. To this limitation of time Shakspeare alludes again in K. Lear:—"He begins at curfew, and walks till the second cock." STEEVENS.

[5] Which thou tak'st from me. When thou CAMEST first,] We might read—

"Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st *here* first—."

RITSON.

For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.
*Pro.* Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
*Cal.* O ho, O ho![6]—'would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
*Pro.* Abhorred slave;[7]
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill![8] I pitied thee,

[6] O ho, O ho!] This savage exclamation was originally and constantly appropriated by the writers of our ancient Mysteries and Moralities, to the Devil; and has, in this instance, been transferred to his descendant Caliban. STEEVENS.

So, in verses attributed to Shakspeare:

"*O ho!* quoth the devil, 'tis my John a Combe."

But Shakspeare was led to put this ejacultion in the mouth of his savage, by the following passage: "They [the savages] seemed all very civil and very merry, shewing tokens of much thankfulness for those things we gave them, which they express in their language by these words—*oh, ho!* often repeated."

*Abstract of James Rosier's Account of Captain Weymouth's Voyage. Purchas.* IV. 1661.

MALONE.

[7] Abhorred slave;] This speech, whico the old copy gives to Miranda, is very judiciously bestowed by Theobald on Prospero.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Theobald found, or might have found, [as Warburton has observed] this speech transferred to Prospero in the alteration of this play by Dryden and Davenant. MALONE.

[8] Which any print of goodness will not take,

Being capable of all ill!] So, in Harrington's translation of Orlando Furioso, 1591:

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning,[9] but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,[1]
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

*Cal.* You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid you,[2]
For learning me your language!

> "The cruel Esselyno, that was thought
> To have been gotten by some wicked devil,
> *That never any goodness had been taught,*
> But sold his soule to sin and doing evil." MALONE.

[9] —when thou didst not, savage,

Know thine own meaning,] By this expression, however defective, the poet seems to have meant—"When thou didst utter sounds to which thou hadst no determinate meaning:" but the following expression of Mr. Addition, in his 389th Spectator, concerning the Hottentots, may prove the best comment on this passage: "—having no language among them but a confused gabble, which is *neither well understood by themselves*, or others." STEEVENS.

[1] —But thy VILE RACE,] The old copy has *vild*, but it is only the ancient mode of spelling *vile*. *Race*, in this place, seems to signify original dispossition, inborn qualities. In this sense we still say — "The race of wine." Thus, in Massinger's New Way to Pay Old Debts:

> "There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe
> Of rich canary——.
> Is it of the right *race*?"

and Sir W. Temple has somewhere applied it to works of literature. STEEVENS.

*Race and raciness* in wine, signifies a kind of *tartness*. BLACKSTONE.

[2] —the RED plague RID you,] I suppose from the redness of the body, universally inflamed. JOHNSON.

*Pro.* Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches;[8] make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

---

The *erysipelas* was anciently called the *red plague.* STEEVENS.

So again, in Coriolanus:

"Now the *red pestilence* strike all trades in Rome!"

The word *rid*, which has not been explained, means to *destroy.* So, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

"If you ever chance to have a child,
Look, in his youth, to have him so cut off,
As deathsmen! you have *rid* this sweet young prince."

MALONE.

[8] Fill all thy bones with aches: make thee roar,] The word *aches* is evidently a dissyllable. This would not have required a note but for the ignorant clamour that was raised against Mr. Kemble, because he understood Shakspeare better than the newspaper criticks who censured him, and did not at once violate the measure, and act contrary to the uniform pratice of the poet, his contemporaries, and those who preceded and followed him till about the middle of the last century, by pronouncing it as a monosyllable. In Timon of Athens the word twice occurs. See vol. xiii. p. 268:

"*Aches* contract and starve your supple joints."

Again, p. 423:

"Their fears of hostile strokes, their *aches* losses."

In Barret's Alvearie, 1580, the verb is spelt with a *k*, *ake*, and the substantive *ache*, to mark the distinction: and that the latter was pronounced in the same way as the letter *h*, is placed beyond a doubt by a passage in Much Ado About Nothing, vol. vii. p. 99, where a joke is founded upon it, which is illustrated by an epigram from old Heywood. Taylor, the water-poet, at a much later period, is equally facetious in his World runs on Wheels: "Every carthorse doth know the letter G. very understandingly: and H hath he in his bones." Sandys, one of the most harmonious of our poets, has this line in his Paraphrase upon Job:

"Stretch out thy hand, with *aches* pierce his bones."

And not to trouble the reader with more instances, which I could easily produce, Swift has the same pronunciation in his City Shower:

"Old *aches* throb, your hollow tooth will rage."

*Cal.* No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,[3]
And make a vassal of him.

*Pro.* So, slave; hence!
[*Exit* CALIBAN.

*Re-enter* ARIEL *invisible,*[4] *playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following him.*

ARIEL'S *Song.*

*Come unto these yellow sands,*
*And then take hands:*
*Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,*
*(The wild waves whist,*[5]*)*

---

which his modern editors have altered to "old aches *will* throb;" and I have even seen the line thus printed in some of the republications of Johnson's Dictionary, although he has quoted it for the express purpose of showing that *aches* was some times a dissyllable.

BOSWELL.

[3] —my dam's god, SETEBOS,] A gentleman of great merit," Mr. Warner, has observed on the authority of John Barbot, that "the *Patagons* are reported to dread a great horned devil, called *Setebos*."—It may be asked, however, how Shakspeare knew any thing of this, as Barbot was a voyager of the present century?—Perhaps he had read Eden's History of Travayle, 1577, who tells us, p. 434, that "the *giantes*, when they found themselves fettered, roared like bulls, and cried upon *Setebos* to help them."—The *metathesis* in *Caliban* from *Canibal* is evident. FARMER.

We learn from Magellan's voyage, that *Setebos* was the supreme god of the Patagons, and Cheleule was an inferior one. TOLLET.

*Setebos* is also mentioned in Hackluyt's Voyagse, 1598.

MALONE.

[4] *Re-enter Ariel* INVISIBLE,] In the wardrobe of the Lord Admiral's men, (i. e. company of comedians,) 1598, was—"a robe for to goo *invisebe*"." See the MS. from Dulwich College, quoted by Mr. Malone, vol. iii. STEEVENS.

[5] *Cout'sied when you have, and* KISS'D,] As was anciently done at the beginning of some dances. So, in King Henry VIII. that prince says to Anna Bullen—

"I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to *kiss you*." STEEVENS.

*Foot it featly here and there;*
*And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.* [6]
*Hark, hark!*
*Bur.* Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*
*The watch-dogs bark:*
*Bur.* Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*
*Hark, hark! I hear*
*The strain of strutting chanticlere*
*Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.*

*Fer.* Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more:—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck, [7]

"(*The wild waves* WHIST;)" i. e. the wild waves being *silent.* So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. vii. c. 7, f. 59:

"So was the Titaness put down, and *whist.*"

And Milton seems to have had our author in his eye. See stanza 5, of his Hymn on the Nativity:

"The winds with wonder *whist,*
Smoothly the waters *kiss'd.*"

So again, both Lord Surrey and Phaer, in their translations of the second book of Virgil:

——— Conticuere omnes.
"They *whisted* all."

and Lyly, in his Maid's Metamorphosis, 1600:

"But every thing is quiet, *whist,* and still." STEEVENS.

[6] — *the burden bear.*] Old copy—"bear the burden." Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[7] Weeping AGAIN the king my father's wreck,] Thus the old copy; but in the books of Shakspeare's age *again* is sometimes printed instead of *against,* [i. e. opposite to,] which I am persuaded was our author's word. Aȝen, A. S. signifies both *adversus* and *iterum.* In Julius Cæsar we find *against* used in the first of these senses:

"*Against* the capitol I met a lion—."

Lydgate in his Troie Boke, describing Priam's Palace, uses *again* in the sense of *against:*

"And even *agayne* this kynges royal see,
In the partye that was thereto contrayre,
Yraysed was by many crafty stayre
In brede and length a full rich aultere."

This music crept by me upon the waters ; [8]
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather :—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

*Full fathom five thy father lies ;* [9]
*Of his bones are coral made ;*
*Those are pearls that were his eyes :*
*Nothing of him that doth fade,* [1]

The placing Ferdinand in such a situation that he could still gaze upon the wrecked vessel, is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. *Again,* in its ordinary sense, is inadmissible ; for this would import that Ferdinand's tears had ceased for a time ; whereas he himself tells us, afterwards, that from the hour of his father's wreck they had *never* ceased to flow :

Myself am Naples.
Who with mine eyes, *ne'er since at ebb,* beheld
The king my father wreck'd."

However, as our author sometimes forgot to compare the different parts of his play, I have made no change. MALONE.

By the word—*again,* I suppose the Prince means only to describe the *repetition* of his sorrows. Besides, it appears from Miranda's description of the storm, that the ship had been *swallowed* by the waves, and, consequently, could no longer be an object of sight.

STEEVENS.

Miranda supposed that this was the case ; but we learn from Ariel that it was not so. See p. 44 :

" *Pro.*——— Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how hast thou disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet.
*Ari.*——— Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship, &c." MALONE.

[8] This music CREPT by me upon the waters ;] So, in Milton's Masque :

"——— a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And *stole* upon the air." STEEVENS.

[9] *Full fathom five thy father lies ;* &c.] Ariel's lays, [which have been condemned by Gildon as trifling, and defended not very successfully by Dr. Warburton,] however seasonable and efficacious, must be allowed to be of no supernatural dignity or ele-

*But doth suffer a sea-change*[2]
*Into something rich and strange.*
*Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:*
[*Burden*, ding-dong.[3]
*Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.*[4]

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:[5]— I hear it now above me.

gance; they express nothing great, nor reveal any thing above mortal discovery.

The reason for which Ariel is introduced thus trifling is, that he and his companions are evidently of the fairy kind, an order of beings to which tradition has always ascribed a sort of diminutive agency, powerful but ludicrous, a humorous and frolic controlment of nature, well expressed by the songs of Ariel. JOHNSON.

The songs in this play, Dr. Wilson, who reset and published two of them, tells us, in his Court Ayres, or Ballads, published at Oxford, 1660, that "*Full fathom five*," and "*Where the bee sucks*," had been first set by Robert Johnson, a composer contemporary with Shakspeare. BURNEY.

[1] *Nothing of him that doth fade,*
*But doth suffer a sea-change*—] The meaning is—Every thing about him, that is liable to alteration, is changed.

STEEVENS.

[2] *But doth* SUFFER *a sea*-CHANGE—] So, in Milton's Masque:
"And *underwent* a quick immortal *change*." STEEVENS.

[3] BURDEN, ding-dong,] It should be—
"*Ding-dong*, ding-dong, ding-dong *bell*." FARMER.

[4] *Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:*
*Hark! now I hear them,*—DING-DONG, *bell.*

*Burden*, DING-DONG.]

So, in The Golden Garland of Princely Delight, &c. 13th edition, 1690:

"Corydon's doleful knell to the tune of *Ding, dong*."
"I must go seek a new love,
Yet will I *ring her knell*,
*Ding, dong*."

The same burthen to a song occurs in The Merchant of Venice, Act III. Sc. II. STEEVENS.

[5] That the earth OWES:] *To owe*, in this place, as well as many others, signifies *to own*. So, in Othello:

*Pro.* The fringed curtains[6] of thine eye advance
And say, what thou seest yond'.
*Mira.* What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.
*Pro.* No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.
*Mira.* I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
*Pro.* It goes on,[7] I see [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
*Fer.* Most sure, the goddess

· that sweet sleep
Which thou *ow'dst* yesterday."

Again, in The Tempest:

"————thou dost here usurp
The name thou *ow'st* not."

To use the word in this sense is not peculiar to Shakspeare. I meet with it in Beaumont and Fletcher's Beggar's Bush:

" If now the beard be such, what is the prince
That *owes* the beard?" STEEVENS.

[6] The FRINGED CURTAINS, &c.] The same expression occurs in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1609:

" ————*her eyelids*
Begin to part their *fringes* of bright gold."

Again, in Sidney's Arcadia, lib. i.: " sometimes my eyes would lay themselves open—or cast my lids, as *curtains*, over the image of beauty her presence had painted in them." STEEVENS.

[7] It goes on,] The old copy reads—" It goes on, *I see*," &c. But as the words *I see* are useless, and an incumbrance to the metre, I have omitted them. STEEVENS.

On whom these airs attend![8]—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be made, or no?
*Mira.* No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid[9].

[8] Most sure, &c.] It seems, that Shakspeare, in The Tempest, hath been suspected of translating some expressions of Virgil; witness the *O Dea certe*. I presume we are here directed to the passage, where Ferdinand says of Miranda, after hearing the songs of Ariel:

"Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—"

And so *very small Latin* is sufficient for this formidable translation, that, if it be thought any honour to our poet, I am loth to deprive him of it; but his honour is not built on such a sandy foundation. Let us turn to a *real translator*, and examine whether the idea might not be fully comprehended by an English reader, supposing it necessarily borrowed from Virgil. *Hexameters* in our language are almost forgotten; we will quote therefore this time from Stanyhurst:

"O to thee, fayre virgin, what terme may rightly be fitted?
Thy tongue, thy visage no mortal frayltie resembleth.
——No doubt, a goddesse!" Edit. 1583. FARMER.

[9] — certainly a maid.] Nothing could be more prettily imagined to illustrate the singularity of her character, than this pleasant mistake. She had been bred up in the rough and plain dealing documents of moral philosophy, which teaches us the knowledge of ourselves; and was an utter stranger to the flattery invented by vicious and designing men to corrupt the other sex. So that it could not enter into her imagination, that complaisance, and a desire of appearing amiable, qualities of humanity which she had been instructed, in her moral lessons, to cultivate, could ever degenerate into such excess, as that any one should be willing to have his fellow-creature believe that he thought her a goddess, or an immortal. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has here found a beauty which I think the author never intended. Ferdinand asks her not whether she was a *created being*, a question which, if he meant it, he has ill expressed, but whether she was unmarried; for after the dialogue which

*Fer.* My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Prospero's interruption produces, he goes on pursuing his former question:

"O if a virgin,
I'll make you queen of Naples." JOHNSON.

A passage in Lyly's Galathea seems to countenance the present text: "The question among men is common, *are you a maide?*—yet I cannot but think, that Dr. Warburton reads very rightly: "If you be *made*, or no." When we meet with a harsh expression in Shakspeare, we are usually to look for a *play upon words.* Fletcher closely imitates The Tempest in his Sea Voyage: and he introduces Albert in the same manner to the ladies of *his* Desert Island:

"Be not offended, goddesses, that I fall
Thus prostrate," &c.

Shakspeare himself had certainly read, and had probably now in his mind, a passage in the third book of The Fairy Queen, between Timias and Belphœbe:

"*Angel* or *goddess!* do I call thee *right?*
There-at she blushing, said, ah! gentle squire,
Nor *goddess* I, nor *angel*, but the *maid*
And *daughter* of a woody nymph," &c. FARMER.

So, Milton, Comus, 265:

"——— Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the Goddess," &c.

Milton's imitation explains Shakspeare. *Maid* is certainly a *created being*, a woman in opposition to goddess. Miranda immediately destroys this first sense by a quibble. In the meantime, I have no objection to read *made*, i. e. *created.* The force of the sentiment is the same. Comus is universally allowed to have taken some of its tints from The Tempest. T. WARTON.

The first copy reads—if you be *maid*, or no. *Made* was not suggested by Dr. Warburton, being an emendation introduced by the editor of the fourth folio. It was, I am persuaded, the author's word: There being no article prefixed adds strength to this supposition. Nothing is more common in his plays than a word being used in reply, in a sense different from that in which it was employed by the first speaker. Ferdinand had the moment before called Miranda a goddess; and the words immediately subjoined,—"Vouchsafe my prayer"—show that he looked up to her as a person of a superior order, and sought her protection and instruction for his conduct, not her love. At *this* period, there-

*Pro.* How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

fore, he must have felt too much awe to have flattered himself with the hope of possessing a being that appeared to him celestial; though afterwards, emboldened by what Miranda says, he exclaims, "O, if a virgin, &c." words that appear inconsistent with the supposition that he had already asked her whether she was one or not. She had indeed told him, she was; but in his astonishment at hearing her speak his own language, he may well be supposed to have forgotten what she said; which, if he had himself made the inquiry, would not be very reasonable to suppose.

It appears from the alteration of this play by Dryden and Sir W. D'Avenant, that they considered the present passage in this light:

"——Fair excellence,
If, as your form declares, you are divine,
Be pleas'd to instruct me, how you will be worship'd;
So bright a beauty cannot sure belong
To human kind."

In a subsequent scene we have again the same inquiry:

"*Alon.* Is she the *goddess* that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?"
"*Fer.* Sir, she's *mortal.*"

Our author might have remembered Lodge's description of Fawnia, the Perdita of his Winter's Tale: "Yet he scarce knew her, for she had attired herself in rich apparel, which so increased her beauty, that she resembled rather an *angel* than a *creature.*" Dorastus and Fawnia, 1592.

I have said "that nothing is more common in these plays than a word being used in reply in a sense different from that in which it was employed by the first speaker." Here follow my proofs. In As You Like It, Orlando, being asked by his brother, "Now sir, what *make* you here?" [i. e. What do you do here?] replies, "Nothing; I am not taught to *make* any thing." So in King Henry VI. Part III.:

"——Henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining *suns.*
*Rich.* Nay, bear three *daughters.*"

Again, in King Henry IV. Part II.:

"*Ch. Just.* Your means are very slender, and your *waste* great.

"*Fal.* I would it were otherwise; I would my means were geater, and my *waist* slenderer."

Again, in King Richard III.:

"With this, my lord, myself hath *nought* to do.
*Glou.* *Naught* to do with mistress Shore?" &c.

MALONE.

*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

*Mira.* Alack, for mercy!

*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.[1]

*Pro.* The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,[2]
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight [*Aside.*
They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong:[3] a word.

*Mira.* Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

*Fer.* O, if a vergin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

*Pro.* Soft, sir: one word more.—

The question, (I use the words of Mr. M. Mason,) is "whether our readers will adopt a natural and simple expression which requires no comment, or one which the ingenuity of many commentators has but imperfectly supported. STEEVENS.

[1] And his brave son, being twain.] This is a slight forgetfulness. Nobody was lost in the wreck, yet we find no such character as the son of the duke of Milan. THEOBALD.

[2] —control thee,] Confute thee, unanswerably contradict thee. JOHNSON.

[3] —I fear, you have done yourself some wrong:] i. e. I fear that in asserting yourself to be King of Naples, you have uttered a falsehood which is below your character, and, consequently, injurious to your honour. So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor—
"This is not well, master Ford, this *wrongs you.*" STEEVENS.

They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

*Fer.* No, as I am a man.

*Mira.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

*Pro.* Follow me.— [*To* FERD.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

*Fer.* No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*

*Mira.* O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.[4]

[4] He's gentle, and not FEARFUL.] *Fearful* signifies both terrible and timorous. In this place it may mean *timorous.* She tells her father, that as he is gentle, rough usage is unnecessary; and as he is brave, it may be dangerous.

*Fearful,* however, may signify *formidable,* as in K. Henry IV.:

"A mighty and a *fearful* head they are:"

and then the meaning of the passage is obvious. STEEVENS.

"He's gentle and not *fearful.*" i. e. terrible; producing fear. In our author's age to *fear* signified to *terrify,* (see Minsheu in verb,) and *fearful* was much more frequently used in the sense of *formidable* than that of *timorous.* MALONE.

*Pro.* What, I say,
My foot my tutor![5]—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;[6]
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

"Do not rashly determine to treat him with severity, he is *mild and harmless*, and not in the least *terrible* or *dangerous*."
RITSON.

A late novelist has the following remark on this passage:—"How have your commentators been puzzled by the following expression in The Tempest—"He's gentle, and not fearful;" as if it was a paralogism to say that being *gentle*, he must of course be *courageous*; but the truth is, one of the original meanings, if not the sole meaning, of that word was, *noble, high minded*: and to this day a Scotch woman in the situation of the young lady in The Tempest, would express herself nearly in the same terms.—Don't provoke him: for being *gentle*, that is *high spirited*, he won't tamely bear an insult. Spenser, in the very first stanza of his Fairy Queen, says:

"A *gentle* knight was pricking on the plain,"

which knight, far from being *tame* and *fearful*, was so stout that

"Nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad."
Smollett's Humphrey Clinker, vol. ii. p. 182. REED.

5 My FOOT my tutor!] So, in The Mirrour for Magistrates, 1587, p. 163:

"What honest heart would not conceive disdayne,
To see *the foote* surmount above the *head*."
HENDERSON.

We have the same thought in Lyly's Euphues, 1580: "Then how vain is it, that the *foot* should neglect his office, to correct the *face*." MALONE.

Again, in K. Lear, Act IV. Sc. II. one of the quartos reads—

"My *foot* usurps my *head*."

Thus also Pope, Essay on Man, i. 260:

"What, if the *foot*, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the *head*?" STEEVENS.

6 — come from thy WARD;] Desist from any hope of awing me by that posture of defence. JOHNSON.

So, in king Henry IV. Part I. Falstaff says:—"Thou know'st my old *ward*;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point."
STEEVENS.

*Mira.* Beseech you, fathar!
*Pro.* Hence; hang not on my garments.
*Mira.* Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
*Pro.* Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
*Mira.* My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
*Pro.* Come on; obey: [*To Ferd.*
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,[7]
And have no vigour in them.
*Fer.* So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.[8]
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,[9]
Might I but through my prison once a day

[7] Thy nerves are in their infancy again,] Perhaps Milton had this passage in his mind, when he wrote the following line in his Masque at Ludlow Castle:

"Thy nerves are all bound up in alabaster." STEEVENS.

[8] My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.] Alluding to a common sensation in dreams; when we struggle, but with a total impuissance in our endeavours, to run, strike, &c.

WARBURTON.

[9] —ARE but light to me,] This passage, as it stands at present, with all allowance for poetical license, cannot be reconciled to grammar. I suspect that our author wrote—"*were* but light to me," in the sense of—*would be.*—In the preceding line the old copy reads—*nor* this man's threats. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Behold this maid:[1] all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
*Pro.* It works:—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.— [*To Ferd. and Mir.*
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To Ariel.*
*Mira.* Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
*Pro.* Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
*Ari.* To the syllable.
*Pro.* Come, follow: speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

### Another Part of the Island.

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

GON. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause

---

1 Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid :] This thought seems borrowed from the Knight's Tale of Chaucer, V. 1230:

"For elles had I dwelt with Theseus
Yfetered in his prison evermo.
Than had I ben in blisse, and not in wo.
Only the sight of hire, whom that I serve,
Though that I never hire grace may deserve,
Wold have sufficed right ynough for me." STEEVENS.

(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: Our hint of woe[2]
Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant,[3] and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,[4]
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Ant.* The visitor[5] will not give him o'er so.

*Seb.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

[2] — Our HINT of woe—] *Hint* is that which recalls to the memory. The cause that fills our minds with grief is common. Dr. Warburton reads—*stint* of woe." JOHNSON.

*Hint* seems to mean circumstance. "A danger from which they had escaped (says Mr. M. Mason) might properly be called a *hint of woe.*" STEEVENS.

[3] The MASTERS of some merchant, &c.] Thus the old copy. If the passage be not corrupt (as I suspect it is) we must suppose that by *masters* our author means the *owners* of a merchant's ship, or the *officers* to whom the navigation of it had been trusted.

I suppose, however, that our author wrote—

"The *mistress* of some merchant, &c."

*Mistress* was anciently spelt—*maistresse* or *maistres.* Hence, perhaps, arose the present typographical error. See Merchant of Venice, Act IV. Sc. I. STEEVENS.

Merchant was used for a merchantman. So, Dryden, in his Parallel of Poetry and Painting, "Thus as convoy-ships either accompany or should accompany their *merchants.*" Dryden's Prose Works, 1801, vol. iii. p. 306. MALONE.

[4] Have just our theme OF WOE: but for the miracle,] The words—"of woe," appear to me as an idle interpolation. Three lines before we have "*our hint* of woe—." STEEVENS.

[5] The VISITOR—] Why Dr. Warburton should change *visitor* to *'viser*, for *adviser* I cannot discover. Gonzalo gives not only advice but comfort, and is therefore properly called *the visitor*, like others who visit the sick or distressed to give them consolation. In some of the Protestant churches there is a kind of officers termed consolators for the sick. JOHNSON.

*Gon.* Sir,——

*Seb.* One:——Tell.

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed;[6] you have spoken truer than you purposed.

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord,—-

*Ant.* Fye, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

*Alon.* I pr'ythee, spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have done: But yet—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

*Seb.* The old cock.

*Ant.* The cockrel.

*Seb.* Done: The wager?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match.

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ant.* So, you've pay'd.[7]

[6] *Gon.* DOLOUR comes to him, indeed;] The same quibble occurs in The Tragedy of Hoffman, 1637:

"And his reward be thirteen hundred *dollars*,
For he hath driven *dolour* from our heart." STEEVENS.

[7] — YOU'VE pay'd.] Old copy—*you'r* paid. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. To *pay* sometimes signified—to *beat*, but I have never met with it in a metaphorical sense; otherwise I should have thought the reaaing of the folio right: you are *beaten*; you have *lost*. MALONE.

This passage scarcely deserves explanation; but the meaning is this:

Antonio lays a wager with Sebastian, that Adrian would crow before Gonzalo, and the wager was a laughter. Adrian speaks first, so Antonio is the winner. Sebastian laughs at what Adrian

*Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—
*Seb.* Yet,
*Adr.* Yet——
*Ant.* He could not miss it.
*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.[8]
*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.[9]
*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.
*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
*Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
*Gon.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.
*Ant.* True; save means to live.
*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.
*Gon.* How lush[1] and lusty the grass looks? how green?

had said, and Antonio immediately acknowledges that by his laughing he has paid the bet.

The old copy reads—*you'r* paid, which will answer as well, if those words be given to Sebastian instead of Antonio.

M. MASON.

[8] —and delicate TEMPERANCE.] *Temperance* here means *temperature.* STEEVENS.

[9] TEMPERANCE was a delicate wench.] In the puritanical times it was usual to christen children from the titles of religious and moral virtues.

So Taylor, the water-poet, in his description of a strumpet:

"Though bad they be, they will not bate an ace,
To be call'd Prudence, *Temperance*, Faith, or Grace."

STEEVENS.

[1] How LUSH, &c.] *Lush*, i. e. of a *dark full* colour, the opposite to *pale* and *faint.* SIR T. HANMER.

The words, *how green*? which immediately follow, might have intimated to Sir T. Hanmer, that *lush* here signifies *rank*, and not *a dark full colour.* In Arthur Golding's translation of Julius Solinus, printed 1587, a passage occurs, in which the word is explained.—"Shrubbes *lushe* and almost like a grystle." So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"Quite over-canopied with *lushious* woodbine." HENLEY.

*Ant.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of green in't.[2]

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

*Gon.* But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—

*Seb.* As many vouch'd rarities are.

*Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

---

The word *lush* has not yet been rightly interpreted. It appears from the following passage in Golding's translation of Ovid, 1587, to have signified *juicy, succulent*:

"What? seest thou not, how that the year, as representing plaine
The age of man, departes himself in quarters foure: first, baine [i. e. limber, flexible.]
And tender in the spring it is, even like a sucking babe,
Then greene and void of strength, and *lush* and *foggy* is the blade;
And cheers the husbandman with hope."

Ovid's lines (Met. xv.) are those:

Quid? non in species succedere quattuor annum
Aspicis, ætatis peragentem imitamina nostræ?
Nam tener et lactens, puerique simillimus ævo,
Vere novo est. Tunc *herba recens, et roboris expers,*
*Turget, et insolida est,* etspe delectat agrestem.

Spenser, in his Shepheard's Calender, (Feb.) applies the epithet *lusty* to green:

"With leaves engrain'd in *lustie green.*" MALONE.

[2] With an eye of green in't.] An *eye* is a small shade of colour:

"Red, with an *eye* of blue, makes a purple." *Boyle.*

Again, in Fuller's Church History, p. 237, xvii Cent. Book xi.: "—some cole-black (all *eye* of purple being put out therein)—."

Again, in Sandys's Travels, lib. i.: "—cloth of silver tissued with an *eye* of green—." STEEVENS.

Eye was anciently used for a small portion of any thing. So in A True Declaration of the Estate of the Colonie in Virginia, 1600, p. 44: "Not an *eye* of sturgeon as yet appeared in the river." MALONE.

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel [3] to the king of Tunis.

*Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

*Adr.* Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

*Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.

*Ant.* Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido! [4]

*Seb.* What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

*Adr.* Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage?

*Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.[5]

*Seb.* He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

*Ant.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

[3] —Claribel—] Shakspeare might have found this name in the bl. l. History of George Lord Fauconbridge, a pamphlet that he probably read when he was writing King John. CLARIBEL is there the concubine of King Richard I. and the mother of Lord Falconbridge. MALONE.

[4] —Widow Dido!] The name of a widow brings to their minds their own shipwreck, which they consider as having made many widows in Naples. JOHNSON.

[5] —the miraculous harp.] Alluding to the wonders of Amphion's music. STEEVENS.

*Gon.* Ay?

*Ant.* Why, in good time.

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

*Ant.* O, Widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fish'd for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense:[6] Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

*Fran.* Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

6 The stomach of my SENSE.] By *sense*, I believe, is meant both *reason and natural affection*. So, in Measure for Measure:

"Against all *sense* do you impórtune her."

Mr. M. Mason, however, supposes "*sense*, in this place, means *feeling*." STEEVENS.

*Alon.* No, no, he's gone.

*Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd to, and impórtun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow.[7] We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:[8] the fault's
Your own.

*Alon.* So is the dearest of the loss.

[7] WEIGH'D, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam SHE'D bow,] *Weigh'd* means deliberated. It is used in nearly the same sense in Love's Labour's Lost, and in Hamlet. The old copy reads—*should* bow. *Should* was probably an abbreviation of *she would*, the mark of elision being inadvertently omitted [sh'ould]. Thus *he has* is frequently exhibited in the first folio—*h'as*. Mr. Pope corrected the passage thus: "at which end the beam should bow." But omission of any word in the old copy, without substituting another in its place, is seldom safe, except in those instances where the repeated word appears to have been caught by the compositor's eye glancing on the line above, or below, or where a word is printed twice in the same line. MALONE.

[8] Than we bring men to comfort them:] It does not clearly appear whether the king and these lords thought the ship lost. This passage seems to imply, that they were themselves confident of returning, but imagined part of the fleet destroyed. Why, indeed, should Sebastian plot against his brother in the following scene, unless he knew how to find the kingdom which he was to inherit? JOHNSON.

*Gon.* My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
*Seb.* Very well.
*Ant.* And most chirurgeonly.
*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
*Seb.* Foul weather?
*Ant.* Very foul.
*Gon.* Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
*Ant.* He'd sow it with nettle-seed.
*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.
*Gon.* And were the king of it, What would I do?
*Seb.* 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.
*Gon.* I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;[9]

[9] — for NO KIND OF TRAFFIC
Would I admit; NO NAME OF MAGISTRATE, &c.] Our author has here closely followed a passage in Montaigne's Essays, translated by John Florio, fol. 1603: "It is a nation (would I answer Plato) that hath no *kind of trafficke*, no *knowledge of letters*, no intelligence of numbers, no *name of magistrate*, nor of *politic superioritie;* no *use of service, of riches, or of povertie, no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation, but idle;* no respect of kindred but common; no apparel but natural; *no use of wine, corne, or metal.* The very words that import lying, falsehood, *treason*, dissimulations, covetousness, envie, detraction and pardon, were never heard amongst them."—This passage was pointed out by Mr. Capell, who knew so little of his author as to suppose that Shakspeare had the original French before him, though he has almost literally followed Florio's translation.

Montaigne is here speaking of a *newly discovered country*, which he calls "Antartic France." In the page preceding that already quoted, are these words: "The other testimonie of antiquitie to which some will refer the *discoverie* is in Aristotle (if at least that little book of unheard-of wonders be his) where he reporteth that certain Carthaginians having sailed athwart the Atlantic sea, without the strait of Gibraltar, discovered a great

Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:[1]

fertil island, all replenished with goodly woods, and deepe rivers farre distant from any land."

Whoever shall take the trouble to turn to the old translation here quoted, will, I think, be of opinion, that in whatsoever novel our author might have found the *fable* of The Tempest, he was led by the perusal of this book to make the *scene* of it an unfrequented island. The title of the chapter, which is—"Of the Caniballes,"—evidently furnished him with the name of one of his characters. In his time almost every proper name was twisted into an anagram, Thus,—"I moyl in law," was the anagram of the laborious William Noy, Attorney General to Charles I. By inverting this process, and transposing the letters of the word *Canibal*, Shakspeare (as Dr. Farmer long since observed) formed the name of *Caliban*. MALONE.

1 And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:] The defective metre of the second of these lines affords a ground for believing that some word was omitted at the press. Many of the defects however in our author's metre have arisen from the words of one line being transferred to another. In the present instance the preceding line is redundant. Perhaps the words here, as in many other passages, have been shuffled out of their places. We might read—

"And use of service, none; succession,
Contract, bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none."]

—*succession* being often used by Shakspeare as a quadrisyllable. It must however be owned, that in the passage in Montaigne's Essays the words *contract* and *succession* are arranged in the same manner as in the first folio. MALONE.

"Letters should not be known; no use of service,
Of riches or of poverty; no contracts,
Successions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:" The words already quoted from Florio's Translation (as Dr. Farmer observes to me) instruct us to regulate our author's metre as it is exhibited in my text.

Probably Shakspeare first wrote (in the room of *partition*, which did not suit the structure of his verse) *bourn*; but recollecting that one of its significations was a *rivulet*, and that his island would have fared ill without fresh water, he changed *bourn* to *bound of land*, a phrase that could not be misunderstood. At the same time he might have forgot to strike out *bourn*, his original word, which is now rejected; for if not used for a *brook*,

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too: but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—

*Seb.* Yet he would be king on't.

*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.[2]

*Gon.* All things in common, nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,[3]
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foizon,[4] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?

it would have exactly the same meaning as "bound of land." There is therefore no need of the dissyllabical assistance recommended in the preceding note. STEEVENS.

2 The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.] All this dialogue is a fine satire on the Utopian treatises of government, and the impracticable inconsistent schemes therein recommended. WARBURTON.

3 — any ENGINE, —] An *engine* is the *rack*. So, in K. Lear:

"—— like an *engine*, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place."

It may, however, be used here in its common signification of instrument of war, or military machine. STEEVENS.

4 — all FOIZON,] *Foison*, or *foizon*, signifies plenty, *ubertas*; not moisture, or juice of grass, as Mr. Pope says. EDWARDS.

So, in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, b. xiii. ch. 78:

"Union, in breese, is *foysonous*, and discorde works decay."

Mr Pope, however, is not entirely mistaken, as *foison*, or *fizon*, sometimes bears the meaning which he has affixed to it. See Ray's Collection of South and East country words. STEEVENS.

"——*nature* should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foizon, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people." "And if notwithstanding, in divers fruits of those countries that were never tilled, we shall find that in respect of our's they are most excellent, and as delicate unto our taste, there is no reason Art should gain the point of our great and puissant mother, *Nature*." Montaigne's Essays, ubi supra. MALONE.

*Ant.* None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.
*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age[5].
*Seb.* 'Save his majesty!
*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo!
*Gon.* And, do you mark me, sir?—
*Alon.* Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

*Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given?
*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle;[6] you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

*Enter* ARIEL *invisible, playing solemn music.*[7]

*Seb.* We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.
*Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

5 I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To EXCEL THE GOLDEN AGE.] So Montaigne, ubi supra: "Me seemeth that what in those [newly discovered] nations we see by experience, doth not only EXCEED *all the pictures wherewith licentious poesie hath proudly imbellished the* GOLDEN AGE, and all her quaint inventions to fain a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of philosophy." MALONE.

6 —of brave METTLE;] The old copy has—*metal.* The two words are frequently confounded in the first folio. The epithet, *brave*, shows clearly, that the word now placed in the text was intended by our author. MALONE.

7 *Enter* ARIEL, &c. *playing solemn music.*] This stage-direction does not mean to tell us that Ariel himself was the *fidicen;* but that solemn music attended his appearance, was an accompaniment to his entry. STEEVENS.

*Gon.* No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but* ALON. SEB. *and* ANT.

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclin'd to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

*Ant.* We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you: Wond'rous heavy.—

[ALONSO *sleeps.* *Exit* ARIEL.

*Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

*Ant.* It is the quality o' the climate.

*Seb.* Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—Oh, what might?—No more:—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: The occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

*Seb.* What, art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?

*Seb.* I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
*Ant.* Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.[8]
*Seb.* Well; I am standing water.
*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.
*Seb.* Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
*Ant.* O,
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,

[8] I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,

TREBLES THEE O'ER.] This passage is represented to me as an obscure one. The meaning of it seems to be—'You must put on more than your usual seriousness, if you are disposed to pay a proper attention to my proposal; which attention if you bestow, it will in the end make you *thrice what you are.*' Sebastian is already brother to the throne; but, being made a king by Antonio's contrivance, would be (according to our author's idea of greatness) *thrice* the man he was before. In this sense he would be *trebled* o'er. So, in Pericles, 1609:

the master calls,
And *trebles* the confusion."

Again, in The Two Noble Kinsmen, 1634:
" ——— *thirds* his own worth." STEEVENS.

Again, in the Merchant of Venice:

Yet, for you,
I would be *trebled* twenty times myself." MALONE.

You more invest it![9] Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

*Seb.* Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

*Ant.* Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance,[1] this,
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.[2]

[9] If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it!] A judicious critic in The Edinburgh Magazine for Nov. 1786, offers the following illustration of this obscure passage. "Sebastian introduces the simile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who says he will teach his stagnant water to flow. '— It has already learned to ebb,' says Sebastian. To which Antonio replies, 'O if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages to the design which I hint at; how in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation!'"

STEEVENS.

[1] — this lord of weak remembrance,] This lord, who, being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering; and who, once laid in the ground, shall be as little remembered himself, as he can now remember other things. JOHNSON.

[2] — hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
PROFESSES TO PERSUADE) the king, his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.] Of this entangled sentence I can draw no sense from the present reading, and therefore imagine that the author gave it thus:

"For *he*, a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade *the king, his son's alive*;"

Of which the meaning may be either, that "he alone, who is a spirit of persuasion, professes to persuade the king;" or that, "He only professes to persuade," that is, 'without being so persuaded himself, he makes a show of persuading the king.' JOHNSON.

*Seb.* I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

The meaning may be—"He is a mere rhetorician, one who professess the art of persuasion, and nothing else; i. e. he professes to persuade another to believe that of which he himself is not convinced; he is content to be plausible, and has no further aim." (So, as Mr. Malone observes,) in Troilus and Cressida: "—why he'll answer nobody, he *professes* not answering." STEEVENS.

The obscurity of this passage arises from a misconception of the word *he's*, which is not an abbreviation of *he is*, but of *he has;* and partly from the omission of the pronoun *who*, before the word *professes*, by a common poetical ellipsis. Supply that deficiency, and the sentence will run thus:—

"Although this lord of weak remembrance
-hath here almost persuaded
(For *he has* a spirit of persuasion, *who*, only
Professes to persuade,) the king, his son's alive;"—

And the meaning is clearly this.—This old lord, though a mere dotard, has almost persuaded the king that his son is alive; for he is so willing to believe it, that any man who undertakes to persuade him of it, has the powers of persuasion, and succeeds in the attempt.

We find a similar expression in The First Part of Henry IV. When Poins undertakes to engage the Prince to make one of the party to Gads-hill, Falstaff says:

"Well! may'st thou *have the spirit of persuasion*, and he the ears of profiting! that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed!" M. MASON.

The light Mr. M. Mason's conjecture has thrown on this passage, I think, enables me to discover and remedy the defect in it.

I cannot help regarding the words—"professes to persuade"—as a mere gloss or paraphrase on "— he has a spirit of persuasion." This explanatory sentence, being written in the margin of an actor's part, or playhouse copy, was afterwards injudiciously incorporated with our author's text. Read the passage without these words,

"———hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion only,)
The king, his son's alive; 'tis as impossible, &c."

and nothing is wanting to its sense or metre.

On the contrary, the insertion of the words I have excluded, by lengthening the parenthesis, obscures the meaning of the speaker, and, at the same time, produces redundancy of measure.

Irregularity of metre ought always to excite suspicions of omission or interpolation. Where somewhat has been omitted, through chance or design, a line is occasionally formed by the junction of

*Ant.* O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition connot pierce a wink beyond,[3]
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
*Seb.* He's gone.
*Ant.* Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
*Seb.* Claribel.
*Ant.* She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life;[4] she that from Naples

hemistichs previously unfitted to each other. Such a line will naturally exceed the established proportion of feet; and when marginal observations are crept into the text, they will have just such awkward effects as I conceive to have been produced by one of them in the present instance.

"Perhaps (says that excellent scholar and perspicacious critic Mr. Porson, in his 6th Letter to Archdeacon Travis) you think it an affected and absurd idea that a marginal note can ever creep into the text: yet I hope you are not so ignorant as not to know that this has actually happened, not merely in *hundreds* or *thousands*, but in *millions* of places, &c. &c."—

"From this known propensity of transcribers to turn every thing into the text which they found written in the margin of their MSS. or between the lines, so many interpolations have proceeded, that at present the surest canon of criticism is, *Præferatur lectio brevior.*" P. 149, 150.

Though I once expressed a different opinion, I am now well convinced that the metre of Shakspeare's plays had originally no other irregularity than was occasioned by an accidental use of hemistichs. When we find the smoothest series of lines among our earliest dramatic writers (who could fairly boast of no other requisites for poetry) are we to expect less polished versification from Shakspeare? STEEVENS.

[3] —a wink beyond,] That this is the utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no farther, and where objects lose their distinctness, so that what is there discovered is faint, obscured, and doubtful. JOHNSON.

Perhaps this is a phrase similar to what has occurred before—"*an eye* of green." BOSWELL.

Can have no note,[5] unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born
chins
Be rough and razorable : she, from whom[6]
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;[7]
And, by that, destiny [8] to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue ; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.[9]

*Seb.* What stuff is this ?—How say you ?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis ;
So is she heir of Naples ; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

[4] — beyond man's life ;] i. e. at a greater distance than the life of man is long enough to reach. STEEVENS.

[5] — she that from Naples
Can have no NOTE, &c.] *Note* (as Mr. Malone observes) is *notice*, or *information*.

Shakspeare's great ignorance of geography is not more conspicuous in any instance than in this, where he supposes Tunis and Naples to have been at such an immeasurable distance from each other. He may, however, be countenanced by Apollonius Rhodius, who says, that both the *Rhone* and *Po* meet in one, and discharge themselves into the gulph of Venice ; and by Æschylus, who has placed the river Eridanus in Spain. STEEVENS.

[6] — she, from whom —] i. e. in coming from whom. The old copy has—" she *that* from, &c." which cannot be right. The compositor's eye probably glanced on a preceding line, "*she that* from Naples—." The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe.
MALONE.

[7] — though some CAST again ; ] *Cast* is here used in the same sense as in Macbeth, Act II. Sc. III. : "— though he took my legs from me, I made a shift to *cast* him." STEEVENS.

It does not appear that a single person was lost ; but as the passengers in the ship were dispersed by Ariel in different parts of the island, Antonio supposes that those who were not of his party were lost. MALONE.

[8] And, by that, DESTINY—] It is a common plea of wickedness to call temptation destiny. JOHNSON.

The late Dr. Musgrave very reasonably proposed to substitute—*destin'd* for *destiny*. As the construction of the passage is made easier by this slight change, I have adopted it. STEEVENS.

[9] In yours and my discharge.] i. e. depends on what you and I are to perform. STEEVENS.

*Ant.* A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*
*Measure us back to Naples?*—Keep in Tunis,[1]
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough[2] of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
*Seb.* Methinks, I do.
*Ant.* And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
*Seb.* I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
*Ant.* True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
*Seb.* But, for your conscience—
*Ant.* Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; But I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,

[1] — KEEP in Tunis,] There is in this passage a propriety lost, which a slight alteration will restore:

" ——— *Sleep* in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!" JOHNSON.

The old reading is sufficiently explicable. "Claribel (says he,) keep where thou art, and allow Sebastian time to awaken those senses by the help of which he may perceive the advantage which now presents itself." STEEVENS.

[2] A chough —] Is a bird of the jack-daw kind. So, in Macbeth, Act III. Sc. IV.:

" By magot-pies, and *choughs*, and rooks, &c."

STEEVENS.

That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! [3] Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon, [4]
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: [5] whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye [6] might put

[3] And melt, ere they molest!] I had rather read—

"*Would* melt, ere they molest."

i. e. 'Twenty consciences, such as stand between me and my hopes, though they were congealed, would melt before they could molest me, or prevent the execution of my purposes.' JOHNSON.

Let twenty consciences be first congealed and then dissolved, ere they molest me, or prevent me from executing my purposes.

MALONE.

If the interpretation of Johnson and Malone is just, *and* is certainly as intelligible as *or*; but I can see no reasonable meaning in this interpretation. It amounts to nothing more as thus interpreted, than 'My conscience must melt and become softer than it is before it molests me;' which is an insipidity unworthy of the Poet. I would read "Candy'd be they, *or* melt;" and the expression then has spirit and propriety. 'Had I twenty consciences,' says Antonio, 'they might be hot or cold for me; they should not give me the smallest trouble.'—*Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

[4] No better than the earth he lies upon,] So, in Julius Cæsar:

"——at Pompey's basis lies along,
*No worthier than the dust.*" STEEVENS.

[5] If he were that which now he's like, whom I,
With this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed, &c.] The old copy reads—

"If he were that which now he's like, *that's dead;*
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed," &c.

The words—"that's dead" (as Dr. Farmer observes to me) are evidently a gloss, or marginal note, which had found its way into the text. Such a supplement is useless to the speaker's meaning, and one of the verses becomes redundant by its insertion.

STEEVENS.

[6] —for AYE—] i. e. for ever. So, in King Lear:

"———I am come
To bid my king and master *aye* good night."

STEEVENS.

This ancient morsel,[7] this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;[8]
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

*Seb.* Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

*Ant.* Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

*Seb.* O, but one word.

[*They converse apart.*

*Music. Re-enter* ARIEL, *invisible.*

*Ari.* My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,
(For else his project dies, to keep them living.[9]

[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*

[7] This ancient MORSEL,] For *morsel*, Dr. Warburton reads—*ancient moral*, very elegantly and judiciously; yet I know not whether the author might not write *morsel*, as we say a *piece of a man*. JOHNSON.

So, in Measure for Measure:

"How doth my dear *morsel*, thy mistress?" STEEVENS.

[8] —take SUGGESTION,] i. e. Receive any hint of villainy. JOHNSON.

So, in Macbeth, Act I. Sc. III.:

"If good, why do I yield to that *suggestion*
Whose horrid image, &c." STEEVENS.

"They'll take *suggestion*, as a cat laps milk;] That is, will adopt, and bear witness to, any tale you shall invent; you may suborn them as evidences to clear you from all suspicion of having murthered the king. A similar signification occurs in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:

"Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet *suggesting* love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it." HENLEY.

[9] —to keep THEM living.] By *them*, as the text now stands,

*While you here do snoring lie,*
*Open-ey'd conspiracy*
*His time doth take:*
*If of life you keep a care,*
*Shake off slumber, and beware:*
*Awake! Awake!*

---

Gonsalo and Alonso must be understood. Dr. Johnson objects very justly to this passage. "As it stands," says he, "at present, the sense is this. He sees *your* danger, and will therefore save *them*." He therefore would read—"That *these* his friends are in."

The confusion has, I think, arisen from the omission of a single letter, Our author, I believe, wrote—

"———— and sends me forth,
For else his projects dies, to keep them living."

i. e. he has sent me forth, to keep his projects alive, which else would be destroyed by the murder of his friend Gonzalo.—The opposition between the life and death of a project appears to me much in Shakspeare's manner. So, in Much Ado about Nothing: "What *life* is in that, to be the *death* of this marriage?"—The plural noun joined to a verb in the singular number, is to be met with in almost every page of the first folio. So, to confine myself to the play before us, edit. 1623:

"My old *bones akes*."

Again, ibid.:

"—— At this hour
*Lies* at my mercy all my *enemies*."

Again, ibid.:

"His *tears runs* down his beard—."

Again:

"What *cares* these *roarers* for the name of king."

It was the common language of the time; and ought to be corrected, as indeed it generally has been in the modern editions of our author, by changing the number of the verb. Thus, in the present instance we should read—"For else his projects *die*, &c."

MALONE.

I have received Dr. Johnson's amendment. Ariel, finding that Prospero was equally solicitous for the preservation of Alonso and Gonzalo, very naturally styles them both his *friends*, without adverting to the guilt of the former. Toward the success of Prospero's design, their lives were alike necessary.

Mr. Henley says that "By *them* are meant Sebastian and Antonio. The project of Prospero, which depended upon Ariel's *keeping them alive*, may be seen, Act. III."

The song of Ariel, however, sufficiently points out which were the immediate objects of his protection. He cannot be supposed to have any reference to what happens in the last scene of the next Act. STEEVENS.

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.
*Gon.* Now, good angels, preserve the king!
[*They wake.*
*Alon.* Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?[1]
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
*Gon.* What's the matter?
*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
*Alon.* I heard nothing.
*Ant.* O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
*Alon.* Heard you this, Gonzalo?
*Gon.* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Tis best we stand upon our guard:[2]
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
*Alon.* Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
*Gon.* Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

---

[1] —drawn?] Having your swords drawn. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"What, art thou *drawn* among these heartless hinds?"

JOHNSON.

[2] That's VERITY: 'Best stand upon our guard;] The old copy reads—

"That's *verily*: '*Tis* best *we* stand upon our guard."

Mr. Pope very properly changed *verily* to *verity*: 'and as the verse would be too long by a foot, if the words '*tis* and *we* were retained, I have discarded them in favour of an elliptical phrase which occurs in our ancient comedies, as well as in our author's Cymbeline, Act III. Sc. III.:

"'Best draw my sword;"

i. e. *it were* best to draw it. STEEVENS.

*Alon.* Lead away.
*Ari.* Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done: *Aside.*
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

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## SCENE II.

Another part of the Island.

*Enter* CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood.*

*A noise of thunder heard.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe[3] and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks[4] at my foot-fall; sometime am I

---

[3] —that MOE, &c.] i. e. make mouths. So, in the old version of the Psalms:

"———making *moes* at me."

Again, in the Mystery of Candlemas-Day, 1512:

"And make them to lye and *mowe* like an *ape*."

Again, in Sidney's Arcadia, book iii.:

"*Ape* great thing gave, though he did *mowing* stand,
The instrument of instruments, the hand." STEEVENS.

So, in Nashe's Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse, 1593: "—found nobody at home but an *ape*, that sate in the porch and made mops and *mows* at him." MALONE.

[4] Their PRICKS—] i. e. prickles. STEEVENS.

All wound with adders,[5] who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

*Enter* TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard[6] that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells lik a fish; a very

---

[5] —WOUND with adders,] Enwrapped by adders *wound* or twisted about me. JOHNSON.

[6] —looks like a foul BUMBARD—] This term again occurs in The First Part of Henry IV.: "—that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge *bumbard* of sack—" And again, in Henry VIII.: "And here you lie baiting of *bombards*, when ye should do service." By these several passages, 'tis plain the word meant a large vessel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance so called. THEOBALD.

Ben Jonson, in his Masque of Augurs, confirms the conjecture of Theobald: "The poor cattle yonder are passing away the time with a cheat loaf, and a *bumbard* of broken beer."

So, again, in The Martyr'd Soldier, by Shirley, 1638:

"His boots as wide as the black-jacks,
Or *bumbards*, toss'd by the king's guards."

And it appears from a passage in Ben Jonson's Masque of Love Restor'd that a *bombard-man* was one who carried about provisions. "I am to deliver into the buttery so many firkins of *aurum potabile* as it delivers out *bombards* of bouge, &c."

Again, in Decker's Match me in London, 1631:

"You are ascended up to what you are, from the black-jack to the *bumbard* distillation." STEEVENS.

Cole renders *bombard*, *cantharus*, a tankard. Mr. Upton would read—a *full* bumbard. See a note on—"I thank the Gods, I am *foul*;" As You Like It, vol. vi. p. 445, n. 1. MALONE.

ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted,[7] not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man;[8] any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they wlll lay out ten to see a dead Indian.[9] Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my

---

[7]—this fish painted,] To exhibit fishes, either real or imaginary, was very common about the time of our author. So, in Jasper Maine's comedy of the City Match:

"Enter Bright, &c. hanging out the picture of a *strange fish*.
This is the fifth *fish* now
That he hath shewn thus."

It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that in 1604 was published, "A strange reporte of a monstrous *fish*, that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seene in the sea."

So likewise, in Churchyard's Prayse and reporte of Maister Martyne Frobisher's Voyage to Meta Incognita, &c. bl. l. 12mo. 1578: "And marchyng backe, they found a *straunge Fish* dead, that had been caste from the sea on the shore, who had a boane in his head like an Unicorne, which they brought awaye and presented to our Prince, when thei came home." STEEVENS.

So, in the office book of Sir Henry Herbert, MS. we find: "A license to James Seale to shew a *strange fish* for half a yeare, the 3d of September, 1632." MALONE.

[8]—MAKE a man;] That is, make a man's fortune. So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream: "—we are all *made men*."

JOHNSON.

Again, in Ram-ally, or Merry Tricks, 1611:

"———— She's a wench
Was born to *make* us all." STEEVENS.

[9]—a dead INDIAN.] In a subsequent speech of Stephano' we have: "—savages and *men of Inde*;" in Love's Labour's Lost, "—a rude and savage *man of Inde*;" and in K. Henry VIII. the porter asks the mob, if they "think some strange *Indian*, &c. is come to court." Perhaps all these passages allude to the Indians brought home by Sir Martin Frobisher.

Queen Elizabeth's original instructions to him (MS. now before me) "concerning his voyage to Cathaia, &c." contain the following article:

"You shall not bring aboue iii or iiii persons of that countrey,

troth! I do now let loose my opinion,[1] hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;[2] there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.[3] I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

---

the which shall be of diuers ages, and shall be taken in such sort as you may best avoyde offence of that people."

In the year 1577, "A description of the portrayture and shape of those strange kinde of people which the wurthie Mr. Martin Fourbosier brought into England in A°. 1576," was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company.

By Frobisher's First Voyage for the Discoverie of Cataya, bl. l. 4to. 1278, the fate of the first savage taken by him as ascertained.—"Whereupon when he founde himself in captiuitie, for very choler and disdain he bit his tong in twaine within his mouth: notwithstanding, he died not thereof, but *liued untill he came in Englande*, and *then he died of colde* which he had taken at sea."

STEEVENS.

1 —LET LOOSE my opinion, &c.] So, in Love's Labour's Lost: "—Now you will be my purgation, and *let me loose.*" STEEVENS.

2 —his GABERDINE;] A *gaberdine* is properly the coarse frock or outward garment of a peasant. Spanish, *Gaberdina.* So, in Look About You, 1600:

"I'll conjure his *gaberdine.*"

The *gaberdine* is still worn by the peasants in Sussex.

STEEVENS.

It here however means, I believe, a loose felt cloak. Minsheu in his Dict. 1617, calls it "a rough Irish mantle, or horseman's coat. *Gaban*, Span. and Fr.—Læna, i. e. vestis quæ super cætera vestimenta imponebatur." See also Cotgrave's Dict. in v. *gaban*, and *gâlleverdine.* MALONE.

3 —a very ancient and fish-like smell—misery acquaints a man with strange BEDFELLOWS.] One would almost think that Shakspeare had not been unacquainted with a passage in the fourth book of Homer's Odyssey, as translated by Chapman:

"———The sea-calves savour was
So passing sowre (they still being bred at seas,)
It much afflicted us: for who can please
To *lie* by one of these same sea-bred whales?"

STEEVENS.

Chapman's Odyssey did not appear till 1614. MALONE.

*Enter* STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

*Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,*
*Here shall I dye a-shore;—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,*
*The gunner, and his mate,*
*Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,*
*But none of us car'd for Kate:*
*For she had a tongue with a tang,*
*Would cry to a sailor,* Go, hang:
*She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,*
*Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch:*
*Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

*Cal.* Do not torment me: O!

*Ste.* What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages,[4] and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

*Cal.* The spirit torments me: O!

*Ste.* This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where

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[4] —savages,] The folio reads—*salvages*, and rightly. It was the spelling and pronunciation of the time. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. vi. c. 8, st. 35:

"There dwelt a *salvage nation*, &c." REED.

the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.

*Ste.* He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit:[5] if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much[6] for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling:[7] now Prosper works upon thee.

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[5] —if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit:] This is no impertinent hint to those who indulge themselves in a constant use of wine. When it is necessary for them as a medicine, it produces no effect. STEEVENS.

[6] —TOO MUCH—] *Too much* means, *any sum, ever so much.* So, in the Letters from the Paston Family, vol. ii. p. 219: "And ye be beholdyng unto my Lady for hyr good wurde, for sche hath never preysyd yowe *to much.*" i. e. though she has praised you much, her praise is not above your merit.

It has, however, been observed to me, that when the vulgar mean to ask an extravagant price for any thing, they say, with a laugh, I won't make him pay twice for it. This sense sufficiently accommodates itself to Trinculo's expression. Mr. M. Mason explains the passage differently.—"I will not take for him even more than he is worth." STEEVENS.

I think the meaning is, Let me take what sum I will, however great, "I shall not take too much for him:" it is impossible for me to sell him too dear. MALONE.

I apprehend it is ironically said. 'I will get as much for him as I can.' BOSWELL.

[7] —I know it by thy TREMBLING:] This *tremor* is always represented as the effect of being possessed by the devil. So, in the Comedy of Errors, Act IV. Sc. IV.:

"Mark how he *trembles* in his extacy!" STEEVENS.

*Ste.* Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat;[8] open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

*Trin.* I should know that voice: It should be— But he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

*Ste.* Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice[9] now is to speak well of his friend: his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come,——Amen![1] I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano,—

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.[2]

*Trin.* Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

*Ste.* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, in-

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[8] — cat;] Alluding to an old proverb, that *good liquor will make a cat speak.* STEEVENS.

[9] His forward voice, &c.] The person of Fame was anciently described in this manner. So, in Penelope's Web, by Greene, 1601: "Fame hath two faces, readie as well to back-bite as to flatter." STEEVENS.

[1] —Amen!] Means, stop your draught: come to a conclusion. "I will pour some, &c." STEEVENS.

[2] I have no long spoon.] Alluding to the proverb, "A long spoon to eat with the devil." STEEVENS.

See Comedy of Errors, Act IV. Sc. III. and Chaucer's Squier's Tale, 10,916 of the late edit.:

"Therefore behoveth him a full long spoone,
That shall ete with a fend."— TYRWHITT.

deed: How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf ?[3] Can he vent Trinculos ?

*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano ? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm over-blown ? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano ? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

*Ste.* Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

*Cal.* These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How did'st thou 'scape ? How cam'st thou hither ? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

*Cal.* I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Ste.* Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.[4]

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[3] —to be the SIEGE of this MOON-CALF ?] *Siege* signifies *stool* in every sense of the word, and is here used in the dirtiest.

So, in Holinshed, p. 705: "In this yeare also, a house on London Bridge, called the common *siege*, or privie, fell downe into the Thames."

A *moon-calf* is an inanimate shapeless mass, supposed by Pliny to be engendered of woman only. See his Nat. Hist. b. x. ch. 64.

Again, in Philemon Holland's translation of book xxx. ch. 14, edit. 1601: "—there is not a better thing to dissolve and scatter *moon-calves*, and such like false conceptions in the wombe."

STEEVENS.

[4] *Cal.* I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy
True subject, &c.

*Ste.* Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.] The passage should probably be printed thus:

*Trin.* Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trin.* O Stephano, hast any more of this?

*Ste.* The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropped from heaven?[5]

*Ste.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;
My mistress shewed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.[6]

*Ste.* Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monster:[7]—The man i' the moon?—a most poor cre-

---

"*Ste.* [To *Cal.*] Here, swear then. [To *Trin.*] How escap'dst thou?"

The speaker would naturally take notice of Caliban's proffered allegiance. Besides, he bids Trinculo kiss the book after he has answered the question; a sufficient proof of the rectitude of the proposed arrangement. RITSON.

Ritson's arrangement of the preceding line is well imagined. M. MASON.

[5] Hast thou not dropped from heaven?] The new-discovered Indians of the island of St. Salvador, asked, by signs, whether Columbus and his companions were *not come down from heaven.* TOLLET.

[6] My mistress shewed me thee, thy dog, and bush.] The old copy, which exhibits this and several preceding speeches of Caliban as prose, (though it be apparent they were designed for verse,) reads—"My mistress shewed me thee, *and* thy dog, and *thy* bush." Let the editor who laments the loss of the words—*and* and *thy*, compose their elegy. STEEVENS.

He need not compose their elegy if he can restore them to life. BOSWELL.

[7] I AFEARD OF HIM?—a very weak monster, &c.] It is to be observed, that Trinculo, the speaker, is not charged with being

dulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

*Cal.* I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.[9]

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Ste.* Come on then; down, and swear.

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

*Ste.* Come, kiss.

*Trin.* —but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

*Cal.* I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

*Cal.* I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

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afraid; but it was his consciousness that he was so that drew this brag from him. This is nature. WARBURTON.

[9] And kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.] The old copy redundantly reads:

"And *I will* kiss thy foot, &c." RITSON.

This is a common expression, to denote profound obeisance. So, in Timon of Athens:

"Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,—
*Make sacred even his stirrop*, and through him
Drink the free air."

Again, in Titus Andronicus: "—When you come to him, [the emperor,] at the first approach, you must kneel, *then kiss his foot*, then deliver your pigeons." MALONE.

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells[1] from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

*Ste.* I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any

[1]—sea-mells—] [Old copy, *scamels*.] This word has puzzled the commentators: Dr. Warburton reads *shamois;* Mr. Theobald would read any thing rather than *scamels*. Mr. Holt, who wrote notes upon this play, observes, that limpets are in some places called *scams*, and therefore I had once suffered *scamels* to stand. JOHNSON.

Theobald had very reasonably proposed to read *sea-malls*, or *sea-mells*. An *e*, by these careless printers, was easily changed into a *c*, and from this accident, I believe, all the difficulty arises, the word having been spelt by the transcriber, *seamels*. Willoughby mentions the bird, as Theobald has informed us. Had Mr. Holt told us in what part of England *limpets* are called *scams*, more re- [illegible] paid to his assertion.

I should suppose, at all events, a *bird* to have been design'd, as ung and *old fish* are taken with equal facility; but *young birds* are more easily surprised than *old ones*. Besides, Caliban had already proffered to *fish* for Stephano. In Cavendish's second voyage, the sailors eat *young gulls* at the isle of Penguins.

STEEVENS.

I have adopted the emendation proposed by Mr. Theobald. In Lincolnshire, as I learn from Sir Joseph Banks, the name *sea-mall* is applied to all the smaller species of gulls. Plott, the same gentleman adds, in his History of Staffordshire, p. 231, gives an account of the mode of taking a species of gull called in that country pewits (the black-capped gull of Lincolnshire,) with a plate annexed, at the end of which he writes—"they being accounted a good dish at the most plentiful tables." With regard to the place from which Caliban says he will fetch them, we find in Holland's Pliny, 1600: "As touching the gulls or sea-cobs, they build in rockes." P. 237. MALONE.

Sir Joseph Banks informs me, that in Willoughby's, or rather John Ray's Ornithology, p. 34, No. 3, is mentioned the common sea-mall, *Larus cinereus minor*. Sir Robert Sibbald, in his Ancient State of the Shire of Fife, mentions, amongst fowls which frequent a neighbouring island, several sorts of *sea-malls*, and one in particular, the *katiewake*, a fowl of the *Larus* or *mall kind*, of the bigness of an ordinary pigeon, which some hold, says he, to be as savoury and as good meat as a partridge is. REED.

more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

*Cal.* *Farewell master; farewell, farewell.*

[*Sings drunkenly.*

*Trin.* A howling monster; a drunken monster.

*Cal.* *No more dams I'll make for fish;*
*Nor fetch in firing*
*At requiring,*
*Nor scrape trenchering,*[2] *nor wash dish;*
*'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,*[3]
*Has a new master—Get a new man.*[4]

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

*Ste.* O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

Before PROSPERO'S Cell.

*Enter* FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful; and their labour

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[2] *Nor scrape trenchering,*] In our author's time trenchers were in general use; and male domesticks were sometimes employed in cleansing them. "I have helped (says Lyly, in his History of his Life and Times, ad an. 1620,) to carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning;—all manner of drudgery I willingly performed; *scrape-trenchers, &c.*" MALONE.

[3] *'Ban 'Ban, C —Caliban,*] Perhaps our author remembered a song of Sir P. Sidney's:

"Da, da, da—Daridan."

*Astrophel and Stella,* fol. 1627. MALONE.

[4] — *Get a new man.*] When Caliban sings this last part of his ditty, he must be supposed to turn his head scornfully toward the cell of Prospero, whose service he had deserted. STEEVENS.

Delight in them sets off:[5] some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be[6] as heavy to me, as odious; but

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[5] There be some sports are PAINFUL; and their LABOUR
DELIGHT in them sets off:]
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem.
*Hor.* sat. 2. lib. ii. STEEVENS.

We have again the same thought in Macbeth:
"The *labour* we *delight* in physikes *pain*."

After "and," *at the same time* must be understood. Mr. Pope, unnecessarily reads—"*But* their labour—," which has been followed by the subsequent editors.

In like manner in Coriolanus, Act IV. the same change was made by him. "I am a Roman, *and* (i. e. and *yet*) my services are, as you are, against them." Mr. Pope reads—"I am a Roman, *but* my services, &c." MALONE.

I prefer Mr. Pope's emendation, which is justified by the following passage in the same speech:

"—— This my mean task would be
As heavy to me as 'tis odious; *but*
The mistress that I serve, &c."

It is surely better to change a single word, than to countenance one corruption by another, or suppose that four words, necessary to produce sense, were left to be understood. STEEVENS.

Only one word, *yet*, is left to be understood. *At the same time* is explanatory of the sense in which that word is employed.
BOSWELL.

[6] This my mean task WOULD BE—] The metre of this line is defective in the old copy, by the words *would be* being transferred to the next line. Our author and his contemporaries generally use *odious* as a trisyllable. MALONE.

Mr. Malone prints the passage as follows:

"—— This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as odious: but—"

The word *odious*, as he observes, is sometimes used as a trisyllable.—Granted; but then it is *always* with the penult. *short*. The metre, therefore, as regulated by him, would still be defective.

By the advice of Dr. Farmer, I have supplied the necessary monosyllable—'*tis;* which completes the measure, without the slightest change of sense. STEEVENS.

I have restored the reading of the old copy. The first line is indeed defective, but innumerable instances of the same license

The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like éxecutor. I forget:[7]
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busy-less, when I do it.[8]

*Enter* MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *at a distance.*

*Mira.* Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

occur in these plays. See the Essay on Shakspeare's Versification. BOSWELL.

[7] — I forget:] Perhaps Ferdinand means to say—I forget *my task*; but *that is not surprising, for I am thinking on Miranda, and* these sweet thoughts, &c. He may, however mean, that he "forgets or thinks little of the baseness of his employment." Whichsoever be the sense, *And*, or *For*, should seem more proper in the next line, than *But*. MALONE.

[8] MOST BUSY-less, when I do it.] The two first folios read:

"Most busy *lest*, when I do it."

'Tis true this reading is corrupt; but the corruption is so very little removed from the truth of the text, that I cannot afford to think well of my own sagacity for having discovered it.

THEOBALD.

*Mira.* If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while : Pray, give me that :
I'll carry it to the pile.
*Fer.* No, precious creature :
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
*Mira.* It would become me
As well as it does you : and I should do it
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is aginst.[9]
*Pro.* Poor worm ! thou art infected ;
This visitation shews it.
*Mira.* You look wearily.
*Fer.* No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night.[1] I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name ?
*Mira.* Miranda :—O my father,
I have broke your hest[2] to say so !
*Fer.* Admir'd Miranda
Indeed, the top of admiration ; worth
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady

[9] And yours against.] The old copy reads :—
"And yours *it is* against."

By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted the words in Italicks, as they are needless to the sense of the passage, and would have rendered the hemistich too long to join with its successor in making a regular verse. STEEVENS.

[1] —'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at NIGHT.]

Tu mihi curarum requies, *tu nocte* vel atrâ
Lumen——.
*Tibul.* lib. iv. el. xiii. MALONE.

[2] —hest—] For *behest;* i. e. command. So before, Act I. Sc. II. :

"Refusing her grand *hests* ——." STEEVENS.

I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.[3]
*Mira.* I do not know
One of my sex; no womam's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,

[3] Of every creature's best.] Alluding to the picture of Venus by Apelles. JOHNSON.

Had Shakspeare availed himself of this elegant circumstance, he would scarcely have said, "of every *creature's* best," because such a phrase includes the component parts of the brute creation. Had he been thinking on the judicious selection made by the Grecian Artist, he would rather have expressed his meaning by "every *woman's*," or "every *beauty's* best." Perhaps he had only in his thoughts a fable related by Sir Phillip Sidney in the third book of his Arcadia. The beasts obtained permission from Jupiter to make themselves a King; and accordingly created one *of every creature's best*:

"Full glad they were, and tooke the naked sprite,
Which straight the earth yclothed in his clay:
The lyon heart; the ounce gave active might;
The horse good shape; the sparrow lust to play;
Nightingale voice, entising songs to say, &c. &c.
Thus *man* was made; thus *man* their lord became."

In the 1st book of the Arcadia, a similar praise is also bestowed by a lover on his mistress:

"She is her selfe of *best things the collection.*"

STEEVENS.

Besides yourself, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.[4]

*Fer.* I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer[5]
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.[6]—Hear my soul speak;—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

[4] Therein forget.] The old copy, in contempt of metre, reads —"*I* therein *do* forget." STEEVENS.

[5] —than I WOULD suffer, &c.] The old copy reads—Than *to* suffer. The emendation is Mr. Pope's STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copy is right, however ungrammatical. So, in All's Well that Ends Well: "No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, *than to have.*"

See vol. x. p. 311, n. 8.

Again, in Measure for Measure:

"Admit———that there were
No other way to save him, but that either
You must *lay down* the treasures of your body,
To this supposed, or else *to let* him suffer,
What would you do?" MALONE.

The defective metre shows that some corruption had happened in the present instance. I receive no deviations from established grammar, on the single authority of the folio. STEEVENS.

[6] The flesh-fly BLOW my mouth.] i. e. swell and inflame my mouth. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"Here is a vent of blood and something *blown.*"

Again, ibid.:

"———and let the water-*flies*
*Blow* me into abhorring." MALONE.

I believe Mr. Malone is mistaken. To *blow*, as it stands in the text, means 'the act of a fly by which she lodges eggs in flesh.' So, in Chapman's version of the Iliad:

"——I much fear, lest with the *blows* of flies
His brass-inflicted wounds are fill'd—" STEEVENS.

*Mira.* Do you love me?
*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,[7]
Do love, prize, honour you.
*Mira.* I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.[8]
*Pro.* Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!
*Fer.* wherefore weep you?
*Mira.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks[9] to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife,[1] if you will marry me;

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[7] —of WHAT ELSE i' the world.] i. e. of *aught* else; of whatsoever else there is in the world. I once thought we should read —*aught* else. But the old copy is right. So, in king Henry VI. Part III.:

> "With promise of his sister and *what else*,
> To strengthen and support king Edward's place."

MALONE.

[8] I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.] This is one of those touches of nature that distinguish Shakspeare from all other writers. It was necessary in support of the character of Miranda, to make her appear unconscious that excess of sorrow and excess of joy find alike their relief from tears; and as this is the first time that consummate pleasure had made any near approaches to her heart, she calls such a seeming contradictory expression of it, *folly*.

The same thought occurs in Romeo and Juliet:

> "Back, foolish tears, back, to your native spring!
> Your tributary drops belong to woe,
> Which you mistaking offer up to joy." STEEVENS.

[9] —it seeks—] i. e. my affection seeks. MALONE.

If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow[2]
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
*Fer.* My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.
*Mira.* My husband then ?
*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.
*Mira.* And mine, with my heart in't :[3] And now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.
*Fer.* A thousand ! thousand !
[*Exeunt* FER. *and* MIR.
*Pro.* So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all ;[4] but my rejoicing

---

[1] I am your wife, &c.]

Si tibi non cordi fuerant connubia nostra.
Attamen in vestras potuisti ducere sedes,
Quæ tibi jucundo famularer serva labore ;
Candida permulcens liquidis vestigia lymphis,
Purpureâve tuum consternens veste cubile.

*Catul.* 62. MALONE.

[2] —your FELLOW—] i. e. companion. STEEVENS.

[3] —here's my hand.

*Miran.* And mine, with my heart in't :] It is still customary in the west of England, when the conditions of a bargain are agreed upon, for the parties to ratify it by joining their hands, and at the same time for the purchaser to give an earnest. To this practice the poet alludes. So, in The Winter's Tale :

"Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love : then didst thou utter
*I am yours for ever.*"

And again, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona :

"*Pro.* Why then we'll make exchange ; here, take you this.
*Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy." HENLEY.

[4] So glad of this as they, I cannot be,

Who are surpriz'd WITH ALL ;] The sense might be clearer were we to make a slight transposition :

"So glad of this as they, who are surpriz'd
With all, I cannot be—"

At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

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## SCENE II.

Another part of the Island.

*Enter* STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO ; CALIBAN *following with a bottle.*

*Ste.* Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em:[5] Servant-monster, drink to me.

*Trin.* Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.[6]

*Ste.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

*Trin.* Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.[7]

---

Perhaps, however, more consonantly with ancient language, we should join two of the words together, and read—

"Who are surpriz'd *withal.*" STEEVENS.

[5] — bear up, and board 'em:] A metaphor alluding to a chace at sea. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[6] — if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.] We meet with a similar idea in Antony and Cleopatra: "He bears the third part of the world."—"The third part then is drunk." STEEVENS.

[7] — he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.] I believe this to be an allusion to a story that is met with in Stowe, and other writers of the time. It seems in the year 1574, a whale was thrown ashore near Ramsgate: "A *monstrous*

*Ste.* My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam,[8] ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.[9]

*Ste.* We'll not run, monsieur monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

*Ste.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

*Cal.* How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe:
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: Why, thou deboshed fish thou,[1] was there ever man a coward, that hath

*fish* (says the *chronicler*) but not so *monstrous* as some reported—for his *eyes* were in his *head*, and not in his *back*."

*Summary*, 1575, p. 562. FARMER.

[8] — I swam, &c.] This play was not published till 1623. Albumazar made its appearance in 1614, and has a passage relative to the escape of a sailor yet more incredible. Perhaps, in both instances, a sneer was meant at the Voyages of Ferdinando Mendez Pinto, or the exaggerated accounts of other lying travellers:

"——— five days I was under water: and at length
Got up and spread myself upon a chest,
Rowing with arms, and steering with my feet:
And thus in five days more got land." Act III. Sc. V.

STEEVENS.

[9] — or my STANDARD.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no STANDARD.] Meaning, he is so much intoxicated, as not to be able to stand. The quibble between *standard*, an ensign, and *standard*, a fruit-tree that grows without support, is evident. STEEVENS.

[1] — thou DEBOSHED fish thou.] I met with this word, which I suppose to be the same as *debauched* in Randolph's Jealous Lovers, 1634:.

"——— See, your house be stor'd
With the *deboishest* roarers in this city."

drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

*Trin.* Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

*Ste.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made thee?[2]

*Ste.* Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

*Enter* ARIEL, *invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a

Again, in Monsieur Thomas, 1639:

"———— saucy fellows
*Deboshed* and daily drunkards."

The substantive occurs in Partheneia Sacra, 1633:

"— A hater of men, rather than the *deboishments* of their manners."

When the word was first adopted from the French language, it appears to have been spelt according to the pronunciation, and therefore wrongly; but ever since it has been spelt right, it has been uttered with equal impropriety. STEEVENS.

[2] I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
To hearken once again the suit I made thee?] The old copy which erroneously prints this and other of Caliban's speeches as prose, reads—

"———— *to* the suit I made thee;"

But the elliptical mode of expression in the text, has already occurred in the second scene of the first act of this play:

"———— being an enemy
To me inveterate, *hearkens my brother's suit.*"

STEEVENS.

tyrant;[3] a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of this island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

*Ste.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum then, and no more.—[*To* CALIBAN.] Proceed.

*Cal.* I say by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not.

*Ste.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

*Ste.* How now shall this be compassed? Can'st thou bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.[4]

*Ari.* Thou liest, thou canst not.

[3] —a TYRANT;] *Tyrant* is here employed as a trisyllable. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens, after frequently ridiculing the notion that *hour*, and other words of that description, can be pronounced as trisyllables, is willing to make one of *tyrant*, in order to force Caliban's speeches into metre. MALONE.

[4] —I'll yield him thee ASLEEP,

Where thou may'st KNOCK A NAIL INTO HIS HEAD.] Perhaps Shakspeare caught this idea from the 4th chapter of Judges, v. 21: "Then Jael, Heber's wife, took a *nail* of the tent, and took an hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him, and *smote the nail into his temples*, &c.: *for he was fast asleep*, &c." STEEVENS.

*Cal.* What a pied ninny's this?[5] Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew him
Where the quick freshes are.

*Ste.* Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say, he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?——A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

---

[5] What a pied ninny's this?] It should be remembered that Trinculo is no *sailor*, but a *jester;* and is so called in the ancient *dramatis personæ*. He therefore wears the party-coloured dress of one of these characters. See fig. xii. in the plate annexed to the First Part of King Henry IV. and Mr. Tollet's explanation of it. So, in the devil's Law Case, 1623:

"Unless I wear a *pied* fool's coast." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson observes, that Calliban could have no knowledge of the striped coat usually worn by fools; and would therefore transfer this speech to Stephano. But though *Caliban* might not know this circumstance, Shakspeare did. Surely he who has given to all countries and all ages the manners of his own, might forget himself here, as well as in other places. MALONE.

*Cal.* Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.
*Ste.* Stand further.—Come, proceed.
*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command:[6] They all do hate him,

[6] —Remember,

First to possess his BOOKS; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not

One SPIRIT TO COMMAND:] Milton, in his Masque at Ludlow Castle, seems to have caught a hint from the foregoing passage:

"Oh, ye mistook; ye should have snatch'd his wand,
And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the lady."—— STEEVENS.

In a former scene Prospero says,

-I'll to my *book;*
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining."

Again, in Act V.:

"And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my *book.*"

In the old romances the sorcerer is always furnished with a *book*, by reading certain parts of which he is enabled to summon to his aid what dæmons or spirits he has occasion to employ. When he is deprived of his book, his power ceases. Our author might have observed this circumstance much insisted on in the Orlando Innamorato of Boyardo, (of which, as the Rev. Mr. Bowle informs me, the first three cantos were translated and published in 1598,) and also in Harrington's translation of the Orlando Furioso, 1591. A few lines from the former of these works may prove the best illustration of the passage before us.

Angelica, by the aid of Argalia, having bound the enchanter Malagigi:

As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a non-pareil: I never saw a woman,[7]
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

"The damsel searcheth forthwith in his breast,
And there the damned *booke* she straightway founde,
Which circles strange and shapes of fiendes exprest;
No sooner she some wordes therein did sound,
And opened had some damned leaves unblest,
But *spirits* of th' ayre, earth, sea, came out of hand,
Crying alowde, what is't you us *command?*" MALONE.

[7] Calls her a non-pareil: I *ne'er* saw woman.] The old copy reads.

"Calls her a non-pareil: I *never* saw *a* woman." But this verse, being too long by a foot, Hanmer judiciously gave it as it stands in my text (I *ne'er* saw woman).

By means as innocent, the versification of Shakspeare has, I hope, in many instances been restored. The temerity of some critics had too long imposed severe restraints on their successors.

STEEVENS.

*Ste.* Ay, on mine honour.
*Ari.* This will I tell my master.
*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch[8]
You taught me but while-ere?
*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

*Flout 'em, and skout' em; and skont' em and flout' em;*
*Thought is free.*

*Cal.* That's not the tune.
[ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*
*Ste.* What is this same?
*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.[9]
*Ste.* If thou beest a man, shew thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.
*Trin.* O, forgive me my sins!
*Ste.* He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—Mercy upon us!

[8] Will you TROLL the catch—] Ben Jonson uses the word in Every Man in his Humour:

"If he read this with patience, I'll *troul* ballads."

Again, in the Cobler's prophecy, 1594:

"A fellow that will *troul* it off with tongue.
Faith, you shall hear me *troll* it after my fashion."

To *troll* a catch, I suppose, is to dismiss it *trippingly from the tongue.* STEEVENS.

[9] This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of NO-BODY.] A ridiculous figure, sometimes represented on signs. Westward for Smelts, a book which our author appears to have read, was printed for John Trundle in Barbican, at the sign of the *No-body.* MALONE.

The allusion is here to the print of *No-body*, as prefixed to the anonymous comedy of "No-body, and Some-body;" without date, but printed before the year 1600. REED.

*Cal.* Art thou afeard?[1]
*Ste.* No, monster, not I.
*Cal.* Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroyed.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

*Trin.* The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after, do our work.

*Ste.* Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I could see this taborer:[2] he lays it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.[3]

[*Exeunt.*

[1]—afeard?] Thus the old copy.—*To affear* is an obsolete verb, with the same meaning as to *affray*.

So, in the Shipmannes Tale of Chaucer, v. 13,330:

"This wif was not *aferde* no *affraide*."

Between *aferde* and *affraide*, in the time of Chaucer, there might have been some nice distinction which is at present lost.

STEEVENS.

[2] I would, I could see this TABORER:] Several of the incidents in this scene, viz.—Ariel's mimickry of Trinculo—the tune played on the *tabor*,—and Caliban's lescription of the twangling instruments, &c.—might have been borrowed from Marco Paolo, the old Venetian voyager; who in lib. i. ch. 44, describing the desert of Lop in Asia, says—"Audiuntur ibi voces dæmonum, &c. voces fingentes eorum quos comitari se putant. Audiuntur

## SCENE III.

### Another part of the Island.

*Enter* ALONSO SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO ADRIAN, FRANCISCO *and others*.

*Gon.* By'r lakin,[4] I can go no further, sir ;
My old bones ake : here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits ; sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer : he is down'd,

interdum in aere concentus musicorum instrumentorum, &c." This passage was rendered accessible to Shakspeare by an English translation entitled The most noble and famous Trauels of Marcus Paulus, one of the Nobilitie of the State of Venice, &c. bl. l. 4to 1579, by John Frampton: "— You shall heare in the ayre the sound of *tabers and other instruments*, to put the trauellers in feare, &c. by euill spirites that make these soundes, and also do *call diuerse of the trauellers by their names*, &c. ch. 36, p. 32.

To some of these circumstances Milton also alludes:

"——calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And aery tongues that syllable men's names,
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

STEEVENS.

[3] Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.] The first words are addressed to Caliban, who, vexed at the folly of his new companions idly running after the musick, while they ought only to have attended to the main point, the dispatching Prospero, seems, for some little time, to have staid behind. HEATH.

The words—"Wilt come?" sholud be added to Stephano's speech. *I'll follow*, is Trinculo's answer. RITSON.

[4] *By'r lakin*,] i. e. The diminutive only of *our lady*, i. e. ladykin. STEEVENS.

Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search[5] on land: Well let him go.
*Ant.* I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
[*Aside to* SEBASTIAN.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.
*Seb.* The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.
*Ant.* Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.
*Seb.* I say, to-night: no more.

*Solemn and strange musick; and* PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter serveral strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

*Alon.* What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
*Gon.* Marvellous sweet musick!
*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
*Seb.* A living drollery:[6] Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia

[5] OUR frustrate SEARCH—] *Frustrate*, for *frustrated.* So, in Chapman's translation of Homer's Hymn to Apollo:

"——— some God hath fill'd
Our *frustrate* sails, defeating what we will'd."

STEEVENS.

[6] A living DROLLERY:] Shows, called *drolleries*, were in Shakspeare's time performed by puppets only. From these our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian:

"I had rather make a *drollery* till thirty." STEEVENS.

"A living drollery," i. e. a drollery not represented by wooden machines, but by personages who are alive. MALONE.

There is one tree, the phœnix' throne;[7] one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
*Ant.* I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,[8]
Though fools at home condemn them.
*Gon.* If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,[9]
(For, certes,[1] these are people of the island,)
Who, though they are of monoustrous shape, yet, note,

[7] — one tree, the PHŒNIX' throne;] For this idea, our author might have been indebted to Phil. Holland's Translation of Pliny, b. xiii. chap. 4: "I myself verily have heard straunge things of this kind of tree; and namely in regard of the bird *Phœnix*, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date tree [called in Greek, φοινιξ]; for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itselfe as the tree sprung again." STEEVENS.

Again, in one of our author's poems, prefixed to Chester's Rosalynd, for which see the end of vol. xx.:

"Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the *sole* Arabian tree, &c."

Our poet had probably Lyly's Euphues, and his England, particularly in his thoughts: signat. Q 3.—"As there is but one phœnix in the world, so is there but *one tree* in Arabia wherein she buildeth." See also, Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Rasin*, a tree in Arabia, whereof there is but *one* found, and upon it the phœnix sits." MALONE.

[8] And I'll be sworn 'TIS TRUE: Travellers ne'er did lie,] I suppose this redundant line originally stood thus:

"And I'll be sworn *to't*: Travellers ne'er did lie—."

Hanmer reads, as plausibly:

"And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er *lied*."

STEEVENS.

[9] —— such ISLANDERS,] The old copy has *islands*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[1] For, CERTES, &c.] *Certes* is an obsolete word, signifying *certainly*. So, in Othello:

"———*certes*, says he,
I have already chose my officer." STEEVENS.

Their manners are more gentle, kind,[2] than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

*Pro.* Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*

*Alon.* I cannot too much muse,[3]
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue,) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

*Pro.* Praise in departing.[4] [*Aside.*

*Fran.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Seb.* No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you taste of what is here?

*Alon.* Not I.

[2] Their manners are more GENTLE-KIND,] The old copy has —"gentle, kind—." I read (in conformity to a practice of our author, who delights in such compound epithets, of which the first adjective is to be considered as an adverb,) *gentle-kind.* Thus, in King Richard III. we have *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate*, and *mortal-staring*. STEEVENS.

[3] —too much MUSE.] To *muse*, in ancient language, is to admire, to wonder.

So, in Macbeth:

"Do not *muse* at me, my most worthy friends."

STEEVENS.

[4] Praise in departing.] i. e. Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation. It is a proverbial saying.

So, in The Two angry Women of Abingdon, 1599:

"And so she doth; but *praise* your luck *at parting*."

Again, in Tom Tyler and his Wife, 1661:

"Now *praise* at thy *parting*."

Stephen Gosson, in his pamphlet entitled, Playes confuted in five Actions, &c. (no date) acknowledges himself to have been the author of a morality called Praise at Parting. STEEVENS.

*Gon.* Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,[5]
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts?[6] which now we find,
Each putter-out of one for five,[7] will bring us
Good warrant of.

[5] — that there were MOUNTAINEERS, &c.] Whoever is curious to know the particulars relative to these *mountaineers*, may consult Maundeville's Travels, printed in 1503, by Wynken de Worde: but it is yet a known truth that the inhabitants of the Alps have been long accustomed to such excrescences or tumours.

Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus? STEEVENS.

[6] — men,

Whose heads stood in their breasts?] Our author might have had this intelligence likewise from the translation of Pliny, b. v. chap. 8: "The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eies both in their breasts." STEEVENS.

Or he might have had it from Hackluyt's Voyages, 1598: "On that branch which is called *Caora* are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders. They are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts." MALONE.

See the plate at the end of Othello. BOSWELL.

[7] Each putter-out, &c.] The ancient custom here alluded to was this. In this age of travelling, it was a practice with those who engaged in long and hazardous expeditions, to place out a sum of money on condition of receiving great interest for it at their return home. So, Puntarvolo, (it is Theobald's quotation,) in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour: "I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and (because I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put some *five* thousand pound, to be paid me *five* for *one*, upon the return of my wife, myself, and my dog, from the Turk's court in Constantinople."

To this instance I may add another from The Ball, a comedy, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

"I did most politickly disburse my sums
To have *five for one* at my return from Venice."

Again, in Amends for Ladies, 1639:

"I would I had *put out* something upon my return;
I had as lieve be at the *Bermoothes*."

*Alon.* I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past:[8]—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand too, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter* ARIEL *like a harpy;*[9] *claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*[1]

*Ari.* You are three men of sin, whom destiny

"— *on* five for one" means 'on the terms of five for one.' So, in Barnaby Riche's Faults, and Nothing but Faults, 1607: "— those whipsters, that having spent the greatest part of their patrimony in prodigality, will give out the rest of their stocke, *to be paid two or three for one*, upon their return from Rome, &c. &c." STEEVENS.

"Each putter-out *on* five for one,] The old copy has:

"——— *of* five for one."

I believe the words were only transposed, and that the author wrote, as I have corrected it:

"Each putter-out of *one for five.*"

So, in The Scourge of Folly, by J. Davies of Hereford, printed about the year 1611:

"Sir Solus straight will travel, as they say,
And *gives out one for three*, when home comes he."

It appears from Moryson's Itinerary, 1617, Part I. p. 198, that "this custom of giving out money upon these adventures was first used in court, and among noblemen;" and that some years before his book was published, "bankerouts, stage-players, and men of base condition had drawn it into contempt," by undertaking journeys merely for gain upon their return. MALONE.

[8] I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past.] I cannot but think that this passage was intended to be in a rhyme, and should be printed thus:

"I will stand to and feed; although my last,
No matter, since I feel the best is past." M. MASON.

[9] *Enter Ariel like a harpy;* &c.] This circumstance is taken from the third book of the Æneid as translated by Phaer, bl. l. 4to. 1558:

"—— fast *to meate* we fall.
But sodenly from down the hills with grisly fall to syght,
The *harpies* come, and *beating wings* with great noys out thei shright,
And *at our meate they snatch;* and with their clawes, &c."

Milton, Parad. Reg. b. ii. has adopted the same imagery:

(That hath to instrument this lower world,[2]
And what is in't,) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing* ALON. SEB. *&c. draw their swords.*
And even with such like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume;[3] my fellow-ministers

— with that
Both table and provisions vanish'd quite,
With sound of harpies' wings, and talons heard."
STEEVENS.

[1] — *and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*] Though I will not undertake to prove that all the culinary pantomimes exhibited in France and Italy were known and imitated in this kingdom, I may observe that flying, rising, and descending services were to be found at entertainments given by the Duke of Burgundy, &c. in 1453, and by the Grand Duke of Tuscany in 1600, &c. See M. Le Grand D' Aussi's Histoire de la vie Privée des Francois, vol. iii. p. 294, &c. Examples, therefore, of machinery similar to that of Shakspeare in the present instance, were to be met with, and perhaps had been adopted on the stage, as well as at public festivals here in England. See my note on The Merry Wives of Windsor, vol. viii. p. 184, from whence it appears that a striking conceit in an entertainment given by the Vidam of Chartres, had been transferred to another feast prepared in England as a compliment to Prince Alasco, 1583. STEEVENS.

[2] That hath to INSTRUMENT this lower world, &c.] i. e. that makes use of this world, and every thing in it, as its *instruments* to bring about its ends. STEEVENS.

[3] One DOWLE that's in my PLUME;] The old copy exhibits the passage thus:

"One *dowle* that's in my *plumbe.*" Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Bailey, in his Dictionary, says, that *dowle* is a *feather*, or rather the single particles of the down.

Are like invulnerable:[4] if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But, remember,
(For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shóres, yea, all the creatures,

Since the first appearance of this edition, my very industrious and learned correspondent, Mr. Tollet, of Betley, in Staffordshire, has enabled me to retract a too hasty censure on Bailey, to whom we were long indebted for our only English Dictionary. In a small book, entitled Humane Industry: or, A History of most Manual Arts, printed in 1661, page 93, is the following passage: "The wool-bearing trees in Æthiopia, which Virgil speaks of, and the Eriophori Arbores in Theophrastus, are not such trees as have a certain wool or DOWL upon the outside of them, as the small cotton; but short trees that bear a ball upon the top, pregnant with wool, which the Syrians call Cott, the Græcians Gossypium, the Italians Bombagio, and we Bombase."—"There is a certain shell-fish in the sea, called Pinna, that bears a mossy *dowl*, or wool, whereof cloth was spun and made."—Again, p. 95, "Trichitis, or the hayrie stone, by some Greek authors, and Alumen *plumaceum*, or *downy* alum, by the Latinists: this hair or *dowl* is spun into thread, and weaved into cloth." I have since discovered the same word in The Ploughman's Tale, erroneously attributed to Chaucer, v. 3202:

"And swore by cock 'is herte and blode,
He would tere him every *doule*." STEEVENS.

Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, interprets "young *dowle*," by *lanugo*. MALONE.

[4] ——— the elements
Of whom your SWORDS are temper'd, may as well
WOUND the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable:] So, in Phaer's Virgil, 1573:

"Their *swords* by them they laid—
And on the filthy birds they beat—
But *fethers* none do from them fal, nor *wound* for strok doth bleed.
Nor force of weapons hurt them can." RITSON.

Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once,) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life[5] ensuing.[6]

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes,[7] and carry out the table.*

*Pro.* [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,[8]

[5] — CLEAR life—] Pure, blameless, innocent. JOHNSON.

So, in Timon: "— roots you *clear* heavens." STEEVENS.

[6] — is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.] The meaning, which is somewhat obscured by the expression, is,—"a miserable fate, which nothing but contrition and amendment of life can avert." MALONE.

[7] — with MOPS and MOWES—] So, in King Lear:

"——and Flibbertigibbet of *mopping* and *mowing*."

STEEVENS.

The old copy, by a manifest error of the press, reads—with *mocks*. So afterwards: "Will be here with *mop* and mowe."

MALONE.

To *mock* and to *mowe*, seem to have had a meaning somewhat similar; i. e. to insult, by making mouths, or wry faces.

STEEVENS.

[8] —with GOOD LIFE.] *With good life* may mean, 'with exact presentation of their several characters, with observation strange of their particular and distinct parts.' So we say, 'he acted to the *life*.' JOHNSON.

Thus in the 6th canto of the Barons' Wars, by Drayton:

"Done for the last with such exceeding *life*,
As art therein with nature seem'd at strife."

Again, in our author's King Henry VIII. Act. I. Sc. I.:

And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done :[9] my high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions : they now are in my power ;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
And his and my loved darling.

[*Exit* PROSPERO *from above.*

*Gon.* I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare ?

---

"——— the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some *life*,
Which action's self was tongue to."

*Good life*, however, in Twelfth Night, seems to be used for innocent *jollity*, as we now say a *bon vivant :* "Would you (says the Clown) have a love song, or a song of *good life*?" Sir Toby answers, "A love song, a love song ;"—"Ay, ay, (replies Sir Andrew,) I care not for *good life*." It is plain, from the character of the last speaker, that he was meant to mistake the sense in which *good life* is used by the Clown. It may, therefore, in the present instance, mean, *honest alacrtiy*, *or cheerfulness.*

*Life* seems to be used in the chorus to the fifth act of King Henry V. with some meaning like that wanted to explain the approbation of Prospero :

"Which cannot in their huge and proper *life*
Be here presented."

The same phrase occurs yet more appositely in Chapman's translation of Homer's Hymn to Apollo :

"And these are acted with such *exquiste life*,
That one would say, Now, the Ionian strains
Are turn'd immortals." STEEVENS.

To do any thing with *good life*, is still a provincial expression in the West of England, and signifies, 'to do it with the full bent and energy of mind :—"And observation strange," is with such minute attention to the orders given, as to excite admiration.

HENLEY.

[9] Their several KINDS HAVE DONE :] i. e. have discharged the several functions allotted to their different natures. Thus, in Antony and Cleopatra, Act V. Sc. II. the Clown says— "You must think this, look you, that the worm will *do his kind*."

STEEVENS.

*Alon.* O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.[1]
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded.[2] [*Exit.*

*Seb.* But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

*Ant.* I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt* SEB. *and* ANT.

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given[3] to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits:—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,

---

[1] —BASS my trespass.] The deep pipe told it me in a rough bass sound. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. 12:

"——the rolling sea resounding soft,
In his big *base* them fitly answered." STEEVENS.

Again, in Davis's Microcosmos, 1605, p. 32:

"The singing bullets made his soul rejoice
As musicke that the hearing most allures;
And if the canons *bas'd* it with their voice
He seemed as ravisht with an heavenly noise." REED.

[2] And WITH HIM there lie mudded.
BUT one fiend—] As these hemistichs, taken together, exceed the proportion of a verse, I cannot help regarding the words—*with him*, and *but*, as playhouse interpolations.

The Tempest was evidently one of the last works of Shakspeare; and it is therefore natural to suppose the metre of it must have been exact and regular. Dr. Farmer concurs with me in this supposition. STEEVENS.

[3] Like POISON given, &c.] The natives of Africa have been supposed to be possessed of the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered. Their drugs were then as certain in their effect, as subtle in their preparation. So, in the celebrated libel called Leicester's Commonwealth: "I heard him once myselfe in publique act at Oxford, and that in presence of my lord of Leicester,

And hinder them from what this ecstacy[4]
May now provoke them to.
*Adr.* Follow, I pray you.
[*Exeunt.*

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

## Before PROSPERO'S Cell.

*Enter* PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

*Pro.* If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,[5]

maintain that poison might be so tempered and given, as it should not appear presently, and yet should kill the party afterwards at what time should be appointed." STEEVENS.

[4] —this ECSTACY—] *Ecstacy* meant not anciently, as at present *rapturous pleasure*, but alienation of mind. So, in Hamlet, Act III. Sc. IV.:

"Nor sense to *ecstacy* was e'er so thrall'd—."

Mr. Locke has not inelegantly styled it, dreaming with our eyes open. STEEVENS.

[5] —a THREAD of mine own life,] The old copy reads—*third*. The word *thread* was formerly so spelt, as appears from the following passage:

"Long maist thou live, and when the sisters shall decree
To cut in twaine the twisted *third* of life,
Then let him die, &c."

See comedy of Mucedorus, 1619, signat. C 3. HAWKINS.

"A *third* of mine own life" is a *fibre* or a *part* of my own life. Prospero considers himself as the *stock* or *parent-tree*, and his daughter as a *fibre* or *portion* of himself, and for whose benefit he himself lives. In this sense the word is used in Markham's English Husbandman, edit. 1635, p. 146: "Cut off all the maine rootes, within half a foot of the tree, only the small *thriddes* or twist rootes you shall not cut at all." Again, ibid.: "Every branch and *thrid* of the root." This is evidently the same word as *thread*, which is likewise spelt *thrid* by Lord Bacon.

TOLLETT.

So, in Lingua, &c. 1607; and I could furnish many more instances:

Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test:[6] here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.* I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

*Pro.* Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition[7]
Worthily purchas'd, like my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot[8] before

---

"For as a subtle spider closely sitting
In center of her web that spreadeth round,
If the least fly but touch the smallest *thrid*,
She feels it instantly."

The following quotation, however, should seem to place the meaning beyond all dispute. In Acolastus, a comedy, 1540, is this passage:

"— one of worldly shame's *children*, of his countenance, and THREDE of his body." STEEVENS.

Again, in Tancred and Gismund, a tragedy, 1592, Tancred, speaking of his intention to kill his daughter, says:

"Against all law of kinde to shred in twaine
The golden *threede that doth us both maintain*." MALONE.

[6] — STRANGELY stood the test:] *Strangely* is used by way of commendation, *merveilleusement, to a wonder*: the same is the sense in the foregoing scene. JOHNSON.

i. e. in the last scene of the preceding act:

"——with good life
And observation *strange*—" STEEVENS.

[7] Then, as my GIFT, and thine own ACQUISITION—] My *guest*, first folio. Rowe first read—*gift*. JOHNSON.

A similar thought occurs in Antony and Cleopatra:

"——— I *send* him
The greatness he has *got*." STEEVENS.

[8] — her VIRGIN KNOT—] The same expression occurs in Pericles Prince of Tyre, 1609:

"Untide I still my *virgin knot* will keepe." STEEVENS.

All sanctimonious ceremonies[9] may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion[1] shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.
*Fer.* As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.[2]

---

[9] If thou dost break her VIRGIN KNOT before
All sanctimonious ceremonies, &c.] This and the passage in Pericles Prince of Tyre, are manifest allusions to the zones of the ancients, which were worn as guardians of chastity by marriageable young women. "Puellæ, contra, nondum viripotentes, hujusmodi zonis non utebantur: quod videlicet immaturis virgunculis nullum, aut certè minimum, a corruptoribus periculum immineret: quas propterea vocabant *αμιτρους*, nempe *discinctas*." There is a passage in Nonnus, which will sufficiently illustrate Prospero's expression:

Κουρης δ' εγγυς ικανε· και ατρεμας ακρον ερυσσας
Δεσμον ασυλητοιο φυλακτορα γυσατο μιτρης
φειδομενη παλαμη, μη ϖαρθενον υπνος εασοη. HENLEY.

[1] No sweet ASPERSION—] *Aspersion* is here used in its primitive sense of *sprinkling*. At present it is expressive only of calumny and detraction. STEEVENS.

[2] When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.] A similar train of ideas occurs in the 23d book of Homer's Odyssey thus translated by Chapman:

*Pro.* Fairly spoke:[3]
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* What would my potent master? here I am.
*Pro.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,[4]
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art;[5] it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
*Ari.* Presently?
*Pro.* Ay, with a twink.
*Ari.* Before you can say, *Come*, and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *so*, *so*;
Each one, tripping on his toe,[6]

---

— she th' extended night
With-held in long date; nor would let the light
Her wing'd-hoof horse join: Lampus, Phaeton,
Those ever colts, that bring the morning on
To worldly men." STEEVENS.

[3] FAIRLY spoke:] *Fairly* is here used as a trisyllable.
STEEVENS.

[4] — the rabble,] The crew of meaner spirits. JOHNSON.

[5] Some VANITY of mine art;] So, in the unprinted romance of EMARE, quoted by Mr. Warton in his dissertation on the Gesta Romanorum, (a prefix to the third vol. of the History of English Poetry);

"The emperour said on hygh,
Sertes, thys is a fayry,
Or ellys a *vanite*."

i. e. an illusion. STEEVENS.

Emare has, since this note was written, been printed by Mr. Ritson. *Romances*, vol. ii. BOSWELL.

[6] — Come, and go,——
Each one tripping on his toe,] So, in Milton's L'Allergro, v. 33:

"Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe." STEEVENS.

Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, master? no.
*Pro.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.
*Ari.* Well I conceive. [*Exit.*
*Pro.* Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!
*Fer.* I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.
*Pro.* Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,[7]
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly.—
No tongue;[8] all eyes; be silent. [*Soft musick.*

*A Masque. Enter* IRIS.

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,[9] them to keep;

---

[7] —bring a COROLLARY,] That is, bring more than are sufficient, rather than fail for want of numbers. *Corollary* means *surplus*. *Corolaire*, Fr. See Cotgrave's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

[8] No tongue;] Those who are present at incantations are obliged to be strictly silent, "else" as we are afterwards told, "the spell is marred." JOHNSON.

[9] —THATCH'D with STOVER,] *Stover* (in Cambridgeshire and other counties) signifies hay made of coarse rank grass, such as even cows will not eat while it is green. *Stover* is likewise used as *thatch* for cart-lodges, and other buildings that deserve but rude and cheap coverings.

The word occurs in the 25th song of Drayton's Polyolbion:

"To draw out sedge and reed, for *thatch* and *stover* fit."

Again, in his Muses' Elyzium:

"Their browse and *stover* waxing thin and scant."

STEEVENS.

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,[1]
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,

---

[1] Thy bank with PEONIED, and LILIED brims,] The old edition reads *pioned* and *twilled* brims, which gave rise to Mr. Holt's conjecture, that the poet originally wrote:

"——with *Pioned* and *tilled* brims."

*Peonied* is the emendation of Hanmer.

Spenser and the author of Muleasses the Turk, a tragedy, 1610, use *pioning* for digging. It is not therefore difficult to find a meaning for the word as it stands in the old copy; and remove a letter from *twilled*, and it leaves us *tilled*. I am yet, however, in doubt whether we ought not to read *lilied* brims; for pliny, b. xxvi. ch. x. mentions the *water-lily* as a preserver of chastity; and says, elsewhere, that the *Peony* medeter Faunorum in Quiete Ludibriis, &c. In a poem entitled The Herring's Tayle, 4to. 1598, "the mayden *piony*" is introduced. In the Arraignement of Paris, 1584, are mentioned:

"The watry flow'rs and *lilies of the banks*."

And Edward Fenton in his Secrete Wonders of Nature, 4to. b. vi. 1569, asserts, that "the *water-lily* mortifieth altogether the appetite of sensualitie, and defends from unchaste thoughts and dreames of venery."

In the 20th song of Drayton's Polyolbion, the Naiades are represented as making chaplets with all the tribe of aquatic flowers; and Mr. Tollet informs me, that Lyte's Herbal says, "one kind of *peonie* is called by some, maiden or virgin *peonie*."

In Ovid's Banquet of Sense, by Chapman, 1625, I meet with the following stanza, in which *twill-pants* are enumerated among flowers:

"White and red jasmines, merry, melliphill,
Fair crown imperial, emperor of flowers;
Immortal amaranth, white aphrodill,
And cup-like *twill-pants* strew'd in Bacchus' bowers."

If *twill* be the ancient name of any flower, the old reading, *pioned* and *twilled*, may stand. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton, in his notes upon Milton, after silently acquiescing in the substitution of *pionied* for *pioned*, produces from the Arcades "Ladon's *lillied* banks," as an example to countenance a further change of *twilled* to *lillied*, which, accordingly, Mr. Rann hath foisted into the text. But before such a licence is allowed, may it not be asked—If the word *pionied* can any where be found?—or (admitting such a verbal from *peony*, like Milton's *lillied* from *lily*, to exist,)—On the banks of what river do *peonies* grow?—Or (if the banks of any river should be discovered to yield them) whether *they* and the *lilies* that, in common with them, betrim those banks, be the produce of *spongy* APRIL?—

To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and they broom
groves,[2]

---

Or, whence it can be gathered that Iris here is at all speaking of the banks of *a river?*—and, whether, as the bank in question is the property, not a water-nymph, but of Ceres, it is not to be considered as an object of her own care?—Hither the goddess of husbandry is represented as resorting, because at the approach of spring, it becomes needful to repair the banks (or mounds) of the *flat meads*, whose grass not only shooting over, but being more succulent than that of the *turfy mountains*, would for want of precaution, be devoured, and so the intended *stover* [hay, or *winter keep*,] with which these *meads* are proleptically described as *thatched*, be lost.

The giving way and caving in of the *brims* of those banks, occasioned by the heats, rains, and frosts of the preceding year, are made good, by opening the trenches from whence the banks themselves were at first raised, and facing them up afresh with the mire those trenches contain. This being done, the *brims of the banks* are in the poet's language, *pioned* and *twilled*.—Mr. Warton, himself, in a note upon Comus, hath cited a passage in which *pioners* are explained to be *diggers* [rather *trenchers*] and Mr. Steevens mentions Spenser and the author of Muleasses, as both using *pioning* for *digging*. *Twilled* is obviously formed from the participle of the French verb *touiller*, which Cotgrave interprets " filthily to mix or mingle; confound or shuffle together; bedirt; begrime; besmear:"—significations that join to confirm the explnation here given.

This " bank with pioned and twilled brims " is described, as ' trimmed, at the behest of Ceres, by spongy *April*, *with flowers*, to make cold nymphs chaste crowns.' These flowers were neither *peonies* nor lilies, for they never blow at this season, but " lady-smocks all silver white," which, during this humid month, start up in abundance on such banks, and thrive like oats on the same kind of soil:—" Avoine *touillée* croist comme enragée."—That OU changes into W, in words derived from the French, is apparent in *cordwainer*, from *cordouannier*, and many others. HENLEY.

Mr. Henley's note contends for small proprieties, and abounds with minute observation. But that Shakspeare was no diligent botanist, may be ascertained from his erroneous descriptions of a *cowslip*, (in the Tempest and Cymbeline,) for who ever heard it characterized as a *bell-shaped* flower, or could allow the the *drops at the bottom* of it to be of a *crimson* hue? With equal carelessness, or want of information, in The Winter's Tale he enumerates " lilies of *all kinds*, " among the children of the spring, and as contemporaries with the daffodil, the primrose, and the violent; and in his celebrated song, (one stanza of which is introduced at

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn ;[3] thy pole-clipt vineyard ;[4]

---

the beginning of the fourth act of Measure for Measure,) he talks of *Pinks* "that *April* wears." It might be added, (if we must *speak by the card*, ) that wherever there is a bank there is a ditch; where there is a ditch there may be water; and where there is water the aquatic lilies may flourish, whether the bank in question belongs to a river or a field.—These are petty remarks, but they are occasioned by petty cavils.—It was enough for our author that *peonies* and *lilies* were well known flowers, and he placed them on any bank, and produced them in any of the genial months, that particularly suited his purpose. He who has confounded the customs of different ages and nations, might easily confound the produce of the seasons.

That his documents de Re Rusticâ were more exact, is equally improbable. He regarded objects of Agriculture, &c. in the gross, and little thought when he meant to bestow some ornamental epithet on the banks appropriated to a Goddess, that a future critic would wish him to say their " brims *were* filthily mixed or mingled, confounded, or shuffled together; bedirted, begrimed, and besmeared." Mr. Henley, however, has not yet proved the existence of the derivative which he labours to introduce as an English word; nor will the lovers of elegant description wish him much success in his attempt. Unconvinced, therefore, by his strictures, I shall not exclude a border of flowers to make room for the graces of the spade, or what Mr. Pope, in his Dunciad, has styled " the majesty of mud." STEEVENS.

*Piony* is given by Johnson in his Dictionary as well as *Peony;* and Mr. Todd derives it from the Saxon prome. An anonymous correspondent suggested to Mr. Malone that *twilled brims* meant banks fringed with thickly matted grass, resembling the stuff called *twilled cloth*, in which the cords appear closely twisted together. Mr. Boaden has observed to me that Mr. Steevens might have offered a better defence than he has produced for his reading *lillied*, which Mr. Henley objected to, because lillies are not to be found in April. In Lord Bacon's Essay on Gardens, where he is enumerating the flowers which are in season at different periods of the year, we meet with the following passage: " In April follow, the double-white violet ; the wall-flower ; the stock-gilly-flower ; the cowslip ; flower-de-luces ; and *lillies of all natures ;* rose-mary flowers ; the tulippe ; the double *piony*, &c.

BOSWELL.

* —and thy BROOM groves,] *Broom*, in this place, signifies the *Spartium scoparium*, of which brooms are frequently made. Near Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire it grows high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it ; and in places where

And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o'the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*Enter* CERES.

*Cer.* Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres,[5] and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd-green?[6]

---

it is cultivated, still higher: a circumstance that had escaped my notice, till I was told of it by professor Martyn, whose name I am particularly happy to insert among those of other friends who have honoured and improved this work by their various communications. STEEVENS.

[3] Being LASS-LORN;] *Lass-lorn is forsaken of his mistress.* So, Spenser:

" Who after that he had fair Una *lorn*." STEEVENS.

[4] —thy pole-CLIPT VINEYARD;] To *clip* is to *twine round* or *embrace*. The poles are *clipped* or embraced by the vines. *Vineyard* is here used as a trisyllable. STEEVENS.

[5] My BOSKY acres, &c.] *Bosky* is woody. Bosky acres are fields divided from each other by hedge-rows. *Boscus* is middle Latin for *wood*. *Bosquet*, Fr. So, Milton:

" And every *bosky* bourn from side to side."

Again, in K. Edward I. 1599:

" Hale him from hence, and in this *bosky* wood
Bury his corps." STEEVENS.

[6] —to this SHORT-GRASS'D GREEN?] The old copy reads short-*gras'd* green. " Short-graz'd green" means "grazed so as to be short." The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.

STEEVENS.

*Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate ;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.
*Cer.* Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen ? since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.
*Iris.* Of her society
Be not afraid ; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos ; and her son
Dove-drawn with her : here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted : but in vain ;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again :
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.
*Cer.* Highest queen of state,[7]
Great Juno comes ; I know her by her gait.

---

[7] Highest queen of state,

Great Juno comes : I know her by her gait.] Mr. Whalley thinks this passage a remarkable instance of Shakspeare's knowledge of ancient poetic story ; and that the hint was furnished by the *Divum incedo Regina* of Virgil.

John Taylor, the water-poet, declares, that he never learned his *Accidence*, and that Latin and French were to him Heathen Greek ; yet, by the help of Mr. Whalley's argument, I will prove him a learned man, in spite of every thing he may say to the contrary : for thus he makes a gallant address his lady ; "Most inestimable magazine of beauty ! in whom the port and majesty of Juno, the wisdom of Jove's brain-bred girle, and the feature of Cytherea, have their domestical habitation." FARMER.

So, in The Arraignement of Paris, 1584 :

"First statelie *Juno*, with her porte and grace."

*Enter* JUNO.

*Jun.* How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

## SONG.

*Juno.* *Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,*
*Long continuance, and increasing,*
*Hourly joys be still upon you!*
*Juno sings her blessing on you.*

*Cer.* *Earth's increase,*[8] *and foison plenty,*[9]
*Barns, and garners never empty;*

Chapman also, in his version of the second Iliad, speaking of Juno, calls her—

"——the goddesse of *estate*." STEEVENS.

"*Highest* queen of state." Sir John Harrington has likewise used this word as one syllable:

"Thus said the *high'st*, and then there did ensue."
Orlando Fur. b. xxix. st. 32. MALONE.

[8] EARTH'S INCREASE, *and foison plenty*, &c.] All the editions, that I have ever seen, concur in placing this whole sonnet to Juno; but very absurdly, in my opinion. I believe every accurate reader, who is acquainted with poetical history, and the distinct offices of these two goddesses, and who then seriously reads over our author's lines, will agree with me, that Ceres's name ought to have been placed where I have now prefixed it.

THEOBALD.

*And* is not in the old copy. It was added by the editor of the second folio. Earth's *increase*, is the *produce* of the earth. The expression is scriptural: "Then shall the *earth* bring forth her *increase*, and God, even our God, shall give us his blessing." Psalm lxvii. MALONE.

This is one among a multitude of emendations which Mr. Malone acknowledges to have been introduced by the editor of the second folio; and yet, in contradiction to himself in his Prolegomena, he depreciates the second edition, as of no importance or value.

FENTON.

I have adopted several corrections from the second folio, as I

*Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing,*
*Plants, with goodly burden bowing;*
*Spring come to you, at the farthest,*
*In the very end of harvest!*
*Scarcity, and want, shall shun you,*
*Ceres' blessing so is on you.*

*Fer.* This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly:[1] May I be bold
To think these spirits?
*Pro.* Spirits, which by mine art

---

would from Pope or Hanmer where I thought them obviously right, without acknowledging its authority, for which Mr. Steevens has contended. MALONE.

I have endeavoured to show in The Essay on Shakspeare's Versification, that this and similar instances were unnecessary, and that a verse consisting of six syllables only was common among Shakspeare and his contemporaries. BOSWELL.

[9] — FOISON *plenty;*] i. e. plenty to the utmost abundance; *foison* signifying plenty. See p. 66. STEEVENS.

[1] Harmonious charmingly:] Mr. Edwards would read:
"Harmonious charming *lay*."

For though (says he) the benediction is sung by two goddesses, it is yet but one *lay* or hymn. I believe, however, this passage appears as it was written by the poet, who, for the sake of the verse, made the words change places.

We might read (transferring the last syllable of the second word to the end of the first) "*Harmoniously* charming."

Ferdinand has already praised this aerial Masque as an object of sight; and may not improperly or inelegantly subjoin, that the charm of sound was added to that of visible grandeur. Both Juno and Ceres are supposed to sing their parts. STEEVENS.

A similar inversion occurs in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:
"But *miserable most* to live unlov'd. MALONE.

So, in Shirley's Young Admiral:

"———— Honour payes
Double where Kings neglect, and he is *valiant*
*Truely* that dares forget to be rewarded."

In The Wild Goose Chace by Beaumont and Fletcher, we have a still greater licence used:
"Be not too glorious foolish:"

i. e. too foolishly, vainglorious. BOSWELL.

I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

*Fer.* Let me live here ever;
So rare a wander'd father,[2] and a wife,
Make this place Paradise.

[JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*

*Pro.* Sweet now, silence;
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wan-d'ring brooks,[3]
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels,[4] and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

*Enter Certain Nymphs.*

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

---

[2] — a WONDER'D father,] i. e. a father able to perform or produce such wonders. STEEVENS.

[3] — WANDERING brooks,] The modern editors read—*winding brooks*. The old copy—*windring*. I suppose we should read—*wand'ring*, as it is here printed. STEEVENS.

[4] Leave your CRISP channels,] *Crisp*, i. e. *curling*, *winding* Lat. *crispus*. So, Henry IV. Part I. Sc. IV. Hotspur, speaking of the river Severn:

"And hid his *crisped* head in the hollow bank."

*Crisp*, however, may allude to the little wave or *curl* (as it is commonly called) that the gentlest wind occasions on the surface of waters. STEEVENS.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof* PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

*Pro.* [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits.*] Well done;—
avoid;—no more.

*Fer.* This is strange:[5] your farther's in some
passion
That works him strongly.

*Mira.* Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

*Pro.* You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,[6]

---

[5] This is MOST strange:] I have introduced the word—*most*, on account of the metre, which otherwise is defective.—In the first line of Prospero's next speech there is likewise an omission, but I have not ventured to supply it. STEEVENS.

[6] And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision, &c.] The exact period at which this play was produced is unknown: it was not, however, published before 1623. In the year 1603, the Tragedy of Darius, by Lord Sterline, made its appearance, and there I find the following passage:

> "Let greatness of her glassy scepters vaunt,
> Not scepters, no, but reeds, soon bruis'd, soon broken;
> And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
> All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.
> Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
> With furniture superfluously fair,
> Those stately courts, those sky-encount'ring walls,
> Evanish all like vapours in the air."

Lord Sterline's play must have been written before the death

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit,[7] shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,[8]

---

of Queen Elizabeth, (which happened on the 24th of March, 1603,) as it is dedicated to James VI. King of Scots.

Whoever should seek for this passage (as here quoted from the 4to. 1603) in the folio edition, 1637, will be disappointed, as Lord Sterline made considerable changes in all his plays, after their first publication. STEEVENS.

[7] —all which it INHERIT,] i. e. all who possess, who dwell upon it. So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:

"This, or else nothing, will *inherit* her." MALONE.

[8] And, like this insubstantial PAGEANT FADED,] *Faded* means here—having vanished; from the Latin, *vado*. So, in Hamlet:

"It *faded* on the crowing of the cock."

To feel the justice of this comparison, and the propriety of the epithet, the nature of these exhibitions should be remembered. The ancient English *pageants* were shows exhibited on the reception of a prince, or any other solemnity of a similar kind. They were presented on occasional stages erected in the streets. Originally they appear to have been nothing more than dumb shows; but before the time of our author, they had been enlivened by the introduction of speaking personages, who were characteristically habited. The speeches were sometimes in verse; and as the procession moved forward, the speakers, who constantly bore some allusion to the ceremony, either conversed together in the form of a dialogue, or addressed the noble person whose presence occasioned the celebrity. On these allegorical spectacles very costly ornaments were bestowed. See Fabian, ii. 382. Warton's Hist. of Poet. ii. 199, 202.

The well-known lines before us may receive some illustration from Stowe's account of the pageants exhibited in the year 1604, (not many years before this play was written,) on king James, his Queen, &c. passing triumphantly from the Tower to Westminister; on which occasion seven gates or arches were erected in different places through which the procession passed.—Over the first gate "was represented the true likeness of all the notable houses, *Towers* and steeples, within the citie of London."—"The sixt arche or gate of triumph was erected above the Conduit in Fleet e-Streete, whereon the *Globe* of the world was seen to move, &c. At Temple-bar a seaventh arche or gait was erected, the fore-front whereof was proportioned in every respect like a *Temple*, being dedicated to Janus, &c. The citie of Westminster, and dutchy of Lancaster, at the Strand had erected the in-

Leave not a rack behind :[9] We are such stuff
As dreams are made of,[1] and our little life

vention of a Rainbow, the moone, sunne, and starres, advanced between two Pyramides, &c." Annals, p. 1429, edit. 1605.

See also his Survey of London, 1618, p. 802: "—some of them, like Midsummer *pageants*, with *towers*, *turrets*, &c."

Perhaps our poet also remembered Spenser's Ruines of Time, 1591:

"High *towers*, fair *temples*, goodly theatres,
Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pallaces,
Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with faire pillours, and fine imageries,
All these, (O pitie!) now are turn'd to dust,
And overgrown with black oblivions rust." MALONE.

[9] Leave not a RACK behind:] "The winds, (says Lord Bacon) which move the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below, pass without noise." I should explain the word *rack*, somewhat differently, by calling it, 'the last fleeting vestige of the highest clouds, scarce perceptible on account of their distance and tenuity.' What was anciently called the *rack*, is now termed by sailors—the *scud*.

The word is common to many authors contemporary with Shakspeare. So, in the Faithful Shepherdess, by Fletcher:

" ————shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing *rack*."——

Again, in David and Bethsabe, 1599:
"Beating the clouds into their swiftest *rack*."

Again, in the prologue to the Three Ladies of London, 1584:
"We list not ride the rolling *rack* that dims the chrystal skies."

Again, in Shakspeare's 33d Sonnet:
"Anon permits the basest clouds to ride
With ugly *rack* on his celestial face."

Again, in Chapman's version of the twenty-first Iliad:
" ————the cracke
His thunder gives, when out of heaven it tears atwo his *racke*."

Here the translator adds, in a marginal note. "The *racke* or motion of the clouds, *for the clouds*."

Again, in Dryden's version of the tenth Æneid:
" ——the doubtful *rack* of heaven
Stands without motion, and the tide undriven."

Mr. Pennant in his Tour in Scotland observes, there is a fish

Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd ;
Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled.

---

called a *rack*-rider, because it appears in winter or bad weather; *Rack*, in the English of our author's days, signifying the *driving of the clouds by tempests*.

Sir Thomas Hanmer, instead of *rack*, reads *track*, which may be countenanced by the following passage in the first scene of Timon of Athens:

"But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
*Leaving no tract behind.*"

Again, in the Captain, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act II. Sc. I.:

"————run quietly,
Leaving no *trace* of what they were behind them."

STEEVENS.

*Rack* is generally used for *a body of clouds* or rather for *the course of clouds in motion*. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"That which is now a horse even with a thought,
The *rack* dislimns."

But no instance has yet been produced where it is used to signify *a single small fleeting cloud*, in which sense only it can be figuratively applied here. I incline to think that *rack* is a mis-spelling for *wrack*, i. e. *wreck*, which Fletcher likewise has used for a minute broken fragment. See his Wife for a Month, where we find the word mis-spelt as it is in The Tempest:

"He will bulge so subtilly and suddenly,
You may snatch him up by parcels, like a *sea-rack*."

It has been urged, that "objects which have only a visionary and insubstantial existence, can, when the vision is faded, leave nothing *real*, and consequently no *wreck* behind them." But the objection is founded on misapprehension. The words—"Leave not a rack (or wreck) behind," relate not to "the baseless fabrick of this vision," but to the final destruction of the world, of which the towers, temples, and palaces, shall (*like* a vision, or a pageant) be dissolved, and leave no vestige behind.

MALONE.

Yet see Mr. Horne Tooke's observations on this passage, EIIEA IITEPOENTA, vol. ii. P. 388. BOSWELL.

[1] As DREAMS are made of,] The old copy reads—*on*. But this is a mere colloquial vitiation; *of*, among the vulgar, being still pronounced—*on*. STEEVENS.

The stanza which immediately precedes the lines quoted by Mr. Steevens from Lord Sterline's Darius, may serve still further to confirm the conjecture that one of these poets imitated the other. Our author was, I believe, the imitator:

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity :
If you be pleas'd retire into my cell,
And there repose ; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

*Fer.* MIRA. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

*Pro.* Come with a thought :—I thank you :—
Ariel, come.[2]

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to :[3] What's thy pleasure ?

*Pro.* Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.[4]

*Ari.* Ay, my commander : when I presented Ceres,

---

"And when the eclipse comes of our glory's light,
Then what avails the adoring of a name?
A meer *illusion made to mock the sight*,
Whose best was but the shadow of a *dream*."

MALONE.

[2] *Fer. Mir.* We wish your peace.
*Pro.* Come with a thought:—I thank YOU:—Ariel, come.] The old copy reads "—I thank *thee*." But these thanks being in reply to the joint wish of Ferdinand and Miranda, I have substituted *you* for *thee*, by the advice of Mr. Ritson. STEEVENS.

[3] Thy thoughts I CLEAVE TO:] To *cleave to*, is to *unite with* closely. So, in Macbeth:

"Like our strange garments, *cleave* not *to* their mould."

Again:

"If you shall *cleave* to my consent." STEEVENS.

[4] —TO MEET WITH Caliban.] *To meet with* is to *counteract;* to play stratagem against stratagem.—"The parson knows the temper of every one in his house, and accordingly either *meets with* their vices, or advances their virtues." Herbert's *Country Parson.* JOHNSON.

So, in Cynthia's Revenge, 1613:

"—You may *meet*
*With* her abusive malice, and exempt
Yourself from the suspicion of revenge." STEEVENS.

I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

*Pro.* Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids,[6] lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music;[6] so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss,[7] and thorns,

---

[6] Advanc'd their eyelids, &c.] Thus Drayton, in his Nymphidia, or Court of Fairie:

"But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin:
For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels:
Alas, his brain was dizzy.
At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgobin frets;
And as again he forward sets,
And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth hit him in his pace,
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case
Among the briers and brambles." JOHNSON.

[6] As they smelt music;] *As* is here, as in many other places, used for *as if*. So in Cymbeline:

—he spoke of her
*As* Dion had not dreams, and she, &c." MALONE.

[7] —pricking Goss,] I know not how Shakspeare distin-

Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool[8] beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

*Pro.* This was well done, my bird :
Thy shape invisible retain thou still :
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.[9]

*Ari.* I go, I go. [*Exit.*

*Pro.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick ;[1] on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;[2]
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,

guished *goss* from *furze;* for what he calls *furze* is called *goss* or *gorse* in the midland counties.

This word is used in the first chorus to Kyd's Cornelia, 1594:

"With worthless *gorse* that, yearly, fruitless dies."

STEEVENS.

By the latter, Shakspeare means the low sort of *gorse* that only grows upon wet ground, and which is well described by the name of *whins* in Markham's Farewell to Husbandry. It has prickles like those of a rose-tree or a gooseberry. *Furze* and *whins* occur together in Dr. Farmer's quotation from Holinshed.

TOLLETT.

[8] I' the FILTHY mantled pool—] Perhaps we should read—*filthymantled.*—A similar idea occurs in King Lear:

"Drinks the green *mantle* of the standing *pool.*"

STEEVENS.

[9] For STALE to catch these thieves.] *Stale* is a word in *fowling,* and is used to mean a *bait* or *decoy* to catch birds.

So, in a Looking-glass for London and England, 1617:

"Hence tools of wrath, *stales* of temptation!"

Again, in Green's Mamilia, 1595: "—that she might not strike at the *stale,* lest she were canvassed in the nets."

[1] NURTURE can never stick;] *Nurture* is *education.* A little volume entitled The Boke of *Nurture,* or Schoole of good Maners, &c. was published in the reign of King Edward VI. 4to. bl. l.

STEEVENS.

[2] —ALL, all lost,] The first of these words was probably introduced by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor. We might safely read—*are* all lost. MALONE.

So his mind cankers :[2] I will plague them all,
*Re-enter* ARIEL *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*
Even to roaring :—Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall :[3] we now are near his cell.

*Ste.* Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.[4]

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

*Ste.* So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

[2] And as with age, his body uglier grows,

So his mind cankers :] Shakspeare, when he wrote this description, perhaps recollected what his patron's most intimate friend the great Lord Essex, in an hour of discontent, said of Queen Elizabeth:—"that she grew old and canker'd, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcase:"—a speech, which, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, cost him his head, and which we may therefore suppose was at that time much talked of. This play being written in the time of King James, these obnoxious words might be safely repeated. MALONE.

I trust that Shakspeare did not aim a reproach at his queen and patroness in her grave. BOSWELL.

[3]—the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall :] This quality of hearing, which the mole is supposed to possess in so high a degree, is mentioned in Euphues, 4to. 1581, p. 64: "Doth not the lion for strength, the turtle for love, the ant for labour, excel man? Doth not the eagle see clearer, the vulture smell better, *the moale hear lightlyer?*" REED.

[4]—Has done little better than played the JACK with us.] i. e. He has played *Jack with a lantern;* has led us about like an *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire. JOHNSON.

*Cal.* Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak softly,
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

*Ste.* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

*Cal.* Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

*Trin.* O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee![5]

*Cal.* Let it alone, though fool; it is but trash.

*Trin.* O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery:[6]—O king Stephano!

[5] *Trin.* O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe is here for thee!] The humour of these lines consists in their being an allusion to an old celebrated ballad, which begins thus: "King Stephen was a worthy peer"—and celebrates that king's parsimony with regard to his *wardrobe.*—There are two stanzas of this ballad in Othello. WARBURTON.

The old ballad is printed at large in The Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i. PERCY.

[6] —we know what belongs to a FRIPPERY:] A *frippery* was a shop where old clothes were sold. *Fripperie*, Fr.

Beaumont and Fletcher use the word in this sense, in Wit Without Money, Act II.:

"As if I were a running *frippery*."

So, in Monsieur d' Olive, a comedy, by Chapman, 1606: "Passing yesterday by the *frippery*, I spied two of them hanging out at a stall, with a gambrell thrust from shoulder to shoulder."

*Ste.* Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? Let it alone,[7]
And do the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

*Ste.* Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:[8] now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

*Trin.* Do, do: We steal by line and level, and't like your grace.

The person who kept one of these shops was called a *fripper*. Strype, in the Life of Stowe, says, that these *frippers* lived in Birchin Lane and Cornhill. STEEVENS.

7—Let it alone,] The old copy reads—*let's* alone.
JOHNSON.

For the emendation in the text the present editor is answerable. Caliban had used the same expression before. Mr. Theobald reads—"Let's *along*." MALONE.

Hanmer also reads, Let *it* alone. BOSWELL.

"Let's alone," may mean—'Let you and I only go to commit the murder, leaving Trinculo, who is so solicitous about the *trash* of dress, behind us.' STEEVENS.

8—Under the line:] "An allusion to what often happens to people who pass the line. The violent fevers, which they contract in that hot climate, make them lose their hair."
*Edwards' MSS.*

Perhaps the allusion is to a more indelicate disease than any peculiar to the equinoxial.

So, in The Noble Soldier, 1632:
"'Tis hot going under the *line* there."

Again, in Lady Alimony, 1659:
"——Look to the clime
Where you inhabit; that's the torrid zone:
Yea, there goes *the hair* away."

Shakpeare seems to design an equivoque between the equinoxial and the girdle of a woman.

It may be necessary, however, to observe, as a further elucidation of this miserable jest, that the lines on which clothes are hung, are usually made of twisted horse-*hair*. STEEVENS.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime [9] upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes[1]
With foreheads villainous low.[2]

---

[9]—put some LIME, &c.] That is, *birdlime.* JOHNSON.

So, in Green's Disputation between a He and She Conycatcher, 1592: "—mine eyes are staults, and my hands *lime* twigs."

STEEVENS.

[1]—to BARNACLES, or to apes—] Skinner says *barnacle* is *Anser Scoticus.* The *barnacle* is a kind of shell-fish growing on the bottoms of ships, and which was anciently supposed, when broken off, to become one of these geese. Hall, in his Virgidemiarum, lib. iv. sat. 2, seems to favour this supposition:

" The Scottish *barnacle*, if I might choose,
That of a worme doth waxe a winged goose, &c."

So likewise Marston, in his Malecontent, 1604:

"—— like your Scotch *barnacle*, now a block,
Instantly a worm, and presently a great goose."

There are (says Gerard, in his Herbal, edit. 1597, page 1391) in the north parts of Scotland certaine trees, whereon do grow shell-fishes, &c. &c., which, falling into the water, do become fowls, whom we call *barnakles;* in the north of England, *brant geese;* and in Lancashire, *tree geese*, &c."

This vulgar error deserves no serious confutation. Commend me, however, to Holinshed, (vol.i.p.38,) who declares himself to have seen the feathers of these *barnacles* "hang out of the shell at least two inches." And in the 27th song of Drayton's Polyolbion, the same account of their generation is given.

COLLINS.

Old Gerard, in his History of Plants, has a long account of these *barnacles:* "Many of these shells I brought with me to London, which, after I had opened, I found in them living things without form or shape; in others, which were nearer come to ripenesse, I found living things that were very naked, in shape like a bird: in others, the birds covered with a soft downe, the shell half

*Ste.* Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

*Trin.* And this.

*Ste.* Ay, and this.

---

open, and the birds ready to fall out, which no doubt were the fowles called *barnacles*. I dare not absolutely avouch every circumstance of the first part of this history, concerning the tree that beareth those buds aforesaid, but will leave it to a future consideration, howbeit that which I have seene with mine eies, and handled with mine hands, I dare confidently avouch and boldly put down for verity." *Johnston's ed. of Gerard*, p. 1588.

PHILLIPPS.

"*Cal.* And all be turn'd to *barnacles*, or apes." Mr. Collins's note, it is presumed, will not be thought worth retaining in any future edition. His account of the barnacle is extremely confused and imperfect. He makes Gerarde responsible for an opinion not his own; he substitutes the name of Holinshed for that of Harrison, whose statement is not so ridiculous as Mr. Collins would make it, and who might certainly have seen the feathers of the barnacles hanging out of the shells, as the *fish barnacle* or *Lepas anatifera* is undoubtedly furnished with a *feathered* beard. The real absurdity was the credulity of Gerarde and Harrison in supposing that the barnacle goose was really produced from the shell of the fish. Dr. Bullein not only believed this himself, but bestows the epithets, *ignorant* and *incredulous* on those who did not; and in the same breath he maintains that christal is nothing more than ice. See his Bulwarke of Defence, &c. 1562. Folio, fo. 12. Caliban's *barnacle* is the *clakis* or tree-goose. Every kind of information on the subject may be found in the Physica Curiosa of Gaspar Schot the Jesuit, who with great industry has collected from a multitude of authors whatever they had written concerning it. See lib. ix. c. 22. The works of Pennant and Bewick will supply every deficiency with respect to *rational* knowledge. DOUCE.

[^4] With FOREHEADS villainous LOW.] *Low foreheads* were anciently reckoned among deformities. So, in the old bl. l. ballad, entitled A Peerlesse Paragon:

"Her beetle brows all men admire,
Her *forehead wondrous low.*"

Again, (the quotation is Mr. Malone's,) in Antony and Cleopatra:

"——And her *forehead*
As *low* as she would wish it." STEEVENS.

*A noise of hunters heard.*[3] *Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about;* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

*Pro.* Hey, *Mountain*, hey!
*Ari.* *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*
*Pro.* *Fury, Fury!* there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!
[CAL. STE. *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more princh-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.
*Ari.* Hark, they roar.
*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

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[3] *A noise of hunters heard.*] Shakspeare might have had in view "*Arthur's Chace*, which many believe to be in France, and think that it is a kennel of black dogs followed by unknown huntsmen with an exceeding great sound of horns, as if it was a very hunting of some wild beast." See a Treatise of Spectres, translated from the French of Peter de Loier, and published in quarto, 1605.

GREY.

"*Hecate*, (says the same writer, ibid.) as the Greeks affirmed, did use to send *dogges* unto men, to feare and terrifie them."

MALONE.

See Gervase of Tilbery, who wrote in 1211, for an account of the *Familia Arturi*. *Ot. Imper.* dec. ii. c. 12. STEEVENS.

See Tyrwhitt's Chaucer; note on verse 6441. BOSWELL.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

### Before the Cell of PROSPERO.

*Enter* PROSPERO *in his magic robes; and* ARIEL.

*Pro.* Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage.[4] How's the day?

*Ari.* On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

*Pro.* I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?[5]

*Ari.* Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release.[6] The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo;*
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works them,

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-and time
Goes upright with his carriage.] Alluding to one carrying a burthen. This critical period of my life proceeds as I could wish. Time brings forward all the expected events, without faultering under his burthen. STEEVENS.

[5]—the king and his?] The old copy reads—"the king and his *followers?*" But the word *followers* is evidently an interpolation, (or gloss which had crept into the text,) and spoils the metre without help to the sense. In King Lear we have the phraseology I have ventured to recommend:

"To *thee* and *thine*, hereditary ever, &c." STEEVENS.

[6]—till your release.] i. e. till you release them. MALONE.

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
*Pro.* Dost thou think so, spirit?
*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human,
*Pro.* And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling[7]
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they,[8] be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
*Ari.* I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*
*Pro.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;[9]

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[7]—a TOUCH, a feeling—] A *touch* is a *sensation*. So, in Cymbeline:

"———a *touch* more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears."

So, in the 141st sonnet of Shakspeare:

"Nor tender feeling to base *touches* prone."

Again, in The Civil Wars of Daniel, b. i.:

"I know not how their death gives such a *touch*."

STEEVENS.

[8]—that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they,] I feel every thing with the same quick sensibility, and am moved by the same passions as they are.

A similar thought occurs in King Richard II.:

"*Taste grief*, need friends, like you, &c." STEEVENS.

[9]Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;] This speech Dr. Warburton rightly observes to be borrowed from Medea's in Ovid: and, "it proves," says Mr. Holt, "beyond contradiction, that Shakspeare was perfectly acquainted with the sentiments of the ancients on the subject of inchantments." The original lines are these:

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune,[1] and do fly him,

---

Auræque, et venti, montesque, amnesque, lacusque,
Diique omnes nemorum, diique omnes noctis, adeste.

The translation of which, by Golding, is by no means literal, and Shakspeare hath closely followed it. FARMER.

Whoever will take the trouble of comparing this whole passage with Medea's speech, as translated by Golding, will see evidently that Shakspeare copied the translation, and not the original. The particular expressions that seem to have made an impression on his mind, are printed in Italics:

"Ye ayres and windes, ye *elves of hills*, of brookes, of woodes alone,
*Of standing lakes*, and of the night, approche ye everych one.
*Through help of whom* (the crooked bankes much wondering at the thing)
I have compelled streames to run clear backward to their spring.
By charms I make the calm sea rough, and make the rough seas playne,
And cover all the skie with clouds, and *chase* them thence again.
*By charmes I raise and lay the windes*, and burst the viper's jaw,
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.
Whole woodes and forrests I remove, *I make the mountains shake*,
And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully to quake.
*I call up dead men from their graves*, and thee, O lightsome moone,
I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soone.
Our sorcerie *dimmes* the morning faire, and *darks the sun at noone*,
The flaming breath of fierie bulles ye quenched for my sake,
And caused their unwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.
Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal warre did set*,
And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shet." MALONE.

"Ye *elves of hills*, &c." *Fairies* and *elves* are frequently, in the poets, mentioned together, without any distinction of character that I can recollect. Keysler says, that *alp* and *alf*, which is *elf* with the *Suedes* and *English*, equally signified a mountain, or a dæmon of the mountains. This seems to have been its original meaning; but Somner's Dict. mentions elves or fairies of the mountains, of the woods, of the sea and fountains, without any distinction between elves and fairies. TOLLET.

It would be an injustice to our great poet, if the reader were not to take notice that Ovid has not supplied him with any thing

When he comes back ; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms ; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be,)[2] I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt : the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake : and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar : graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers ; oped, and let them forth
By my so potent art But this rough magic[3]

resembling the exquisite fairy imagery with which he has enriched this speech. BOSWELL.

[1] —with PRINTLESS foot

Do chase the ebbing Neptune,] So Milton, in his Masque :
"Whilst from off the waters fleet,
Thus I set my *printless* feet." STEEVENS.

[2] (Weak MASTERS though ye be,)] The meaning of this passage may be, "Though you are but inferior masters of these supernatural powers—though you possess them but in a low degree." Spenser uses the same kind of expression in The Fairy Queen, b. iii. cant. 8, st. 4 :

"Where she (the which) was wont her sprights to entertain,
*The masters of her art :* there was she fain
To call them all in order to her aid." STEEVENS.

"———by whose aid,

"(Weak *masters* though ye be,)" That is ; ye are powerful auxiliaries, but weak if left to yourselves ;—your employment is then to make green ringlets, and midnight mushrooms, and to play the idle pranks mentioned by Ariel in his next song ;—yet by your aid I have been enabled to invert the course of nature. We say proverbially, "Fire is a good *servant*, but a bad *master*."

BLACKSTONE.

[3] —BUT this rough magic, &c.] This speech of Prospero

I hear abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

*Re-enter* ARIEL: *after him*, ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull![4] There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.——
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.[5]—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

sets out with a long and distinct invocation to the various ministers of his art; yet to what purpose they were invoked does not very distinctly appear. Had our author written—"*All* this, &c." instead of—"*But* this, &c." the conclusion of the address would have been more pertinent to its beginning. STEEVENS.

[4] —BOIL'D within thy skull!] So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"Lovers and madmen have such *seething* brains, &c."

STEEVENS.

Again, in The Winter's Tale: "Would any but these *boil'd brains* of nineteen and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather?"

MALONE.

[5] —fellowly drops.] I would read, *fellow* drops. The additional syllable only injures the metre, without enforcing the sense. *Fellowly*, however, is an adjective used by Tusser.

STEEVENS.

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes[6] that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O my good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastain.—Flesh and blood,[7]
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,[8]
Expell'd remorse and nature;[9] who, with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
[*Exit* ARIEL.
I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

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[6] —the ignorant fumes—] i. e. the fumes of ignorance. HEATH.

[7] Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,] Thus the old copy: Theobald points the passage in a different manner, and perhaps rightly:

"Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood." STEEVENS.

[8] —that ENTERTAIN'D ambition,] Old copy— *entertain*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[9] — REMORSE and NATURE;] *Remorse* is by our author and the contemporary writers generally used for *pity*, or *tenderness of heart*. *Nature* is *natural affection*. MALONE.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

*Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;*
*In a cowslip's bell I lie*[2]*:*
*There I couch. When owls do cry,*[3]

[2] *In a* COWSLIP'S *bell I lie:*] So, in Drayton's Nymphidia:

"At midnight, the appointed hour;
And for the queen a fitting *bower*,
Quoth he, is that fair *cowslip* flower
On Hipcut hill that bloweth."

The date of this poem not being ascertained, we know not whether our author was indebted to it, or was himself copied by Drayton. I believe, the latter was the imitator. Nymphidia was not written, I imagine, till after the English Don Quixote had appeared in 1612. It was not printed till 1627. MALONE.

[3] —*When owls do cry,*] i. e. at night. As this passage is now printed, Ariel says that he reposes in a cowslip's bell during the night. Perhaps, however, [as Mr. Capell has suggested], a full point ought to be placed after the word *couch*, and a comma at the end of the line. If the passage should be thus regulated, Ariel will then take his departure by night, the proper season for the bat to set out upon the expedition. MALONE.

So, in Drayton's Owl, 4to. 1604:

"——such thieves as hate the light,
The black-ey'd *bat, the watchman of the night.*"

That the crying of owls was introduced as descriptive of night, and not to mark the season of the year, is proved by Shakspeare's frequent mention of the same bird in various places, in all of which the owl is introduced as an attendant upon night. So, in Macbeth:

"It was the *owl* that *cry'd*, the fatal bellman,
That giv'st the stern'st good-*night*."

Again, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

"Deep night, dread night the silent of the night,
When scritch-*owls cry*—."

Again, in his Venus and Adonis:

"The *owl, night's* herald, shrieks; 'tis very late, &c."

Again, in Cymbeline:

"The *night* to the *owl*, and morn to the lark, less welcome"

MALONE.

The pointing of Ariel's song, its third line in particular, is in the last degree bad, and that in every edition; *couch* has no stop at all in any of them and *cry* a full one: what results from this

*On the bat's back I do fly,*
*After summer, merrily:*[4]

pointing, let them examine that like; the editor will think his duty discharged in showing that under his punctuation the song recovers its beauties, and has a perfect consistency. All the thoughts of it turn upon Ariel's approaching happiness, in that he should now be able to pursue the summer, and live upon the more delicate productions of it—pleasures he had long been deprived of by his confinement in this island; first by Sycorax, and now by Prospero: and to paint his eager relish of them, he is made to express himself as if in actual possession:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch:"

which *couch* is not a tautology, but an enforcing and heightening of the image, to make us conceive more strongly the extreme minuteness of this being, which can thus nestle itself whole in the cup of such a small flower. Capell.

[4] *After summer, merrily:*] This is the reading of all the editions. Yet Mr. Theobald has substituted *sun-set*, because Ariel talks of riding on the bat in this expedition. An idle fancy. That circumstance is given only to design the *time of night* in which fairies travel. One would think the consideration of the circumstances should have set him right. Ariel was a spirit of great delicacy, bound by the charms of Prospero to a constant attendance on his occasions. So that he was confined to the island winter and summer. But the roughness of winter is represented by Shakspeare as disagreeable to fairies, and such like delicate spirits, who, on this account, constantly follow *summer*. Was not this then the most agreeable circumstance of Ariel's new-recovered liberty, that he could now avoid *winter*, and follow *summer* quite round the globe? But to put the matter quite out of question, let us consider the meaning of this line:

"There I couch when owls do cry."

*Where?* in the *cowslip's bell*, and *where the bee sucks*, he tells us: this must needs be in *summer*. When? *when owls* cry, and this is in *winter:*

"When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl."

The Song of *Winter*, in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

The consequence is, that Ariel "flies after summer." Yet the Oxford editor has adopted this judicious emendation of Mr. Theobald. Warburton.

Ariel does not appear to have been confined to the island summer and winter, as he was sometimes sent on so long an errand as to the Bermoothes. When he says, "On the bat's back I do fly,"

*Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,*
*Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*[6]

&c. he speaks of his present situation only; nor triumphs in the idea of his future liberty, till the last couplet:

"Merrily, merrily," &c.

The bat is no bird of passage, and the expression is therefore probably used to signify, *not that he pursues summer*, but that, *after summer is past*, he rides upon the warm down of a bat's back, which suits not improperly with the delicacy of his airy being. *After summer* is a phrase in King Henry VI. Part II. Act II. Sc. IV.

Shakspeare, who, in his Midsummer Night's Dream, has placed the light of a glow-worm in its eyes, might, through the same ignorance of natural history, have supposed the bat to be a bird of passage. Owls cry not only in winter. It is well known that they are to the full as clamorous in summer; and as a proof of it, Titania, in A Midsummer Night's Dream, the time of which is supposed to be May, commends her fairies to—

"————keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots." STEEVENS.

Our author is seldom solicitous that every part of his imagery should correspond. I therefore think, that though the bat is "no bird of passage," Shakspeare probably meant to express what Dr. Warburton supposes. A short account, however, of this winged animal may perhaps prove the best illustration of the passage before us:

"The bat (says Dr. Goldsmith, in his entertaining and instructive Natural History,) makes its appearance in *summer*, and begins its flight in the dusk of the evening. It appears only in the *most pleasant* evenings; at other times it continues in its retreat; the chink of a ruined building, or the hollow of a tree. Thus the little animal even in summer sleeps the greatest part of his time, never venturing out by day-light, nor in *rainy* weather. But its short life is still more abridged by continuing in a torpid state during the *winter*. At the approach of the cold season, the bat prepares for its state of lifeless inactivity, and seems rather to choose a place where it may continue safe from interruption, than where it may be warmly and commodiously lodged."

When Shakspeare had determined the send Ariel in pursuit of summer, wherever it could be found, as most congenial to such an airy being, is it then surprising that he should have made the *bat*, rather than "the wind, his post-horse;" an animal thus delighting in that season, and reduced by winter to a state of lifeless inactivity? MALONE.

[6] *—shall I live now,*
*Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*] This thought is

*Pro.* Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom; so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.
*Ari.* I drink the air[6] before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit Ariel.*
*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
*Pro.* Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

not thrown out at random. It composed a part of the magical system of these days. In Tasso's Godfrey of Bulloigne by Fairfax, b. iv. st. 18:

"The goblins, fairies, feends, and furies mad,
Ranged in flowrie dales, and mountaines hore,
*And under every trembling leafe they sit.*"

The idea was probably first suggested by the description of the venerable elm which Virgil planted at the entrance of the infernal shades. *Æn. VI.* v. 282:

Ulmus opaca, ingens; quam sedem somnia vulgo
Vana tenere ferunt, *foliisque sub omnibus hærent.*

HOLT WHITE.

[6] I drink the air—] "To drink the air"—is an expression of swiftness of the same kind as 'to devour the way' in K. Henry IV. JOHNSON.

So, in Venus and Adonis:

"His nostrils *drink the air.*"

Again, in Timon of Athens:

"——and through him
*Drink the free air.*" MALONE.

*Alon.* Whe'r thou beest he, or no,[7]
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all), a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign;[8] and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?

*Pro.* First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

*Gon.* Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

*Pro.* You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle,[9] that will not let you

[7] WHE'R thou beest he, or no,] *Whe'r* for *whether*, is an abbreviation freqently used both by Shakspeare and Jonson. So, in Julius Cæsar:

"See, *whe'r* their basest metal be not mov'd."

Again, in The Comedy of Errors:

"Good sir, *whe'r* you'll answer me, or not." M. MASON.

[8] Thy dukedom I resign;] The duchy of Milan being through the treachery of Antonio made feudatory to the crown of Naples, Alonso promises to resign his claim of sovereignty for the future.

STEEVENS.

[9] You do yet TASTE

Some SUBTILTIES o' the isle,] This is a phrase adopted from ancient cookery and confectionary. When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *subtilty.* Dragons, castles, trees, &c. made out of sugar, had the like denomination See Mr. Pegge's Glossary to the Form of Cury, &c. Article *Sotiltees.*

Froissard complains much of this practice, which often led him in to mistakes at dinner. Describing one of the feasts of his time, he says there was " grant planté de mestz si etranges et si desguisez qu'on ne les pouvait deviser;" and L' Etoile speaking of a similar entertainment in 1597, adds "Tous les poissons estoient fort dextrement desguisez en viande de chair, qui estoient monstres

Believe things certain :—Welcome, my friends all :—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to* SEB. *and* ANT.
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors ; at this time
I'll tell no tales.
SEB. The devil speaks in him. [*Aside.*
PRO. No :——
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
ALON. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation :
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since[1]
Were wreck'd upon this shore ; where I have lost,
How sharp the point of this remembrance is !
My dear son Ferdinand.

marins pour la pluspart, qu'on avait fait venir exprès de tous les costez." STEEVENS.

[1] — who THREE HOURS since—] The unity of time is most rigidly observed in this piece. The fable scarcely takes up a greater number of hours than are employed in the representation: and from the very particular care which our author takes to point out this circumstance in so many other passages, as well as here, it should seem as if it were not accidental, but purposely designed to shew the admirers of Ben Jonson's art, and the cavillers of the time, that he too could write a play within all the strictest laws of regularity, when he chose to load himself with the critic's fetters.

The Boatswain marks the progress of the day again—*which but three glasses since*, &c. and at the beginning of this act the duration of the time employed on the stage is particularly ascertained; and it refers to a passage in the first act, of the same tendency. The storm was raised *at least* two glasses after midday, and Ariel was promised that *the work should cease* at the *sixth hour*.

STEEVENS.

PRO. I am woe for't, sir.[2]
ALON. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says, it is past her cure.
PRO. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
ALON. You the like loss?
PRO. As great to me, as late;[3] and, portable[4]
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.
And rest myself content.
ALON. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself where mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
PRO. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath:[5] but, howsoe'er you have

[2] I am WOE for't, sir.] i. e. I am *sorry* for it. *To be woe*, is often used by old writers to signify, *to be sorry*.

So, in the play of The Four P's, 1569:
"But be sure I *would be woe*
That you should chance to begyle me so." MALONE.

[3] As great to me, as late;] My loss is as great as yours, and has as lately happened to me. JOHNSON.

[4]—portable—] So, in Macbeth:
"———these are *portable*
With other graces weigh'd."
The old copy unmetrically reads—*supportable*. STEEVENS.

[5] ————THEIR words
Are natural breath:] An anonymous correspondent thinks hat *their* is a corruption, and that we should read—*these* words. His conjecture appears not improbable. The lords had no doubt

Been justled from senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*[6]

MIRA. Sweet lord, you play me false.
FER. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
MIRA. Yes, for a score of kingdoms,[7] you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

concerning *themselves*. Their doubts related only to Prospero, whom they at first apprehended to be some "inchanted trifle to abuse them." They doubt, says he, whether what they see and hear is a mere illusion; whether the person they behold is a living mortal, whether the words they hear are spoken by a human creature. MALONE.

[6] —*playing at* CHESS.] Shakspeare might not have ventured to engage his hero and heroine at this game, had he not found Huon de Bordeaux and his Princess employed in the same manner. See the romance of Huon, &c., chapter 53, edit. 1601: "How King Ivoryn caused his daughter *to play at the chess* with Huon, &c." STEEVENS.

I cannot see why Shakspeare should have gone to Huon de Bordeaux for a practice which was probably common in his day, and certainly is so in ours. BOSWELL.

[7] Yes, for a score of KINGDOMS, &c.] I take the sense to be

ALON. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
SEB. A most high miracle !
FER. Though the seas threaten they are merciful :
I have curs'd them without cause.
[FERD. *kneels to* ALON.
ALON. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about !
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
MIRA. O ! wonder !
How many goodly creatures are there here !
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,
That has such people in't !
PRO. 'Tis new to thee.
ALON. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play ?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together ?
FER. Sir, she's mortal ;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine ;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father

only this: 'Ferdinand would not, he says, play her false for the *world :* yes, answers she, I would allow you to do it for something less than the world, for *twenty kingdoms*, and I wish you well enough to allow you, after a little *wrangle*, that your play was fair.' So, likewise, Dr. Grey. JOHNSON.

I would recommend another punctuation, and then the sense would be as follows :

"Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play ;"

because such a contest would be worthy of you.

"'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds,"—

says Alcibiades, in Timon of Athens.

Again, in Fletcher's Two Noble Kinsmen :

"——They would show bravely,
Fighting about *the titles of two kingdoms.*" STEEVENS.

For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

ALON. I am hers:
But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

PRO. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrances[8]
With a heaviness that's gone.

GON. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

ALON. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

GON. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,

---

[8] —our REMEMBRANCES—] By the mistake of the transcriber the word *with* being placed at the end of this line, Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors, for the sake of the metre, read—*remembrance.* The regulation now made renders change unnecessary. We have the same phraseology in Coriolanus:

"One thus descended,—
To be set high in place, we did commend,
To your *remembrances.*" MALONE.

It should be recollected that a redundant syllable at the commencement of a line was common in the poetry of our author's time. BOSWELL.

In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.[9]

ALON. Give me your hands:
[To FER. *and* MIR.
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

GON. Be't so! Amen!

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

BOATS. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

ARI. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. } *Aside.*

PRO. My tricksy spirit![1]

[9] WHEN no man was his own.] For *when*, perhaps should be read—*where*. JOHNSON.

*When* is certainly right; i. e. *at a time when* no one was in his senses. Shakspeare could not have written *where*, [i. e. in the island,] because the mind of Prospero, who lived in it, had not been disordered. It is still said, in colloquial language that a madman *is not his own man*, i. e. is not master of himself.

STEEVENS.

[1] My TRICKSY spirit!] Is I believe my *clever, adroit* spirit. Shakspeare uses the same word in The Merchant of Venice:

"———that for a *tricksy* word
Defy the matter."

So, in the interlude of The Disobedient Child bl. 1. no date:

ALON. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you hither?

BOATS. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead on sleep[2],
And(how we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,

---

"————invent and seek out
To make them go *tricksie*, gallaunt and cleane."

STEEVENS.

*Tricksie* also signifies *neat*, *elegantly adorned*. See Florio's Dictionary, 1593: "*Nimfarsi*, to trim, to smug, to *trixie*, to deck, or spruce himself up as a nymph." The same writer interprets *Pargoletta*, "quaint, pretty, nimble, *trixie*, tender, small." See also Minsheu's Dict. To trick, to trim. MALONE.

*Trick*, of which *tricksy* was perhaps the diminutive, was an old adjective, which signified *good-looking*. So, in the most wonderful and pleasant History of Titus and Gisippus, &c. drawn into English metre by Edward Lewicke, 1562:

"For good cates then he did not sticke,
But toke thinges his health to restore
"So that shortely he waxed *tricke*
"In figure as he was before." BOSWELL.

[2] — dead OF sleep.] Thus the old copy. Modern editors —*asleep*.

Mr. Malone would substitute—*on;* but *on* (in the present instance) is only a vulgar corruption of—*of*. We still say, that a person dies *of* such or such a disorder; and why not that he is dead *of* sleep? STEEVENS.

"*On* sleep" was the ancient English phraseology. So, in Gascoigne's Supposes: "— knock again, I think they be *on* sleep."

Again, in a song said to have been written by anna Boleyn:
"O death, rock me *on* slepe."

Again, in Campion's History of Ireland, 1633: "One officer in the house of great men is a tale-teller, who bringeth his lord *on* sleep with tales vain and frivolous." MALONE.

In these instances adduced by Mr. Malone, *on sleep*, most certainly means *asleep ;* but they do not militate against my explanation of the phrase —"dead *of* sleep." STEEVENS.

They shew that *on* sleep was an old English phrase, while Mr. Steevens has produced no instance to justify his explanation.

MALONE.

Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straitway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

*Ari.* Was't well done? } *Aside.*
*Pro.* Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free. }

*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of:[3] some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

*Pro.* Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business;[4] at pick'd leisure,

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[3] — CONDUCT of:] *Conduct, for conductor.* So, in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour:

"Com, gentlemen, I will be your *conduct.*" STEEVENS.

So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"Come, bitter *conduct;* come, unsavoury guide."

MALONE.

Again, in The Householder's Philosophie, 4to. 1588, p. 1: "I goe before, not to arrogat anie superioritie, but as your guide, because, perhaps you are not well acquainted with the waie. Fortune (quoth I) doth favour mee with too noble a *conduct.*"

REED.

*Conduct* is yet used in the same sense: the person at Cambridge who reads prayers in King's and in Trinity College Chapels, is still so styled. HENLEY.

[4] — with BEATING on
The strangeness, &c.] A similar expression occurs in The Second Part of King Henry VI.:

"— thine eyes and thoughts
*Beat* on a crown."

Which shall be shortly single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable,[5]) of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit;
[*Aside.*
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

STE. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio![6]

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*Beating* may mean *hammering*, working in the mind, dwelling long upon. So, in the preface to Stanyhurst's translation of Virgil, 1582: "For my part, I purpose not to *beat* on everye childish tittle that concerneth prosodie." Again, Miranda, in the second scene of this play, tells her father that the storm is still *beating* in her mind. STEEVENS.

A kindred expression occurs in Hamlet:
"*Cudgel* thy brains no more about it." MALONE.

[5] (Which to you SHALL SEEM PROBABLE,)] These words seem, at the first view, to have no use; some lines are perhaps lost with which they were connected. Or we may explain them thus: 'I will resolve you, by yourself, which method, when you hear the story [of Antonio's and Sebastian's plot], shall seem probable; that is, *shall deserve your approbation.*' JOHNSON.

Surely Prospero's meaning is: "I will relate to you the means by which I have been enabled to accomplish these ends; which means, though they now appear strange and improbable, will then appear otherwise." ANONYMOUS.

I will inform you how all these wonderful accidents have happened; which, though they now appear to you strange, will then seem probable.

An anonymous writer pointed out the true construction of this passage; but I have not adopted his explanation, which is, I think incorrect. MALONE.

[6] —Coragio!] This exclamation of encouragement I find in J. Florio's Translation of Montaigne, 1603:

TRIN. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's goodly sight.

CAL. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

SEB. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

ANT. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish,[7] and, no doubt, marketable.

PRO. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true:[8]—This mis-shapen knave,——
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon,[9] make flows and ebbs,

---

"——You often cried Coragio, and called ca, ca."
Again, in The Blind Beggar of Alexandria, 1598. STEEVENS.

[7] Is a PLAIN FISH,] That is, plainly, evidently a fish. So, in Fletcher's Scornful Lady. "that *visible* beast, the butler," means "the butler who is *visibly* a beast.' M. MASON.

It is not easy to determine the shape which our author designed to bestow on his monster. That he has hands, legs, &c. we gather from the remarks of Trinculo, and other circumstances in the play. How then is he *plainly a fish*? Perhaps Shakspeare himself had no settled ideas concerning the form of Caliban.

STEEVENS.

[8]—true:] That is, *honest*. *A true man* is, in the language of that time, opposed to a *thief*. The sense is, 'Mark what these men wear, and say if they are honest.' JOHNSON.

[9] His mother was a witch; and one so STRONG
That could control the moon, &c.] This was the phraseology of the times. After the statute against *witches*, revenge or ignorance frequently induced people to charge those against whom they harboured resentment, or entertained prejudices, with the crime of witchcraft, which had just then been declared a capital offence. In our ancient reporters are several cases where persons charged in this manner sought redress in the courts of law. And it is remarkable in all of them, to the scandalous imputation of being *witches*, the term—*a strong* one, is constantly added. In Michaelmas term, 9 Car. I. the point was settled that no action

And deal in her command, without her power:[1]
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one,) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

CAL. I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALON. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEB. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

ALON. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they

---

could be supported on so general a charge, and that the epithet *strong* did not inforce the other words.. In this instance, I believe, the opinion of the people at large was not in unison with the sages in Westminster-Hall. Several of these cases are collected together in I. Viner, 422. REED.

"That could control the moon." From Medea's speech in Ovid, (as translated by Golding,) our author might have learned that this was one of the pretended powers of witchcraft:

"——and thee, O lightsome *moon*,
I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soon."

MALONE.

1 And deal in her command, without her power:] I suppose Prospero means, that Sycorax, with less general power than the moon, could produce the same effects on the sea. STEEVENS.

The objection to this explication (even supposing it illustrated the passage before us) is one that lies to a few of Mr. Steevens's and to many of Mr. M. Mason's comments, namely, that it deduces a meaning from the words, which by no fair interpretation, they will admit: for by what licence of construction can "without her power" signify, "with *less general* power."

Shakspeare, I conceive, had here in his thoughts vicarious and delegated authorities. He who "deals in the command," or, in other words, executes the office of another, is termed his lieutenant or vicegerent; and is usually authorized and commissioned to act by his superior. Prospero therefore, I think, means to say, that Sycorax could control the moon, and act as her vicegerent, without being commissioned, authorized, or *empowered* by her so to do. Our author might have recollected, that a letter executed in due form of law, authorizing B. to act for A. is popularly termed a *power* of attorney.

If Sycorax was *strong* enough as by her art to cause the sea to ebb, "when the next star of heaven meditated to make it flow;" she in this "respect" might be said to control her. MALONE.

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?[2]—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

TRIN. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.[3]

SEB. Why, how now, Stephano?

STE. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.[4]

---

[2] and Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they
Find this GRAND LIQUOR that hath GILDED them?] Shakspeare, to be sure, wrote—grand *'lixir*, alluding to the *grand* Elixir of the alchymists, which they pretend would restore youth and confer immortality. This, as they said, being a preparation of gold, they called *Aurum potabile;* which Shakspeare alluded to in the word *gilded*; as he does again in Antony and Cleopatra:

"How much art thou unlike Mark Antony?
Yet coming from him, that *great medicine* hath,
With his tinct *gilded* thee."

But the joke here is to insinuate that, notwithstanding all the boasts of the chemists, sack was the only restorer of youth and bestower of immortality. So, Ben Jonson, in his Every Man out of his Humour:—"Canarie, the very *Elixir* and spirit of wine." This seems to have been the cant name for sack, of which the English were, at that time, immoderately fond. Randolph, in his Jealous Lovers, speaking of it, says,—"A pottle of Elixir at the Pegasus bravely caroused." So, again, in Fletcher's monsieur Thomas, Act III.:

"Old reverend sack, which, for aught that I can read yet
Was that philosopher's stone the wise king Ptolemeus
Did all his wonders by."——

The phrase too of being *gilded*, was a trite one on this occasion. Fletcher, in his Chances:—"*Duke*. Is she not drunk too?. *Whore*. A little *gilded* o'er, sir; old sack, old sack, boys?"

WARBURTON.

As the alchymist's *Elixir* was supposed to be a liquor, the old reading may stand, and the allusion holds good without any alteration. STEEVENS.

[3] —FLY-BLOWING.] This pickle alludes to their plunge into the stinking pool; and *pickling* preserves meat from *fly-blowing*.

STEEVENS.

[4] —but a CRAMP.] i. e. I am all over a *cramp*. Prospero had ordered Ariel to *shorten up their sinews with aged cramsp.* 'Touch me not" alludes to the *soreness* occasioned by them. In

*Pro.* You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?
*Ste.* I should have been a sore one then. [5]
*Alon.* This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.[6]
[*Pointing to* CALIBAN.
*Pro.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
*Cal.* Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?
*Pro.* Go to, away!
*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
*Seb.* Or stole it, rather.
[*Exeunt* CAL. STE. *and* TRIN.
*Pro.* Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it,) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial

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his next speech Stephano confirms the meaning by a quibble on the word *sore*. STEEVENS.

[5] I should have been a SORE one then.] The same quibble occurs afterwards in the Second Part of K. Henry VI.: "Mass, 'twill be *sore* law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not yet." Stephano also alludes to the *sores* about him. STEEVENS.

[6] This is a strange thing as e'er I looked on.] The old copy, disregarding metre, reads—

"This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on."

For the repetition of the conjunction *as*, &c. I am answerable
STEEVENS.

Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized ;*
And thence retire me to my Milan, Where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALON. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely,

PRO. I'll deliver all ;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel ;—chick,—
That is they charge : then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well !—[*aside.*] Please you
draw near. [*Exeunt.*

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* —our dear-belov'd SOLEMNIZED.] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read "beloved solémniz'd," but *solémnized* was the accentuation of the time. So, in Love's Labour's Lost,

"——at a marriage feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge *solémnized.*" BOSWELL.

# EPILOGUE.

## Spoken By Prospero.

NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples: let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.[7]
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;[8]

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[7] With the help of your good hands.] By your applause, by clapping hands. JOHNSON.

Noise was supposed to dissolve a spell. So, twice before in this play:

"No tongue; all eyes; be silent."

Again:

"——hush! be mute;
Or else our *spell is marr'd.*"

Again, in Macbeth, Act IV. Sc I.:

"Hear his speech, but say thou nought."

Again, ibid:

"Listen, but speak not to't." STEEVENS.

[8] And my ending is despair,

Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;] This alludes to the old stories told of the despair of necromancers in their last moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them.

WARBURTON.

Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults,
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.[9]

[9] It is observed of The Tempest, that its plan is regular: this the author of The Revisal thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But, whatever might be Shakspeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final hapiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson, in a note on the first scene of this play, has observed upon the authority of a skilful navigator, that the naval dialogue is incorrect. See p. 19, n.1. I am happy to have it in my power to present the reader with a most satisfactory refutation of this criticism from the pen of a distinguished naval officer, the right honourable Constantine, the second Lord Mulgrave, for which Mr. Malone was indebted to the kindness of Sir George Beaumont. BOSWELL.

The first scene of The Tempest is a very striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakspeare's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skillful seamen of that time. No books had then been published on the subject.

The first publication, in the year 1626, was, "An Accidence or pathway to Experience, necessary for all young Seamen, or those that are desirous of going to Sea;" by Captain John Smith, some time Governor of Virginia, and Admiral of New England. In his Dedication he says, "I have been persuaded to print this Discourse, being a subject I never see writ before." His book is very short; there is an example of a ship carried through a variety of situations, with all the words of command expressed; there are several of these of Shakspeare intermixed with many others of more detail.

The next book on the subject was the Seaman's Dictionary, composed by Sir Henry Manwaring, and by him presented to the Duke of Buckingham, the then Lord High Admiral. In his Preface he says, "The use of this book is to instruct one whose quality, attendance, or the like, cannot permit him to gain the knowledge of terms, names, words, the parts, qualities, and manner of doing things with ships by long experience, without which hath not any one as yet arrived to the least judgement or knowledge of them. It being so, that very few gentlemen (though they be called seamen) do fully and wholly understand what belongs to their profession, having only some scrabbling terms and names belonging to some parts of a ship * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
whence it is that so many gentlemen go long voyages, and return in a manner as ignorant as when they went out.

"To understand the art of navigation, is far easier learnt than to know the pratique of working ships; in respect there are many helps for the first, by many books; but for the other, there was not so much as a means thought of till this to inform any one in it."

I have quoted these authorities to show how difficult it was, at that time, to acquire any knowledge of seamanship. It is a curious circumstance, that Shakspeare should have been so fortunate in his instructor, and so correct in the application of his knowledge.

The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety: and it is neither to the want of skill of the seaman or the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed.

The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakspeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do.

He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship; one of the latter he has introduced, under the only circumstance in which it was indisputable.

The events certainly follow too near one another for the strict time of representation: but perhaps, if the whole length of the play was divided by the time allowed by the critics, the portion allotted to this scene might not be too little for the whole. But he has taken care to mark intervals between the different operations by exits.

*1st Position.*

Fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground.

*1st Position.*

Land discovered under the lee; the wind blowing too fresh to hawl upon a wind with the topsail set.—Yare is an old sea term for briskly, in use at that time. This first command is therefore a notice to be ready to execute any orders quickly.

*2d Position.*

Yare yare, take in the topsail, blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

*2d Position.*

The topsail is taken in.—"Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough." The danger in a good sea boat is only from being too near the land: this is introduced here to account for the next order.

*3d Position.*

Down with the top mast *.—Yare, lower, lower, bring her to try with the main course.

*3d Position.*

The gale increasing, the topmast is struck, to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drive less to leeward, and bear the mainsail under which the ship is laid to.

*4th Position.*

Lay her a hold, a hold: set her two courses, off to sea again, lay her off.

*4th Position.*

The ship, having driven near the shore, the mainsail is hawled up; the ship wore, and the two courses set on the other tack, to endeavour to clear the land that way.

*5th Position.*

We split, we split.

*5th Position.*

The ship not able to weather a point, is driven on shore.

* The striking the top masts was a new invention in Shakspeare's time, which he here very properly introduces. Sir Henry Manwaring says, "It is not yet agreed amongst all seamen whether it is better for a ship to hull with her topmast up or down." In the Postscript to the Dictionary, he afterwards gives his own opinion: "If you have sea room it is never good to strike the topmast." Shakspeare has placed his ship* in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast, when he had not sea room."

AN

# ACCOUNT

OF

# THE INCIDENTS,

FROM WHICH

## THE TITLE AND PART OF THE STORY

OF

## Shakspeare's Tempest

WERE DERIVED;

*AND ITS TRUE DATE ASCERTAINED.*

# PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

At the commencement of this volume, I have inadvertently retained Mr. Malone's reference to his Essay on the Chronogical Order of Shakspeare's Plays, for a full exposition of the theory contained in the following pages. But, upon further consideration, it appeared to me, that it would be more for the convenience of the reader, if this Essay, like the Dissertation on the Three Parts of Henry VI. should be found in the same volume with the play, of which it not only is intended to fix the date ; but which in other respects it is calculated to illustrate. It was drawn up some years ago, by Mr. Malone ; and at that time he printed a limited number of copies, which he presented to his friends, and literary acquaintance. One of them, under circumstances which were by no means honourable to its possessor, who has since made himself too well known by a posthumous publication full of falsehood and malignity, but whom the grave shall shelter from further reproach, was sold at an auction, and purchased by Mr. George Chalmers. This gentleman, of whom it may be said, as by Johnson of Jeremy Collier, (I write it without the slightest disrespect) that "contest is his delight," lost no time in putting together the arguments by which

he thought Mr. Malone's theory might be controverted. I cannot think he was successful in his efforts ; but as his pamphlet was privately printed, and bore on its title-page that it was "not published, nor intended to be ;" I should not think myself justified in making it the subject of discussion.

BOSWELL.



# MR. MALONE'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Account of the circumstances attending the storm by which Sir George Somers was shipwrecked on the island of Bermuda, in the year 1609, which unquestionably gave rise to Shakspeare's TEMPEST, and suggested to him the title, as well as some incidents, of that admirable comedy, was written some years ago, and shown to a highly valued friend, * whose literary attainments and love of curious inquiry always incline him to lend a favourable ear to the researches of others.

The immediate connexion between Shakspeare's play and the tempest above alluded to, not having been noticed by any preceding editor or commentator, I conceived this discovery, which forms the subject of the following pages, to be exclusively my own; but the Observations on this poet by a learned and ingenious critic †, which have been

* James Bindley, Esq. of the Stamp Office, one of Mr. Malone's most intimate and most valued friends. His zeal for literature, his indefatigable spirit of inquiry, his accurate knowledge, his amenity of temper, and benevolence of heart, made him the delight of all who knew him. He died at the advanced age of eighty. September 11th, 1818. BOSWELL.

† Mr. Douce. I subjoin this gentleman's observations on this subject from his valuable work, ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE: &c.

"The Voyage of Sir George Sommers to the Bermudas in the year 1609 has been already noticed with a view of ascertaining

published within these few days, have shown me my mistake in this respect, the same notion having also struck the author of that valuable and entertaining work. That gentleman, however, whose remarks abundantly evince that his candour is equal to his learning and judgment, I doubt not, will be pleased to find his statement on this subject strengthened and confirmed by authentic evidence, and the true date of this delightful comedy indisputably ascertained.

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FOLEY PLACE,
*January* 12, 1808.

the *time* in which The Tempest was written; but the important particulars of his *shipwreck*, from which it is exceedingly probable that the outline of a considerable part of this play was borrowed, has been unaccountably overlooked. Several contemporary narratives of the above event were published, which Shakspeare might have consulted; and the conversation of the time might have furnished, or at least suggested, some particulars that are not to be found in any of the printed accounts. In 1610 Silvester Jourdan, an eye-witness, published A Discovery of the Barmudas, otherwise called the Isle of Divels: By Sir Thomas Gates, Sir Geo. Sommers, and Captain Newport, with divers others. Next followed Strachey's proceedings of the English Colony in Virginia, 1612, 4to. and some other pamphlets of less moment. From these accounts it appears that the Bermudas had never been inhabited, but regarded as *under the influence of inchantment;* though an addition to a subsequent edition of Jourdan's work gravely states that they are *not inchanted;* that Sommers's ship had been *split* between two rocks; that during his stay on the island several *conspiracies* had taken place; and that a *sea-monster in shape like a man* had been seen, who had been so called after the *monstrous tempests* that often happened at Bermuda. In Stowe's

Annals we have also an account of Sommers's shipwreck, in which this important passage occurs, " Sir George Sommers sitting at the stearne, seeing the ship desperate of reliefe, looking every minute when the ship would sinke, hee espied land, which according to his and Captaine Newport's opinion, they judged it should be that dreadfull coast of the *Bermodes*, which iland were of all nations said and supposed to be *inchanted and inhabited with witches and devills*, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder, storm, and *tempest*, neere unto those ilands, also for that the whole coast is so wonderous dangerous of rockes, that few can approach them, but with unspeakable hazard of *ship-wrack*." Now if some of these circumstances in the shipwreck of Sir George Sommers be considered, it may possibly turn out that *they* are "the particular and recent event which determined Shakspeare to call his play "The Tempest," instead of "the great tempest of 1612," which has already been supposed to have suggested its name, and which might have happened after its composition. If this be the fact, the play was written between 1609 and 1614, when it was so illiberally and invidiously alluded to in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew-Fair."

BOSWELL.

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AN

# ACCOUNT

OF

# THE INCIDENTS, ETC.

## THE TEMPEST, 1611.

IN the Essay on the Chronological Order of Shakspeare's Plays, published in 1790, I observed, that probably some particular and late misfortune at sea gave rise to the comedy now under our consideration, and induced our poet to denominate it THE TEMPEST. On further investigation of this subject, and after perusing some curious and very scarce tracts of that time, which I had not then seen, I have no doubt that my conjecture was perfectly well founded, and that the leading circumstance of this play, from which its title is derived, was suggested to Shakspeare by a recent disaster, which doubtless engaged much of the conversation of his contemporaries,—the dreadful hurricane that dispersed the fleet of Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, in July 1609, on their passage with a large supply of provisions and men for the infant colony in Virgina; by which the Admiral ship, as it was called, having those commanders on board, was separated from the rest of the fleet, and wrecked

on the island of Bermuda. The principal circumstances indeed correspond so precisely, that at the first view it may appear strange, that the true origin of this comedy was not long since found out; but the wonder on that head will cease, when it is considered how very difficult it is to ascertain the minute particulars of an event that happened near two hundred years ago, and that accident alone can furnish us with the volumes which composed Shakspeare's library. Without the aid of those tracts in which the various circumstances of this misadventure were related, the resemblance between certain passages in the play and the archetype on which it was formed, could not be discovered. I may add, that our poet himself also, in some measure, contributed to lead the most sedulous inquirer astray, by very properly making the scene of his piece an island at a considerable distance from Bermuda, in order to give the magical part of his drama a certain mysterious dignity which Bermuda itself, then the general topic of conversation, could not have had. Without having read Tacitus, he well knew that OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO EST; that an unknown island would give a larger scope to his imagination, and make a greater impression on theatrical spectators, than one of which the more enlightened part of his audience had recently read a minute and circumstantial account.—Unquestionably, however, the circumstance of Bermuda's having been considered

an enchanted island gave rise to the magic of THE TEMPEST, and was immediately in his thoughts during its composition.

Our poet's great patron, the Earl of Southampton had early shown a strong disposition to encourage voyages of discovery; in which a principal motive that actuated him and other distinguished persons of those times, seems to have been the hope of civilizing and converting the savages of remote countries to Christianity. In the year 1605, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Lord Arundel, of Wardour, he had fitted out a ship under the command of Captain George Weymouth, with a view to make discoveries on the coast of Virginia. On what part of the large district which then bore that name he landed, is not exactly known; but a very intelligent writer supposes that he sailed up the river of Connecticut. His stay, however, was very short: for after having for some time explored the country, and carried on some traffic with the natives, from whom he had taken five Indians as hostages during his intercourse with them, finding reason to believe that some treachery was intended towards him, he speedily set sail for England, where he arrived on the 18th of July, after an absence of about three months; bringing with him the Indians above-mentioned. Two of those savages, NAMONTACK and MACHUMPS, lived to sail for their own country with Sir George Somers in 1609; another, named TANTUM, sailed for Virginia with Captain

Smith in 1614; and the other two probably died in London, and one of them (or some other Indian) was exhibited as a show after his death, a circumstance to which Shakspeare has alluded in the second act of this comedy, Sc. II.; and which though then unacquainted with these particulars, I formerly suggested, as likely to contribute some aid in fixing the date of THE TEMPEST: but if even the day of the death of either of them were known, it would only ascertain a time *before* which the play could not have been composed, unless it were shewn that some Indian had previously died, and been exhibited in London; and I am now not under the necessity of having recourse to such uncertain grounds of conjecture, as I shall be able to point out the precise period when this beautiful comedy was written and first represented.

In 1608, Captain Harlow was sent to Cape Cod by Lord Southampton and some of the inhabitants of the isle of Wight, of which he was Governor, and brought back with him five Indians, one of whom was named EPINEW, or EPINOW, a man of extraordinary stature and stength, who was exhibited for money in various parts of London.

I have mentioned the voyages of Captains Weymouth and Harlow, because they were undertaken partly at the charge of Lord Southampton, and must on that account alone have attracted our poet's notice, and drawn his attention to the colonial projects that took place at this period. Men's

thoughts indeed were then so strongly directed towards the new world, that the successes and miscarriages of the several adventurers who went there could not but have been a very general topic of conversation, as is evinced by the various publication on those subject.*

* 1. A briefe and true Relation of the Discoverie of the North Part of Virginia, being a most pleasant, fruitfull, and commodious, soile, made this present yeere 1602, by Captaine Bartholomew Gosnold, Captaine Bartholowmew Gilbert, and divers other gentlemen their associates, by the permission of the honourable Sir Walter Ralegh, &c. written by Mr. John Brereton, one of the voyage. 4to. 1662.

2. A prosperous Voyage on the Discovery of the North Part of Virginia. By Captain George Weymouth. 4to. 1605.

3. Nova Britannia, offering most excellent Frutes by planting in Virginia. 4to. 1609.—This tract was entered in the Stationers' Register, Feb. 17, 1608-9.

4. A good Speed to Virginia. By Robert Gray. Entered in the Stationers' Register, May 3, 1609.

5. A Sermon preached in London before the Right Hon. Lord Delaware, Lord Gov'nor and Captayn Gen'rall of Virginia, and others of his Ma'ties Councell for that Kingdome, 21st of Feb. last, entitled, A Newe Year's Gifte to Virginia." Entered in the Stationers' Register, March 19, 1609-10.

6. News from Bermudas. This tract, which I have never seen, appears to have been that set forth by Thomas Gates, and was probably published in September or October 1610. My knowledge of the title is obtained from a manuscript marginal note in an old hand, in one of the pamphlets relative to Virginia, in the collection of my friend, Mr. Bindley.

7. Virginia News:—published before Oct. 1st, 1610, as appears by an assignment of that date, in the Staioners' Register. I am not sure that this and the next are not the same pamphlet.

8. A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the isle of Divells, &c. by Sil. Jourdan, 4to. 1610. Republished with additions, in 1613.

A new charter having been granted in May 1609, to the Company for making a plantation and settlement in Virginia, it was resolved by the Treasurer and Council of that Company to send thither immediately a large supply of men and provisions. Of the disaster which befell the fleet employed on that occasion, the following clear and succinct ac-

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9. A true Declaration of the Estate of the Colonie in Virginia, with a confutation of such scandalous reports as have tended to the disgrace of so woithy an enterprise. Published by advise and direction of the Councel of Virginia, 4to. 1610. Entered in the Stationers' Register, Nov. 8, 1610.

10. The Relation of the Right Honourable the Lord De-la-Ware, Lord Governour and Captaine Generall of the colonie planted in Virginea 4to. 1612. Entered in the Stationers' Registers, by W. Welby, 1611, under the following title:

The Relac' on of the Right Hon'ble the Lord Delaware, Lord Gove'nour of the Colony planted in Virginia, made to the LL. and others of the Counsell of Virginia, touchinge his unexpected returne home, &c. and afterwards delivered in the gen'rall assembly of the sayd Councell at a Courte holden the 25th of June, 1611; published by order of the sayd Councell.

11. A Ballad, called THE LAST NEWS FROM VIRGINIA, being an Encouragement to all others to follow that noble Enterprise, &c. Entered in the Stationers' Register by John Wright, August 16, 1611.

12. The New Life of Virginia, declaring the former Success and present Estate of that Plantation.

13. The Proceedings of the English Colonie in Virginia, from 1606 to the present Year 1612. By W. S. [W. Strachey.] 4to. 1612.

This list, I b lieve, is far from being complete.

In a letter written to the Earl of Shrewsbury, June 8, 1609, Dr. Tobias Mathew, Archbishop of York, says,—"Of Virginia there be so many tractates, divine, humane, historicall, politicall, or call them as you please, as no further intelligence I dare desire." Lodge's Illustrations, &c. iii. 371.

count has been given by a very sensible modern historian.* To his narrative I shall subjoin the more minute and particular relation of one engaged in this adventure, as well as that printed by authority of the Council; which will fully shew that the incidents attending it suggested to Shakspeare the leading circumstance of this comedy:

"The New Charter," says the Reverend Mr. Stith, "was granted to the Earls of Salisbury, Suffolk, SOUTHAMPTON, Pembroke, and other peers, to the number of twenty-one; to the Honourable George Percy and Francis West, Esquires; to Sir Humphrey Weld, Lord Mayor of London, and ninety-eight other knights; and to Dr. Mathew Sutcliff, with a great multitude more of doctors, esquires, gentlemen, officers, merchants and citizens, together with many corporations and companies of London. So many persons of great power, interest, and fortune, engaging in the enterprise, and the Lord Delaware with the other gentlemen of distinction being appointed to the several offices [of Captain General, &c.] soon drew in such large sums of money, that they dispatched away Sir Thomas Gates, [who had been constituted by the Council for Virginia, Lieutenant-General,] Sir George Somers, [Admiral,] and Captain Newport, [Vice-Admiral,] with nine ships and five hundred people. These three gentlemen had each of them a commission,—who first arrived to call in the old. But because they could not agree

for place, it was concluded that they should all go in one ship, called the SEA-VENTURE. They sailed from England the latter end of May, * 1609 ; but the 25th of July the ADMIRAL-SHIP WAS PARTED FROM THE REST OF THE FLEET by the tail of a hurricane, having on board the three commanders, an hundred and fifty men, their new commission and bills of lading, together with all manner of instructions and directions, and the best part of their provisions. She arrived not, but was foundered at Bermudas, as shall be hereafter related. A small catch likewise perished in the hurricane ; but the seven other ships came safe" [to Virginia.] †.

* * * * * * *

" It hath been before said (continues the historian) that the Admiral-ship, with Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport, on board was separated from the rest of the fleet in a storm. She was so racked and torn by the violent working of the sea, and became so shattered and leaky, that the water rose in the hold above two tire of hogsheads ; and they were obliged to stand up to their middles, with kettles, buckets, and other vessels to bail it out. And thus they bailed and pumped three days and nights, without intermission ; and yet the water seemed rather to gain upon them than decrease. At last, all being utterly spent with labour,

* This is not quite correct. They sailed in fact, as will be seen hereafter, on the 8th of June.

† History of the first discovery and settlement of Virginia by William Stith, A. M. 8vo. 1747, pp. 101, 102.

and seeing no hope, in man's apprehension, but of presently sinking, THEY RESOLVED TO SHUT UP THE HATCHES, and to commit themselves to the mercy of the sea, and GOD'S good providence. In this dangerous and desperate state, some who had good and comfortable waters, fetched them, and drank to one another, as TAKING THEIR LAST LEAVES, till a more happy and joyful meeting in the other world. But it pleased GOD in his most gracious providence, so to guide their ship to her best advantage, that they were all preserved and came safe to shore.

"For Sir George Somers had sat all this time upon the poop, scarce allowing himself leisure either to eat or sleep, cunning the ship,* and keeping her upright, or she must otherwise, long before this, have foundered. As he there sat looking wishfully about, he most happily and unexpectedly descried land. This welcome news, as if it had been a voice from heaven, hurried them all above hatches, to see what they could scarce believe. But thereby improvidiently forsaking their work, they gave such an advantage to their greedy enemy, the sea, that they were very nigh being swallowed up. But none were now to be urged to do his best. Although they knew it to be BERMUDAS, a place then dreaded and shunned by all men, yet they spread all the sail, and did every thing else, in their power, to reach the land. It was not long before the ship

* To *cunn* a ship is *to direct the person at the helm how to steer her.* KERSEY.

STRUCK UPON A ROCK, but a surge of the sea cast her from thence, and so from one to another, till she was MOST LUCKILY THROWN UP BETWEEN TWO, AS UPRIGHT AS IF SHE HAD BEEN ON THE STOCKS. And now the danger was, lest the billows overtaking her, should in an instant have dashed and shivered her to pieces. But all on a sudden the wind lay, and gave place to a calm, and the sea became so peaceable and still, that with the greatest conveniency and ease they unshipped all there goods, victuals, and people, and in their boats, with extreme joy, almost to amazement, ARRIVED IN SAFETY WITHOUT THE LOSS OF A MAN, although more than a league from the shore.*

"How these islands came by the name of BERMUDAS is not certainly agreed. Some say, that they were so named after John Bermudaz, a Spaniard, who first discovered them about the year 1522. Others report, that a Spanish ship called THE BERMUDAS was cast away upon them, as she was carrying hogs to the West-Indies; which swam ashore and increased to incredible numbers. But they had been in all times before infamous and terrible to mariners, for the wreck of many Spanish, Dutch, and French vessels. They were therefore, with the usual elegance of the sea style, by many called THE ISLE OF DEVILS, and were esteemed the hell or purgatory of seamen, the most dangerous, unfortunate, and forlorn place in the world.

* One of the persons on board, whose narrative will be hereafter quoted, says, " only half a mile."

"But the safe arrival of this company is not more strange and providential, than their feeding and support was beyond all their hope or expectation: for they found it *the richest, pleasantest, and most healthful place they had ever seen.* Being safe on shore, they dispersed themselves, some to search the islands for food and water, and others to get ashore what they could, from the ship. Sir George Somers had not ranged far, before he found such a fishery, that in half an hour he took with a hook and line as many as sufficed the whole company. In some places they were so thick in the coves, and so big, that they were afraid to venture in amongst them.—Two of these rock-fish would have loaded a man, neither could any where be found fatter or more excellent fish than they were. Besides, there were infinite numbers of mullets, pilchards, and other small fry ; and by making a fire in the night they would take vast quantities of large craw-fish. As for hogs, they found them in that abundance, that at their first hunting they killed thirty-two. And there were likewise multitudes of excellent birds in their seasons ; and the greatest facility to make their cabins with palmeta leaves. This caused them to live in such plenty, ease, and comfort, that many forgot all other places, and never desired to return from thence.*"

Such is the narrative collected from authentick papers of those times, and published at Williams-

* Ibid. pp. 113, 114.

burg, about sixty years ago, by the historian of Virginia, which I have thought it proper to lay before the reader in the first instance, because it describes this misadventure in a very lively manner, and is extremely well written. But from these facts, it must be acknowledged, no satisfactory and decisive conclusion can be drawn respecting the date of this play, unless it can be shewn that they were known by Shakspeare. I shall therefore proceed to state not only how, but when, he became acquainted with the peculiar circumstances attending this disaster, to which he has alluded in THE TEMPEST; so as by this means, with the aid of other documents, to ascertain precisely the time of its composition.

It has already been mentioned that seven ships of Sir George Somers's fleet got to the place of their destination, Virginia. Having landed about three hundred and fifty persons, they set sail for their own country. Two of them were wrecked and perished on the point of Ushant; and "the rest of the fleet (says a writer of those times) returned to England in 1610, ship after ship, laden with nothing but bad reports and letters of discouragement; and, which added the more to our crosse, they brought us newes, that the ADMIRAL-SHIP, with the two knights and Captain Newport, were missing, severed in a mightie storme outward, and could not be heard of, which we therefore yeelded as lost for many moneths together; and

so that VIRGINE voyage, as I may terme it, which went out smiling on her lovers with pleasant lookes, after her wearie travailes did thus return with a rent and disfigured face, for which how justly her friends took occasion of sorrow, and others to insult and scoffe, let men of reason judge.*"

The account of this disaster probably reached England some time in December 1609, and was brought either by Captain Smith, the former Governor of Virginia, who left it at Michaelmas in that year, or by the first of the five ships that arrived in an English port. To dispel the gloom which this ill news spread among the undertakers who had fitted out the fleet, the Council of Virginia very speedily issued out a pamphlet, which was published either in December 1609, or early in January 1609-10, with a view of preventing the bad effects that any exaggerated reports of this calamity might produce.

In this piece, after stating that Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport, with seven ship and two pinnaces, sailed from Falmouth on the 8th of June [1609], they add, that "in the height of the Canaries, short of the West-Indies 150 leagues, on St. James's day, a TERRIBLE TEMPEST overtook them and lasted in extremity forty-eight hours, which scattered the whole fleet, and wherein some of them spent their masts, and others were much distressed." Within three days, (they say

* The New Life of Virginia, 4to. 1612.

in substance) *four of the fleet met in consort*, and hearing no news of the Admiral, they bore away for the bay of Virginia, and arrived in the King's River on the 11th of August. In eleven days afterwards arrived to more; they having resolved to steer, not for Barwada, (as originally determined in case of separation,) but for that harbour; "which," (say the Conncil) "doubtless the Admiral himself did not observe, but obeyed his own directions, and is the true or probable cause of his being cast so far into suspicion; where [whereas] *perhaps* bound in with winde, or perhaps enforced to stay the masting or mending somewhat in his ship, torn or lost in the TEMPEST, we doubt not but by the mercy of GOD hee is safe, with the pinnace * which attended him, and shall both, or are by this time arrived at our colony."

Not long afterwards (this tract informs us) one of the pinnnaces arrived in the river or bay of Virginia; making seven out of the nine vessels that had sailed from England. Four hundred persons were landed from the several ships; "who being put ashore without their Governour or any order from him, (all the commissioners and principal persons being aboord him,) no man would acknowledge a superior, nor could from this headlesse and unbridled multitude be any thing expected but disorder and ryot, nor any counsell prevent or foresee the successe of these wayes."

* This pinnace, which Mr. Stith calls a small CATCH, was lost.

Still further to dispel the gloom which had arisen on this failure, after stating the difficulties the Spaniards had experience in similar settlements, the Council add,—"But to come hence to our purpose : That which seems to dishearten or shake our first grounds in this supplye, ariseth from two principal sources, of which one was the cause of the other ; first, THE TEMPEST ; and can any man expect to answer for that ? next, the absence of the Governor, (an effect of the former,) *for the* LOSS OF HIM IS IN SUSPENSE, and much reason of his safetye against some doubt ; and the hand of GOD reacheth all the earth."

They further inform the public, that to redeem the defects and misadventures of the last supply, they had resolved to send forth the Lord De la Ware as Governor, by the last of January [1609-10].*

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* "A true and sincere Declaration of the purpose and ends of the plantation begun in Virginia, of the degrees which it hath received, and meanes by which it hath been advanced ; and the resolution and conclusion of his Majesties Council of that Colony, for the constant and patient prosecution thereof, untill by the mercies of GOD it shall retribute a fruitfull harvest to the kingdom of heaven and this commonwealth. Set forth by the authority of the Governors and Councellors established for that plantation." 4to. 1610. This pamphlet was entered in the Stationers' Register by John Stepney on the 14th of December 1609, and was licensed by the Lord De la Ware, Sir Thomas Smith, [the Treasurer of the Company,] Sir Walter Cope, and Mr. Waterson, Warden of the Stationers' Company ; and though, according to the custom of booksellers, with a forward aspect it bears the date of 1610, it is clear from this entry and the paragraph here

Not content with giving this statement of their affairs, in the month of January or February 1609-10, they issued out a paper, which bears the title of "A PUBLICATION by the Counsell of Virginia, touching the plantation there."

"Howsoever it came to pass by God's appointment that governes all things, that the fleet of eight shippes lately sent to Virginea, by means the Admirall, wherein were shipped the chief Governours, Sir Thomas Gates, Sir Ceorge Sommers, and Captain Newport, by tempestuous windes and forcible current were driven so farre to the westward, that they could not in so convenient time recover Cape Henrie, and the port in Virginea, as by returne of the same fleete to answere the expectation of the Aventurers, in some measure;

"By occasion whereof some few of those unruly youths sent thither, (beeing of most leaud and bad condition, and such as no ground can hold,) for want of good directions there were suffered by stealth to get aboard the shippes returning thence, and are come for England againe, giving out in all places where they come, (to colour their own misbehaviour and the cause of their returne with some pretence,) most vile and scandalous reports, both of the country itself, and of the cariage of the business there:

quoted, that it was published either in Dec. 1709, or before Jan. 31, 1609-10.

"Which hath also given occasion that sundry false rumours, and despightful speeches, have beene devised and given out by men that seeme of better sort, being such as lie at home, and doe gladly take all occasions to cheere themselves with the prevention of happy success in any action of publicke good, disgracing both the action and actors of such honourable enterprises, as whereof they neither know nor understand the true intents and honest ends;

"Which howsoever for a time it may deterre and keepe backe the hands and helpe of many well-disposed men, yet men of wisdome and better resolution doe well conceive and know that these devices infused into the tongues and heades of such devisors, by the father of untruths, doe serve for nothing else but as a cloke to cover the wretched and leaud prancks of the one sort, and the stupidity and backwardness of the other, to advance any commendable action that taxeth their purse, and tendeth not wholly to their own advantage.

"And therefore those of his Majesties Counsell in this hononrable plantation, the Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, and Merchants, interessed therein, rightly considering that as in all other good services, so in this, much losse and detriment may many waies arise and grow to the due meanes and manner of proceeding, which yet no way toucheth nor empeacheth the action it self, nor the ends of it, which do still remaine entire and safe upon

the same grounds of those manifold christian duties whereon it was first resolved, are so farre from yielding or giving way to any hindrance or impeachment of their cheerfull going on, that many of them, both honourable and worshipfull, have given their hands and subscribed to countribute againe and againe to new supplies, if need inquire.

" And further they doe instantly prepare and make ready a certain number of good shippes with all necessaries, for the Right Honourale Lord De la Ware, who intendeth ,(God assisting) to be ready with all expedition to second the aforesaid Generals, WHICH WE DOUBT NOT ARE LONG SINCE SAFELY ARRIVED AT THEIR WISHED PORT IN VIRGINIA.

" And for that former experience hath to dearely taught, how much and manie waies it hurteth, to suffer parents to disbourden them selves of lascivious sonnes, masters of bad servants, and wives of ill husbands. and soe to clogge the businesse with such an idle crue as did thrust themselves in the last voiage, that will rather starve for hunger, than lay their hands to any labour :

"It is therefore resolved, that no such unnecessary person shall now be accepted, but onely such sufficient, honest, and good artificers, as

| | |
|---|---|
| Smiths,. | Turners, |
| Shipwrights, | Coopers, |
| Sturgeon-dressers, | Saltmakers, |
| Joyners, | Ironmen,for furnasse |

Carpenters,
Gardeners,
Bricklayers,
Mineral men,
Bakers,
Gun-founders,
Fishermen,
Plough-wrights,

and hammer,
Brickmakers,
Brewers,
Sawyers,
Fowlers
Vine-dressers,
Surgeons,
and

Physicians for the body, and learned Divines to instruct the Colony, and to teach the infidels to worship the true God : of which so many as will repaire to the house of Sir Thomas Smith, Treasurer of the Company, to proffer their service in this action, before the number be full, and will put in good suretie to be readie to attend the said Honourable Lord in the voyage, shall be entertained with those reasonable and good conditions, as shall answer and be agreeable to each man's sufficiency in his several profession. *"

In Aprill or May, 1610, Lord De la Ware, with three ships, sailed for Virginia, and arrived at James-Town on the 9th of June. Here first he learned, that Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers were not lost, as had been supposed in England, the two knights having arrived at Virginia about a fortnight before him, in two cedar vessels

* Imprinted, at London, by Thomas Hareland, for William Welby, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church-yard, at the signe of the Swanne, 1610 [probably Jan. 1609-10,] a half-sheet.

that they had built at Bermuda, from which they sailed on the 10th of May, after having spent about nine months on that island. Shortly afterwards, (June 19, 1610*,) the new Governor sent Sir George Somers for a fresh supply of victuals to Bermuda, where he died, Nov. 9, 1610, as appears by an inquisition taken at Dorchester on the 26th of July, 1611†.

During a great part of the year 1610, the fate of Somers and Gates was not known in England; but the latter, having been sent home by Lord Delaware, arrived there in August or September, 1610; and before the end of that year, in order to quiet the minds of those who were concerned in this adventure, and to assure the public of the safety of Sir George Somers, and those who had accompanied him in the SEA-ADVENTURE, the Council of Virginia published a Narrative of the disasters which had befallen the fleet that had been sent out in 1609, from materials furnished by Sir Thomas Gates.

* Mr. Strachey's letter, dated James-Town, July 7, 1610. MSS. Harl. 7009. art. 12. fol. 35.

† Eseat. 10 Jac. p. 2. n. 127.

He died of too great fatigue and a surfeit of pork, which Bermuda so abundantly supplied. See the Proceedings of the English Colonye in Virginia, by W. S. 1612, p. 106; and Howe's continuation of Stowe's Chronicle. His body was brought to England in his own cedar vessel, and landed at Lyme, in Dorsetshire, and he was buried in the church or cemetery of Whitchurch Canonicorum, on the 4th of June, 1611; as appears by an entry in the Register of that parish, which the Rev. Mr. Tucker, in the year 1802, obligingly examined, at my request.

Previously however to its appearance, one Jourdan, who probably returned from Virginia in the same ship with that gentleman, pursuing a course which we have seen practised in our own time, and availing himself of .the public curiosity, anticipated the authentic account by hastily drawing up a narrative of this disastrous voyage, which appears to have been issued out very expeditiously ; for his Dedication, which is addressed "to Master John Fitzjames, Esquire, Justice of Peaee in Dorsetshire," is dated on the 10 of October, 1610 ; but from an apprehension, doubtless, that his publication might have been forbidden by authority, if any previous notice of it had been given, this pamphlet was published without a license, not being entered in the Stationers' Register. It is entitled, "A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called THE ISLE OF DIVELS ; by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport, with divers others*." Though the substance of this narrative has already been given in Mr. Stith's detail of the disaster produced by the storm of July, 1609, it is necessary to repeat some part of it, becsuse here and in the subsequent tract published by authority, it was, that Shakspeare found those materials of which he has availed himself in the comedy now under our consideration.

Jourdan, after informing his reader that he was one of those who sailed from England with Sir

* By Sil. Jourdan, 4to. 1610.

George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, in the Sea-adventure,* proceeds to relate the circumstances of the storm which happened on the 25th of July, 1609. They were bound for Virginia, and at that time in thirty degrees, north latitude. The whole crew, amounting to one hundred and fifty persons, weary with pumping, had given all for lost, and began to drink their strong waters, AND TO TAKE LEAVE OF EACH OTHER, intending to commit themselves to the mercy of the sea. Sir George Somers, who had sat three days and nights on the poop, with no food and little rest, at length described land, and encouraged them (MANY FROM WEARINESS HAVING FALLEN ASLEEP) to continue at the pumps. They complied; and fortunately the ship was driven and JAMMED BETWEEN TWO ROCKS, "fast lodged and locked for further budging." One hundred and fifty persons got ashore; and by means of their boat and skiff, for this was "half a mile from land," they saved such part of their goods and provisions as the water had not spoiled, all the tackling and much of the iron of their ship, which was of great service to them in fitting out another vessel to carry them to Virginia.

"But our delivery," says Jourdan, "was not mere strange in falling so opportunely and happily upon the land, as [than] our feeding and provision was, beyond our hopes, and all men's expectations,

* "A vessel of about 300 ton," say Howes, in his Continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, 1615.

most admirable; for the Islands of the Bermudas, as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were NEVER INHABITED by any christian or heathen people, but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and INCHANTED PLACE, affording nothing butgusts, storms, and foul weather; which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shunne the Divell himself: and no man was ever heard to make for this place, but as, against their wils, they have, by storms and dangerousnesse of the rocks lying seven leagues into the sea, suffered shipwracke. Yet did we finde there THE AYRE SO TEMPERATE and the COUNTRY SO ABOUNDANTLY FRUITFULL of all fit necessaries for the sustention and preservation of man's life, that, most in a manner of all our provision of bread, beere,and victuall, being quite spoyled in lying long drowned in salt water, notwithstanding we were there for the space of nine months (few days over or under) we were not only well refreshed, comforted, and with good satiety contented, but out of the abourdance thereof provided us some reasonable quantity and proportion of provision to carry us for Virginia, and to maintain ourselves and that company we found there :——wherefore my opinion sincerely of this island is, that whereas it hath beene, and is still accounted the most dangerous, unfortunate, and forlorne place of the world, it is in truith the richest, healthfullest, and pleasing land, (the quantity and

bigness thereof considered,) and meerely naturall, as ever man set foote upon."

On the 28th July they landed. They all then began to search for provision. In half an hour Sir Thomas Gates took as many fishes with hookes, as sufficed the whole company for one day. When a man stept into the water, the fish came round about him. " These fishes were very fat and sweete, and of that proportion and bigness, that three of them will conveniently lade two men: those we called ROCK-FISH. Besides, there are such aboundance of mullets, that with a seane might be taken at one draft one thousand at the least; and infinite store of pilchards." There was also a great plenty of cray-fish. The country afforded such an abundance of hogs, that Sir George Somers, who hunted them, brought in thirty-two at one time.

" There is fowle in great abundance in the islands, where they breed, that there hath beene taken in two or three howres a thousand at the least, being of the bignesse of a good pigeon.

" Another sea-fowle there is, that lyeth in little holes in the ground, like unto a coney-hole, and are in great numbers; exceeding good meat, very fat and sweet, (those we had in the winter,) and their egges are white, and of that bignesse, that they are not to be knowne from hen-egges."

The birds he describes as exceedingly tame: they came so near them, that they killed many of them

with a stick. They found great store of tortoises or turtles; prickled pears in abundance, which continued green on the trees all the year. The island, he adds, was supplied with many mulberry trees, white and red, palmits and cedar trees; and no venemous creature was found there.

Having built their new cedar bark*, they set sail from the Bermudas, May 10, 1610, (leaving, as appears by other accounts, three men behind,) and landed on the coast of Virginia, May 24, when they found sixty persons only living and in distress. On this account they determined to return to England; and accordingly embarked, June 8, 1610, at James-Town for Newfoundland, to get provisions for their voyage; when fortunately, having got half way down the river, they met Lord De la Ware, who arrived from England with three ships. After a while, Lord De la Ware sent Sir George Somers, "a man of sixty years of age," to Bermuda, for provisions. He embarked at James Town in the small cedar bark of thirty tons, which he had built at Bermuda, June 19, 1610; and the writer concludes with a hearty wish for his good success and safe return.

To dissipate the gloom and despondency occasioned by the disaster of the former year, and to

* Such is Jourdan's account; but it appears from other relations, that they built *two* cedar vessels at Bermuda. In that built by Somer (and probably in the other also) no iron was employed, except one bolt in her keel.

shew the practicability and probable advantages of settling a colony in Virginia, were the principal objects of the pamphlet published under the authority of the Council in the latter end of 1610; which is written with a vigour, animation, and elegance rarely found in the tracts of those times. Though that part of it with which alone we are concerned, or in other words, which relates to Bermuda, differs but little in substance from the account that preceded it, relating nearly the same facts and events in much better language, it is yet necessary to be briefly noticed; because Shakspeare assuredly would not neglect to peruse this authentic narrative.* It has indeed an additional claim to our attention; for the writer of this tract, having compared the disastrous tempest which wrecked Sir George Somers and his associates on the island of Bermuda, and their subsequent escape from the immediate

* "A true Declaration of the estate of the Colonie in Virginia, with a confutation of such scandalous reports as have tended to the disgrace of so worthy an enterprise. Published by advice and direction of the Councell of Virginia." 4to. 1610.

In "The New Life of Virginia," 4to. 1612, this tract is ascribed to Sir Thomas Gates. Mr. Strachey, in a pamphlet already mentioned (see the note in p. 390, article 13,) speaks of it as the relation of him and those associated with him in command. In a subsequent page, I have called it Gates's narrative, as unquestionably a great part of the materials was furnished by him (the circumstance doubtless which induced the writer of "The New Life of Virginia" to be ascribed to him;) but I suspect that it was written by Sir Edwin Sandys, the well known author of EUROPÆ SPECULUM, and a zealous promoter of the settlement in Virginia. In 1619 he was Treasurer of the Virginia Company.

destruction which threatened them, to those dramatic compositions in which similar changes of fortune are represented, and sorrow and mirth artfully intermingled, perhaps suggested to Shakspeare the thought of forming these adventures into a play; and to him, in some measure, we may have been indebted for this delightful comedy.

"True it is," (says this Narrative.) "that when Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Summers, and Captaine Newport, were in the height of 27, and the 24th of July, 1609, there arose such a storme, as if Jonas had been flying unto Tarshish: the heavens were obscured, and made an Egyptian night of three daies perpetuall horror; the women lamented; the hearts of the passengers failed; the experience of the sea-captaines was amased; the skill of the marriners was confounded; the ship most violently leaked; and though two thousand tunne of water by pumping from Tuesday noone till Fryday noone was discharged, notwithstanding, the ship was halfe filled with water: and those which laboured to keepe others from drowning, were halfe drowned themselves in labouring. But GOD, that heard Jonas crying out of the belly of hell, he pittied the distresses of his servants; for behold, in the last period of necessitie, Sir George Summers descryed land, which was by so much the more joyfull, by how much their danger was despairefull. The islands on which they fell, were the Bermudos; a place hardly ACCESSABLE, through the invironing

rocks and dangers : notwithstanding, they were forced to runne their ship on shoare, which through God's providence fell betwixt two rockes, that caused her to stand firme, and not immediately to be broken ; God continuing his mercie unto them, that with their long boats they transported to land before night all their company, men, women, and children, to the number of one hundred and fiftie ; they carryed to shoare all the provision of unspent and unspoyled victuals, all their furniture and tackling of the ship, leaving nothing but bared ribs as a pray unto the ocean.

" These islands of the Bermudos have ever been accounted as an INCHAUNTED pile of rockes, and A DESERT INHABITATION FOR DIVELS ; but all the fairies of the rocks were but flocks of birds, and all the divels that haunted the woods were but hearde of swine. Yea, and when Acosta, in his first booke of the hystories of the Indies, averreth, that though in the Continent there were diverse beasts and cattell, yet in the islands of Hispaniola, Jamaica, Marguarita, and Dominica, there was not one hoofe, it increaseth the wonder how our people in the Bermudos found such abundance of hogs, that for nine moneths' space they plentifully sufficed ; and yet the number seemed not much diminished.—Again ; as in the great famine of Israell God commanded Elias to flie to the brooke Cedron, and there fed him by ravens, so God provided for our disconsolate people in the midst of the sea by foules ; but with

an admirable difference: unto Elias the ravens brought meat, unto our men the foules brought themselves for meate; for when they whisteled or made any strange noyse, the foules would come and sit on their shoulders; they would suffer themselves to be taken and weighed by our men, who would make choise of the fattest and fairest, and let flie the leane and lightest: an accident I take it, that cannot be parallel'd by any hystorie, except when GOD sent abundance of quayles to feed his Israel in the barren wildernesse. Lastly, they found the berries of cedar, the palmeto tree, the prickle peare, sufficient fish, plenty of tortoises, and divers other kinds which sufficed to sustaine nature. They found diversity of woods, which ministred materials for the building of two pinaces, according to the direction of the three provident Governours.

"Consider all these things together. At the instant of neede they descryed land; halfe an hower more had buried their memorial in the sea. If they had fel by night, what expectation of light from an uninhabited desart? They fell betwixt a laberinth of rockes, which they conceive are mouldred into the sea by thunder and lightning. This was not Ariadne's threed, but the direct line of GOD's providence. If it had not beene so NEERE LAND, their companie or provision had perished by water; if they had not found hogs, and foule, and fish, they had perished by famine: if there had not beene fuell, they had perished by want of fire: if there

had not beene timber, they could not have transported themselves to Virginia, but must have beene forgotten for ever. *Nimium timet, qui* DEO *non credit;* he is too impiously fearefull, that will not trust in GOD so powerfull.

"What is there in all this TRAGICALL-COMÆDIE, that should discourage us with impossibilitie of the enterprise? when of all the fleete, one onely ship by a secret leake was indangered, and yet in the gulfe of despaire was so graciously preserved. *Quæ videtur pœna, est medicina;* that which we accompt a punishment of evill, is but a medecine against evill *."

From the preceding statements it appears, that during a great part of the year 1610, it was supposed in England, that the ship containing the Lieutenant-Governor of the settlement in Virginia, and Sir George Somers the Admiral, which had been separated from the rest of the fleet, was lost; but Shakspeare, when he wrote his play, KNEW THAT IT WAS SAFE; a circumstance ascertained by Jourdan's pamphlet, and that issued out by the Council; and therefore this comedy could not have been written till after their publication, or at least the publication of one of them: unless we suppose that our poet had the very earliest intelligence

* "A true Declaration of the estate of the Colonie in Virginia, &c. *ut supra*, 4to. 1610. This pamphlet was entered in the Stationers' Register by William Barret, Nov. 8, 1610; being licensed by Sir Maurice Berkeley, Sir George Capon, Mr. Ric. Martyn, and the Wardens.

of the arrival of Sir Thomas Gates in August or September in that year : and even on that supposition the play must have been composed subsequently to that period. However that may have been it is reasonable to suppose that it was not produced on the stage till the winter or spring of 1611, and we may safely ascribe it to the early part of that year. That it was performed before the middle of 1611, we have already seen *.

It now remains to shew that Shakspeare, when he wrote THE TEMPEST, had in view the particular disaster of which so ample an account has been given. To fix as nearly as possible the exact time of his writing it, I have said that he knew that the Admiral-ship was safe ; and this appears by the following lines, which manifestly allude to that circumstance and several others attending the tempest that dispersed Somers's fleet, and finally wrecked the vessel he was in, in one of the Bermuda islands.

" PROSPERO. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
ARIEL. To every article.
I boarded the KING'S SHIP ; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement.——
PRO. Why, that's my spirit.

* See the Essay on the Chronological Order of Shakspeare's Plays, vol. i.

But was not this NIGH SHORE ?
  ARI. CLOSE BY, my master.
  PRO. But ARE THEY, Ariel, SAFE ?
  ARI. NOT A HAIR PERISH'D ;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before ; and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.—

* * * * * * * *

  PRO. OF THE KING'S SHIP,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet ?
  ARI. SAFELY IN HARBOUR
Is THE KING'S SHIP ; in the DEEP NOOK........,
..............................THERE SHE'S HID ;
The mariners all under hatches stow'd ;
Whom with a charm, *join'd to their suffer'd labour*,
*I have left asleep :* and *for the rest o' the fleet,*
*Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,*
*And are upon the Mediterranean flote*
*Bound sadly home for Naples ;*
SUPPOSING THAT THEY SAW THE KING'S SHIP WRECK'D,
AND HIS GREAT PERSON PERISH."

It is obvious, that we have here a covert allusion to several circumstances minutely described in the papers quoted in the preceding pages ; to the circumstance of the Admiral-ship being separated from the rest of Somer's fleet, and after a tremendous tempest, being jammed between two of the

Bermuda rocks, and "fast lodged and lock'd" as Jourdan expresses it, "for further budging;"* to the disaster happening very near the shore, and not a single person having perished; † to the mariners having fallen asleep from excessive fatigue; ‡ to the dispersion of the other ships; to the greater part of them meeting again, as the Council of the Virginia Company have it, "in consort;" § and to all those who were thus dispersed and thus met again, being "bound sadly" for Virginia, supposing that the vessel which carried their Governor was lost, and that his "great person had perished."|| In various other passages in the second Act,—where the preservation of Alonzo and his companions is termed "miraculous;" where Stephano asks, "have we DEVILS here?"—where the same person makes a very free use of his bottle, and liberally imparts it to Caliban and Trinculo; ¶—where it is

* See. p. 406. † pp. 406 and 412. ‡ p. 406. § p. 398. || p. 396.

¶ In the original, indeed, strong waters are drunk on shipboard by those who conceived that the ship was sinking; in the play, Stephano's liquor is sack, and it is drunk on the island after his escape. But Shakspeare, when he borrowed hints from others, often made such slight changes. Here, the change is easily accounted for: that pleasantry in which he delighted, could not with any propriety have been introduced among men, who supposed themselves at the point of death.

In like manner, in the original, the mariners fall asleep from excessive labour, and the hatches are shut down, *during the storm;* but in the play, no mention is made of these circumstances in the first scene, where ship is represented as sinking; but after the storm has ceased, and Alonzo and several of his associates are safely landed, Ariel informs Prespero that the mariners are safely stowed.

said, "though this island seem to be DESERT, UNINHABITABLE, and almost INACCESSIBLE, it must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate TEMPERANCE;"* "that the AIR breathes most SWEETLY," and that "here is every thing ADVANTAGEOUS TO LIFE;" we find evident allusions to the extraordinary escape of Somers and his associates, and to Jourdan's and Gates's descriptions of Bermuda; † as, in the first scene of the play, the circumastance of the sailors and passengers taking leave of each other, and bidding farewell to their wives and children, was manifestly suggested by the earlier of those narratives. ‡

Having thus, I hope decisively, ascertained the date of this comedy, it is unnecessary to consider any other of the notes of time, which it may furnish. In this light the Masque, in the fourth Act, has been represented; having been supposed to refer to the consummation (in 1610) of the marriage of the young Earl of Essex with Lady Frances Howard, § to whom he had been betrothed in 1606: but, not to insist on their cohabitation having taken place in the year 1609, as appears from the depositions in the suit for a divorce instiuted by the

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* *Temperance*, as Mr. Steevens has observed, is here used for *temperature*.

† pp. 407, 412. ‡ p. 406.

§ Observations on THE TEMPEST, [by Mr. Holt] 8vo. 1749, p. 17. That writer, erroneously supposing this consummation to have taken place in 1610, seems here to ascribe this play to that year: afterwards (p. 67) he places it in 1614.

Countess some years afterwards, this masque may be more justly as well as more obviously accounted for, by the prevailing fashion of the period when I have shewn it was written ; a fashion which gave birth to a similar exhibition in the play of TIMON OF ATHENS, produced not long before. Equally inconclusive is the circumstance of the exhibition of the dead Indian, alluded to in the second Act, which, as I have already observed, proves nothing precisely; for it might have taken place at any time between 1605 and 1611.

Dryden, probably on the authority of Sir William D'Avenant, tells us, that THE TEMPEST was a very popular and successful play ; which may well be believed, when it is considered, that, in addition to its own intrinsic excellence, it had also the adventitious merit of temporary allusion and reference to interesting circumstances, which had been the subject of discourse during an entire year preceding its representation ; topics so embellished by poesy, and so blended with fictions of the happiest kind, that a single disastrous event appears to have been converted by the magical hand of Shakspeare almost in a Fairy Tale.

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# APPENDIX.

AN unexpected circumstance induces me to add some observations to the preceding tract.—Early in the last year [1808] a few copies of it having been printed without any view of publication, they were distributed among my friends and acquaintance, accompanied with an entreaty, written in each copy, that no part of it should be communicated to the public. Such was the import of my request, though not couched precisely in these words. Notwithstanding this request, it has been reviewed, on the first of January 1809, in one of the monthly publications; and a minute account has been given of all the proofs here adduced for the purpose of shewing the origin of the title and part of the story of Shakspeare's TEMPEST, and of ascertaining the time when it was written. On the propriety of this proceeding I shall not enlarge; more especially, as I have learned that the writer in question was induced to take this step, in consequence of verbal misinformation conveyed to him, I know not by whom, by which he considered himself released from the restriction which my written request was intended to impose. The author of the paper alluded to, however, having asserted, that the foregoing discovery, as he is pleased to call it, was suggested many years ago by Mr. Capell; and a

principal object of this premature publication seeming to have been, to prevent my erroneously supposing that I have any claim to it, I take an early opportunity of examining whether his notion on this subject is founded in truth, or on an entire misapprehension of the import and object of what has been stated in the preceding pages.

And, to avoid all confusion and misunderstanding, I will first shew what this discovery is NOT, and then, what it IS. The discovery which I pretend to have made, is NOT,—that Sir George Somers, having in 1609 been shipwrecked on one of the Bermuda islands, where he died,—and various accounts of those islands having been afterwards published, in which they are represented as having been formerly considered to be "enchanted, and inhabited by witches and devils, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder, storm, and tempest, near unto them,"—Shakspeare was hence induced, *some years afterwards*, in his comedy of THE TEMPEST, to characterise Bermoothes (or Bermudas) by the epithet—STILL-VEX'D; and that in the formation of this play, the DELINEATION OF SYCORAX AND HER SORCERIES, THE CHARACTER OF CALIBAN, and THE MAGIC OF PROSPERO, were derived from the same fountain, that is, from the accounts of the Bermudas. This, I say, is NOT what I pretend to have discovered; but

That the tremendous storm, which in July 1609, separated and dispersed the fleet of ships that then

sailed for Virginia, under the command of Sir George Somers and others, and finally wrecked his vessel on one of the Bermuda islands,—together with the peculiar incidents and circumstances attending that dispersion and shipwreck, gave rise to, and were the immediate origin of, the play of The Tempest, and the title by which it was distinguished ;—that to these incidents there is a covert reference in various passages of that comedy ;—and that the fate of Somers not having been known in England for about fifteen months after he left it, that is, not till about September or October in the year 1610, during all which time it was feared and generally believed, that he was lost ; and the poet, as appears from a passage in his play, having known that he had landed on one of the Bermuda islands in safety ; it necessarily follows, that this comedy was written after the news of that event had reached England ; and, as I know that it had " a being and a name" in the Autumn of 1611, the date of the play is fixed and ascertained with uncommon precision, between the end of the year 1610, and the Autumn of 1611 ; and it may with great probability be ascribed to the Spring of the latter year.—This is what I undertook to prove, and this I presume to say, I have proved.

But, says the writer in question, all this may be true ; but this is not Mr. Malone's discovery but Mr. Capell's, and by way of proving the truth of this assertion, the following passage from that gen-

tleman's Notes on Shakspeare has been adduced; —vol. ii. part ii. p. 58; 4to.

"The idea of Arïel's CHARACTER, of his performances at least, which are describ'd in what precedes this similitude, ["the fever of the mad,"] was catched from Haklyit, as will be evident to a viewer of that extract which is first [second] of those which are made in THE SCHOOL [of Shakspeare] from that writer: and by another, enter'd too in that work, is that epithet's fitness ["STILL-VEX'D"] confirm'd, which at p. 14, 13, [i. e. p. 14. l. 13, of Mr. Capell's edition of Shakspeare's plays] characterizes the islands, there intitl'd Bermoothes, in the extract—Bermudas."

[Dr. Johnson once said, speaking of Mr. Capell's Preface to his edition, "If the man would have come to me, I would have endeavoured to 'endow his purpose with words;' for as it is, 'he doth gabble monstrously.' With the same charitable view it may be observed, that the first of the extracts here *referred*-to, which is taken from the third volume of Kakluyt's Voyages, contains merely a description of the light, that, in storms, sometimes runs "upon the top of the maine-yarde and maine-maste," and is denominated, according to that writer, *cuerpo santo*. The second extract referred-to, is, a passage in a play of Thomas Middleton's entitled ANY THING EOR A QUIET LIFE, in which the Bermuda islands are said to have been formerly infested with "thunder, with frightful lightning, and amazing

noises :" "but *now*, (adds the speaker,) the enchantment broke, 'tis the land of peace, where hogs and tobacco yield fair increase." This comedy was not printed till 1662; but appears from internal evidence, to have been written about the year 1619, three years after Shakspeare's death!]

"But though (proceeds Mr. Capell) we have in honesty given this extract, [that quoted from Middleton's play,] and said of it as above, 'tis not from an opinion that the compound referr'd-to [" still-vex'd"] sprang from thence; which should rather have been the offspring of some fuller and LATER relations, by print or otherwise, WHICH SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN GATHERED EARLIER THAN 1612,—PERHAPS LATER. These are the reasons : In 1609, Sir George Sommers, (of whom the islands were also called Sommer islands, the first Englishman certainly, and for aught appears, the first European, who set his foot on them, was cast upon them by shipwreck ; stay'd a year on them ; return'd to them again from Virginia, and then dy'd on them. That colony calls them within its limits ; and the then majority of it sold them to some particulars, members of their society ; who in April 1612, 'sent thither a ship with sixty persons, who arrived, and remayn'd there very safely.' The furnisher of these particulars and of the extract that follows them, speaking of the islands themselves, says further, 'they were *of all nations said and supposed to be enchanted and in-*

*habited with witches and devils*, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder, storme and tempest, neere unto them.' Now as these particulars must, from the nature of them, have been the subject as well of writings as talk, at the time they were passing, the presumption is, FIRST, that the afore-mention'd epithet ["still-vex'd"] rose from them; and NEXT, that *they* were also SUGGESTERS OF SYCORAX AND HER SORCERIES, OF THE PRETERNATURAL BEING SUBJECTED TO HER, AND OF PROSPERO'S MAGICK; which, if it be allow'd, then is this play prov'd by it a late composition; and weight added to the opinion that makes it the Poet's last; a circumstance that might determine the Players to place it foremost in their publish'd collection.—Stratford, his place of birth and of residence, was burnt in 1614, which should in reason have drawn him thither, and in 16 he dy'd. The entracts, and what relates to these islands, we have from Howe's Continuation of Stowe; (edition 1631, fol. bl. l.) their name in him is Bermodes and Bermodies, which, as well as Bermoothes, (the poet's spelling,) are defective attempts to give in English the Spanish sound of Bermudas."

This is the whole that Mr. Capell has said upon this subject; and between this statement and mine the writer in question, on repeated and mature consideration, sees so little difference, that in his apprehension, the passage just now quoted fully war-

rants his conclusion ; namely, that the discovery which I pretend to have made, was previously made by Mr. Capell.

The matter here in controversy lies in so narrow a compass, that it admits of little illustration or amplification : where no arguments have been adduced in support of an opinion, there is nothing to be confuted. In some questions of a complex and difficult nature, when many specious observations are urged by ingenious men, in support of contrary tenets, an attentive consideration and sound judgment are requisite, to separate truth from falsehood, and to form a just decision ;—but here are no opposing probabilities to be balanced, and no reasoning to be sifted and examined : on the one side, we have a series of connected proofs, all leading to the same conclusion ; on the other a mere assertion with a scarcely one colourable suggestion to support it.

In the passage relied upon as furnishing a de-sive proof of what has been asserted, Sir George Somers, and the misfortune that befel him, as has been already observed, are indeed mentioned; but the notice of this gentleman, and of his shipwreck, is merely historical and incidental. The writer was naturally led to mention that circumstance, in order to attain the object that he had in view ; which was only to shew that the opinions vulgarly entertained concerning the Bermuda islands gave rise to the *magic* of THE TEMPEST. Mr. Capell's

language is in general so quaint, perverse, cloudy, and almost unintelligible, that two men of the quickest apprehension, and soundest judgment, might often find it extremely difficult to ascertain his meaning; and might perhaps, in many cases ascribe to the same passage interpretations of a totally opposite and contrary import: but here, in spite of all the awkwardness of his language, it is demonstrable, that the notice of Sir George Somers is merely incidental, and introduced solely as " a greese or step" to the Bermuda Islands, and to the opinions which prevailed concerning them; and he is extremely particular in the conclusion that he meant to have drawn from this stateman; which is not that the storm of 1609, that wrecked Somers there, gave rise to the play; but that the supposed enchantments belonging to those islands on which he was wrecked, gave rise, SOME YEARS AFTERWARDS, in the *first place*, to the epithet applied to them by the poet ; and *secondly*, produced the character of Caliban, the delineation of Sycorax and her Sorcerise, and the magic of Prospero. This, and this only, it is manifest, is the conclusion which he meant to draw ; and for this purpose only was Sir George Somers, or his shipwreck at Bermuda, mentioned.

With respect to the notions entertained by the vulgar that the Bermudas were enchanted islands, and to the circumstances which made it probable that Shakspeare had those notions in view when he

wrote this comedy; and that the beings with which he has peopled his enchanted islands, and the magic of Brospero, were in some measure derived from thence ; all this was known to Dr. Farmer, Bishop Percy, Mr. Steevens, and others; (though not one of them could ascertain at what precise period Shakspeare attained the knowledge requisite for the formation of this drama:) and each of those gentlemen may be said to have anticipated the present writer in his discovery, with as much propriety as Mr. Capell.

The remark indeed of a much elder editor, Mr. Theobald, is so material on this part of our present disquisition, that I shall here transcribe it. It is observable, that his Note is on the very same words ("the *still vex'd* Bermoothes,") which gave rise to the remark of Mr. Capell, inserted above:

"So this word [Bermoothes] has hitherto been mistakenly written in all the books. There are about 400 islands in North America, the principal of which was called Bermuda, from a Spaniard of that name, who first discovered them. They are likewise called Summer Islands, from SIR GEORGE SUMMERS, WHO IN 1609, MADE THAT VOYAGE; and viewing them, probably first brought the English acquainted with them, and invited them afterwards to settle a plantation there.—But why '*still vex'd* Bermudas?' The soil is celebrated for its beauty and fruitfulness, and the air is so very temperate and serene, that people

live there to a great age, and are seldom troubled with sickness. But then, on the other hand, these islands are so surrounded with rocks on all sides, that without a perfect knowledge of the passage a small vessel cannot be brought to haven. Again, we are told, that they are subject to violent storms, sometimes with terrible clattering of thunder, and dismal flashing of lightning.—And besides, SIR GEORGE SUMMERS, WHEN HE MADE THE DISCOVERY, was actually SHIPWRECK'D on the coast. This, I take it, might be a sufficient foundation for our author's using the epithet *still vex'd.*"

Here we see, that Mr. Theobald knew, as well as Mr. Capell, of the shipwreck of Somers, if that be any thing to the purpose. It is now above seventy years since this remark was made; and I ask, whether in that period any man, any woman, or any child, ever supposed that Theobald was acquainted with the origin of THE TEMPEST; or thought that the import of the foregoing passage was, that this comedy immediately took its rise from the shipwreck of Somers at Bermuda? And I say further, that he who should maintain that Theobald was acquainted with the peculiar circumstances which produced this play, might do so with much more probability that he who should ascribe that knowledge to Mr. Capell; for though Theobald knew nothing of the matter, he has here said nothing by which his ignorance of its true origin can

be decisively proved: while on the other hand, Capell was so little aware of any immediate connection or relation between the storm that shipwrecked Somers and the play, and so far was he from supposing that this circumstance was its immediate origin, that he has almost expressly declared his ignorance on the subject; carefully separating the drama from the event that gave birth to it, and assuming that SOME YEARS must have elapsed between that event and the construction of the play; during which time, according to his theory, the notions concerning the enchantment ascribed to these islands became well known, and *at last* in the year 1612 or 1613 reached the ear of Shakspeare.

If, however, it should be objected that Mr. Theobald has no pretensions to this discovery, because it does not appear from his note that he had any knowledge of the magical character of the Bermudas, then I say, that Dr. Farmer, Mr. Steevens, and Bishop Percy, who had Theobald's note before them, and who knew from thence (if from no other quarter) of the shipwreck of Somers, and whose own notes shew that they were perfectly apprized of the magical character of the Bermudas, have as good a title to this discovery as Mr. Capell: yet I am confident, if one thousand competent judges were asked, whether they believed that the three gentlemen above-named had the slightest knowledge, or even suspicion, of the true and

immediate origin of this play as stated in the preceding tract, that without one dissentient voice, they would instantly answer in the negative.

Though Mr. Capell's words decisively shew the futility of the conclusion founded upon them, some other circumstances ought not to be omitted, in the consideration of this question, if indeed it can be made a question for a moment. It should therefore be remembered, that Mr. Capell wrote and published an express account of what he conceived to be the origin of all Shakspeare's plays; and that in that account in speaking of THE TEMPEST, he has not introduced the slightest notice of the storm which dispersed Sir George Somers's fleet, or of his shipwreck;—that if he had known any of the incidents attending that dispersion and wreck, which are alluded to in this comedy, he would unquestionably have stated them, and the respective passages with which they correspond;—that not having done so, it is clear, he knew nothing of them; and therefore never could have thought or supposed that the misadventure of Somers and his companions was the immediate origin of this beautiful comedy.

That Mr. Steevens and the other gentlemen whom I have mentioned, were acquainted with the disaster of Somers, cannot be doubted; because they all had occasion, from what is said in this comedy concerning the Bermudas, to consider when, aud by whom, those islands were discovered,

and what opinions were entertained respecting them. But it is manifest, that neither they nor Mr. Capell had the slightest suspicion that the storm which dispersed Somers's fleet, and wrecked his vessels on these islands, gave rise to the play; nor did any one of them know when the accounts of that disaster first arrived in England, or at what precise period the history of these events became generally known, by means of the various pamphlets published concerning them. I have a right to assume that they were ignorant of these circumstances, because, if they had been apprized of them, unquestionably they would not have concealed their knowledge.—With respect to myself, I certainly had no notion of the true origin of this comedy, till in the year 1800 or 1801 I read Jourdan's narrative of the disaster that befel his Admiral: when the passage in THE TEMPEST, in which an account is given of the dispersion of Alonzo's fleet, and that the king's ship was, by those who escaped the peril of the storm, supposed to be lost, as well as the peculiar manner in which that ship is said to have been preserved, struck me so forcibly, that I thought Shakspeare must have had the incidents attending Somers's voyage, immediately in view, when he wrote his comedy. Our poet himself, as I have already observed, drew us all away from the true scent, by placing the scene of his play at a distance from the island where the ship of Somers was wrecked; and no printed account of his disaster, or

concerning the Bermudas, having been met with, prior to the year 1612, an opinion generally prevailed, that the play was produced at a later period. This circumstance was still in contemplation, and drew away every investigator of the subject from its real and immediate source; nor could its origin and true date have been easily discovered and ascertained, without the aid of those pamphlets, and other papers, of which I have availed myself on this occasion, particularly the two tracts published in the latter end of the year 1610. With what difficulty and trouble the various pieces perused and compared for this purpose were procured, their respective dates, precisely ascertained by the aid of the entries in the Stationers' Registers, and the correspondence established between the extraordinary circumstances of Sir George Somers's disaster, and the various passages of this comedy in which they are covertly alluded to, will not readily be conceived by those who have not been engaged in similar researches. They who have had occasion to trace and to collect all the minute particulars of an event that happened two centuries ago, well know the tedious difficulties and frequent disappointments attending on such dark and remote enquiries.

E. M.

Foley-Place,
[illegible] 21, 1809.